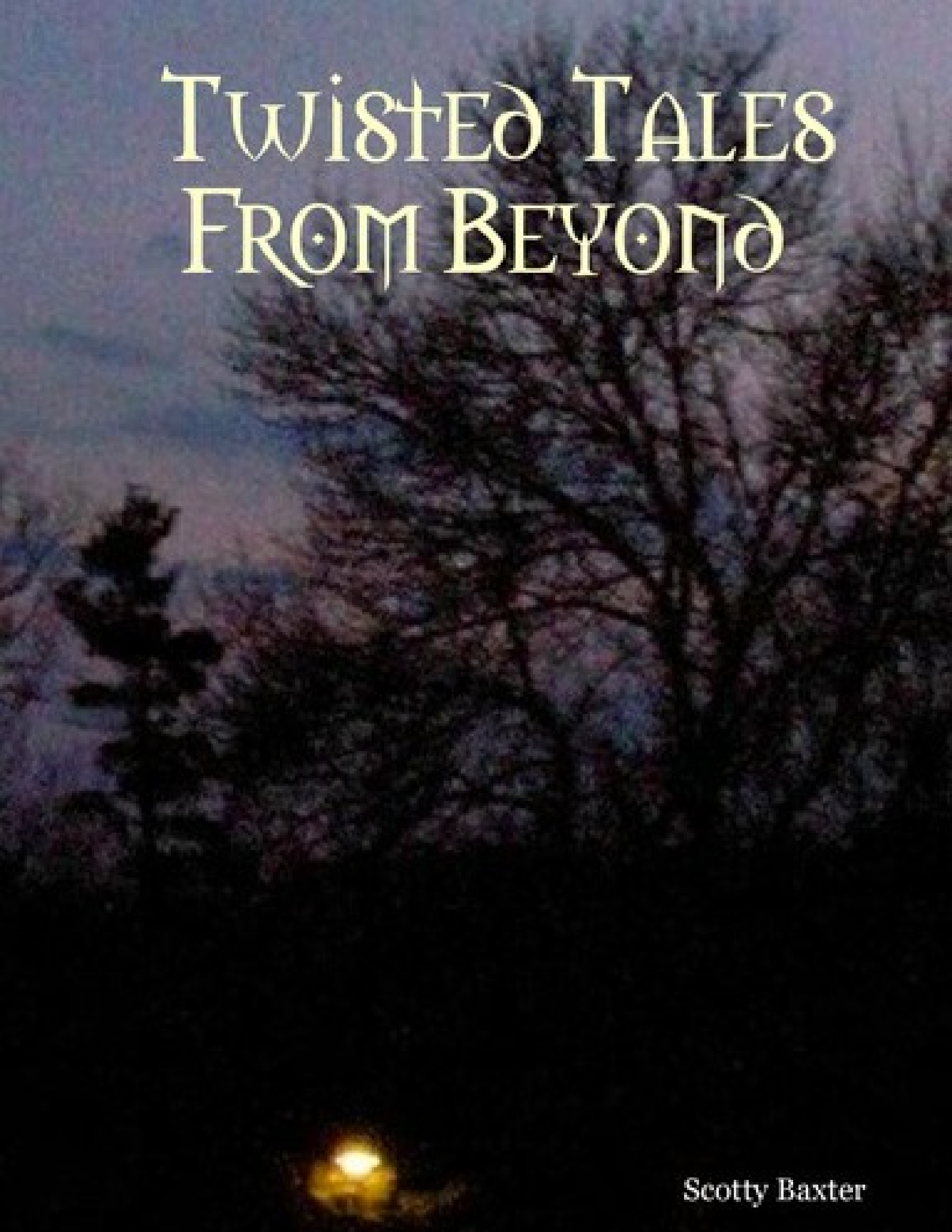
Twisted Tales From Beyond



Scotty Baxter

Twisted Tales From Beyond

Written By Scotty Baxter

I dedicate this book to my friend's Maquela and Brandon. Always stay the same and keep it real.

-Scotty

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Wolf Bite
1

The sound of rain outside her window kept her from sleeping. The storm let up an hour ago but it left the rain behind. She stood at her window, watching the rain trickle down the window. The ground had been dampened for many days, for it had been raining since last Saturday. Today was the last Saturday of the month of November. Her mother had recently died in the month of September, right before she had turned sixteen. She had a rare disease that caused her to die slowly. Now it‘s just she and her father that live there,

on their farm. Her parents had been happily married5 for sixteen years before her mother had died. On her dresser was a picture of her mother. She wept for many days after the passing of her mother. Outside her window, there are corn fields as far as the eye can see. When Christmas comes, it will never be the same. Every year, when she would walk down the stairs on Christmas morning, her mother would prepare the most wonderful breakfast. Of course, it probably wouldn't be much of a Christmas this year. Her father was never really into Christmas as much as she and her mother were. Her grandparents don't really ever come over to visit anymore, not since her mother had died and her grandparents on her father's side had died before she was born. There she was, a sixteen-year-old girl with only one parent, and a set of grandparents that never even came around anymore. At time's, she had felt suicidal but she knew that killing herself would never solve anything. Life itself was torture enough but if she took her own life, it would probably torture the ones that loved her. She used to have a happy life but lately much has changed. Since September, it seems as if the days just pass by slower and slower. Bolts of lightning started to light up the sky. She walked over to her dresser and opened the top drawer. She took out her diary and picked up the pencil lying next to it. She opened the diary and started to write in it.

She didn't write in her diary very often. The only time that she wrote in her diary was when she was feeling depressed. She set the diary down and walked back over to the window. She noticed that the rain was stopping when all of a sudden, she heard a scream coming from outside.

"What was that?"

Then she heard the screaming sound again. As she was looking out the window, she looked in every possible position to see if there was anything out there but she didn't see anything. Then she heard a scream for the third time. By this time, the scream had gotten louder. She decided to walk outside to see if there was somebody or something out there. She opened her door, walked out into the hallway, and walked down the steps. She opened the front door and walked outside. She walked down into the grass in her bare feet. She could feel the dampness of the ground touching at her toes. She heard the screaming sound once again. It sounded as if it were coming from the corn field.

She started walking toward it. As she had gotten closer to the corn field, the screaming got louder. She walked into the cornfield and started looking around. The screaming continued and it grew louder. It sounded as if it were coming from the left direction. She continued walking when all of a sudden, she tripped over something and fell onto the ground. Then she got off of the ground when all of a sudden, she had seen that she tripped over a boy. He looked as if he was about fifteen or sixteen.

"Hello, are you ok?" she asked as she poked him with her foot. He was laying there face down, in the dirt. There was no response though. "Are you ok?" This time he turned over but he was barely breathing. "Oh, my God!" she cried.

"Help me," he said as he slowly opened his eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"My name is Lucas."

"Well, my name is Jennifer."

"Well, it's nice to meet you."

"Well, this is hardly the time to make acquaintance but it's nice to meet you too."

"Sorry," he said as he was still trying to catch his breath.

"What exactly are you doing out here?"

"I was attacked by a wild animal."

"In our cornfield?"

"Well, my car broke down on the main road and when I was standing there, waiting for the tow truck to come, the animal attacked me and dragged me all the way into your cornfield," he replied as he finally caught his breath.

"Here, let me help you up," she said as she held out her hand. He gripped onto her hand as she helped him stand up.

"Thank you," he said gratefully.

"You're welcome."

"I don't feel so good," he said as he started to feel dizzy.

"Come in the house," she said as she pulled him into the right direction.

"I don't want to impose."

"You won't be imposing," she said as she pulled him out of the corn field. "Now, come on," They walked over to the house and she led him inside.

"You have a nice house," he said, looking around.

"It's just my dad and I that live here," she said. "My mom died back in September."

"Oh, I'm very sorry."

"Thank you."

"I should really get going," he said as he walked toward the front door.

"No, you should stay here tonight . . . or do you need to go to the hospital?" she asked.

"No, I don't think I need to go to the hospital."

"Well, you can sleep in my room and I'll sleep in the living room on the sofa," she said as she gave a little smile.

"I couldn't do that to you. I'll sleep on the sofa," he said.

"No, you'll do no such thing. Now follow me and I'll show you to my room," she said as she started walking up the steps. When they walked into her bedroom, she had noticed that his face was cut very badly.

"That's one nasty cut you have there," she said as she stared at it.

"The animal that attacked me had also scratched me."

"Well, get some rest and I'll see you in the morning," she said. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

"If you need anything, let me know," she said as she walked out of the room. The next morning, when Lucas had awoke, he noticed that his nails had grown long.

"What's happening to me?" he asked himself. He stepped out of bed and walked over toward the window. He saw that Jennifer was outside watering the flowers. She noticed that he was peeping out the window and waved. He waved right back. He decided to walk downstairs and go outside to see her. He opened the door, walked down the stairs and walked outside.

"Good morning," Jennifer smiled.

"Good morning.".

"Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"I slept ok."

"Good, come inside with me and I'll make some breakfast."

They walked back inside the house and into the kitchen. She walked over to the refrigerator and opened it. She took out a carton of eggs and set it on the counter. Then she opened the freezer and took a pack of bacon out.

"Do you like bacon and eggs?" she asked.

"Yes." Then she took out a skillet, turned the stove on, took out an egg and cracked it open.

"So, where do you live, Lucas?"

"I live down on Spring Drive."

"That's a good five miles from here."

"Well, I was on my way to the supermarket that stays open all night, when my car broke down. I called a tow truck with my cell phone and while I was waiting for it to come, that's when the animal attacked me," he sighed.

"So, what kind of animal attacked you?" she asked, being curious.

"I'm not sure but I haven't felt like myself since it happened."

"Today, I think we should drive into town and have you check out by a doctor."

"I'm ok, really.".

"No, I think we should go, just to be safe," she said as she started to giggle. "After breakfast, I'll go and get ready. I don't want to stay out too late because there's going to be a full moon tonight and all of the nuts will be out." After breakfast, Jennifer had driven him into town to get checked out. The doctor examined him up and down. He checked Lucas's hearing, his eye's, blood pressure, did a chest x-ray, did an EKG scan on him, even took blood, but didn't find anything wrong with him.

"I did every test that I could think of but I can't find anything wrong with you," said the doctor.

"What about the bite?" asked Lucas.

"Well, I saw that the animal bit you on the side of your stomach but I did some rabbis test and it shows that you don't have that and like I said, all of your other tests came out ok too." Lucas was having many doubts. He knew something else was wrong but couldn't put his finger on it. They drove back to where Jennifer lived. When they got out of the truck, she had noticed that her dad was home. He had been out of town the last couple of days visiting his cousin.

"Where have you been?" asked her father, Don.

"I had to go into town," she replied.

"Well, you have chores to do and who is that you have with you?"

"This is Lucas," she said, pointing at him. "He was attacked by a wild animal last night and he is staying with us for a wile."

"With us?" Don asked.

"Yes, dad."

"Well, its fine with me but does he know how to fish?" Don asked.

"Do you?" she asked Lucas.

"Yeah, I used to fish all the time."

"Good, you can go fishing with me tomorrow," said Don. Her father was always looking

for someone to spend some time with. He didn't have many companions. Dusk approached and the weather was growing cold.
Jennifer and Lucas decided to go in the house. Later on, they were in her bedroom playing poker.

"Lucas, I'm going to be honest with you," she said with a concerned look on her face.

"Sure, what is it?"

"I think there's something wrong with you and that doctor just couldn't find it."

"What do you think is wrong with me?"

"Well, look at your face. It looks very pale."

"Maybe you're right," he said. When he opened up his mouth to talk, she had noticed his teeth looked as if it had fangs.

"Your teeth!" she cried.

"What's wrong my teeth?"

"You've got fangs!" Next, his face started to grow hairy and she gave him a long stare.

"What's wrong now?"

"Your face! It's getting hairy!"

"Don't be ridiculous," he said with a little laugh. Next, his clothes started to rip off. By this time, he had noticed that something was wrong.

"What's happening to me?"

"I don't know but it looks scary."
What happened next was unpredictable. His ears started to grow, along with his fangs. Also, his nails, and toenails had started to grow and a tail started to pop out from behind him.

"Lucas, you look like an animal!" The next thing she knew, he let out a mean growl. This was not Lucas anymore. This looked as if it were some kind of wolf. He had jumped on her and started attacking her. "Help, help!" He wouldn't get off of her. Don ran into the room and saw that he was attacking her. He quickly tried to run out of the room to go get his gun but before he made it through the door, he was knocked to the floor.

"Leave him alone!" she screamed but he started clawing her father and sinking his sharp fangs down into his skin.

"Get off of him!" she shouted, but he was still attacking him.
She noticed a pair of scissors lying on her dresser. She walked over to the dresser, picked them up, and stabbed him in his back. The wolf had then fell off of her father. She quickly helped her father up and they ran out of the room. She shut her bedroom door, so that they could kill some time before the wolf got out of the room. They ran down the steps and ran outside.

"What are we going to do?" asked Don as he became frightened.

"We're going to have to do something."

"How did that animal get in here anyway?" he asked.

"Well, we were sitting there playing cards and Lucas just turned into that animal."

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"Yes, and from the looks of it, you got bit too, so you'll probably be turning into one too." It didn't take long before the wolf had broken the door down.

"Run, dad!" she screamed as they took off toward the cornfield. She knew something

was seriously wrong here. The moon in the sky was bright and full. Then she realized that this was no common animal. She remembered how she always used to go watch those scary movies with her mother and she realized that this was a werewolf that Lucas had changed into. As they ran into the cornfield, her father disappeared. "Dad, where are you?!" By this time, the wolf was gone. "Dad?!" There was still no answer though. Now, he was gone. She started walking back toward the house and the next thing she knew, two wolves jumped out in front of her. She just stood there in panic. "Oh my, my dad's a wolf now!"

She didn't know what else to do but run, so she ran like the wind. The wolves started chasing after her. She ran through the cornfield as fast as she could go. She didn't know how long she could run for but she certainly wasn't going to stop. The corn field was very long and at nighttime, it was very hard to see where she was going. Within a few minutes, she was out of the cornfield and ran onto the road. The wolves were still chasing her. They weren't giving up. She tried to wave down a couple cars that passed but no one stopped. When she waved to the third car that drove by, it stopped.

"Can I give you a ride?" asked the man that was driving.

"Yes, I don't care where you take me! Just go!" she shouted as she jumped into the car. He started to drive. By this time, the wolves jumped out of the corn field. They were looking around but didn't see her. Her heart was pounding a hundred miles per hour and sweat just poured from her forehead. The man, who had picked her up, had dropped her off at the diner about two miles from her house. She had to think this thing through. There was her father and some boy, who been attacked by an animal, who turned into werewolves. When she walked into the diner, she sat in a seat clear in the back. The waitress came over to her with her little notepad.

"What can I get for you?" asked the waitress.

"A cup of coffee please.".

"Anything else?"

"No, just that."

"Ok, I'll have that for you in a few minutes." Jennifer didn't really know what to do. She didn't have any family that she could call and her friends were all out of town on a vacation. They asked her if she wanted to go on vacation with them but she had too much work to do around the house. She had seen many movies about werewolves but never thought any of it were true.

"Here's your coffee," said the waitress as she set the cup down on the table and filled it up. "Thank you."

"Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"No, that's it."

The waitress had then walked over to wait on other customers. She emptied her pockets to see how much money she had. She started with the bills first, then counted the change. After she was finished counting, she had a total of thirty-four dollars and sixty-two cents. She didn't really want to waste money for a hotel room, so she decided to sleep in the park.

"Check, please!" she shouted at the waitress. The waitress brought the bill over to her. The bill came to one dollar and twenty cents. That was ridiculous for a cop of coffee but she paid the bill and left. The park was just across the street from the diner. She walked into the park and found a bench to sleep on. At first, she had trouble sleeping but after

fifteen minutes, she had fallen asleep. The next morning, she had awoken very early. It was very cold. She looked at her watch and seen that the time was seven-fifty-five. She wasn't sure if she was going to go to school or not because she didn't have any clean clothes and plus that, she was in a really bad situation. Last night, she had just witnessed her father and a boy turn into a werewolf, so that was enough to turn her stomach. She decided to take a walk through the park to think about things. Suddenly, it had started to snow and there she was with no coat to keep her warm. The snow began to stick to the sidewalks.

"This is going to be one messed up day." There she was with no place to go. She could have gone home but she was scared that the wolves might be there. Then she decided to take a walk into town, so she started walking out of the park. There weren't very many people out in the cold weather. As she was walking into town, she saw a group of people standing in front of the police station shouting at police officer Ted. "I wonder what's going on."

She started walking toward the station. As she had gotten closer, she started to hear what they were saying.

"I don't care what you say. There is a wild animal running lose," said one of the townspeople.

"Listen folks, I have been hearing these stories all week. I've had people coming to me and saying that they had seen werewolves and such," replied Ted.

"I've seen one too!" Jennifer shouted.

"Not you too, Jennifer," replied Ted.

"I know for a fact." Jennifer didn't really care if he believed her or not. "Last night, I witnessed my father and a boy I just met the day before yesterday, turn into a werewolf."

"Go on home, Jennifer, there's no need for this," replied Ted.

"See! She's seen it too," said another town's person.

"She's just making that up," said Ted in an angry voice.

"If I were you I would listen to these people," said Jennifer in an uproar as she walked away. She knew that the police wouldn't believe her but the townspeople knew what they were talking about.

Two hours had passed and she was still walking through town. She decided to walk back into the diner to order some lunch. When she walked into the diner, she sat down in the same exact seat that she had sat in the last time she was in there. She overheard the waitress talking to Bob, the cook. This was the same waitress that waited on her last night.

"My daughter hasn't come home last night," said the waitress.

"Maybe she stayed at a friend's house," replied Bob.

"No, she usually calls if she's going to stay somewhere."

"I know what could have happened to her," said Jennifer as she butted into the conversation.

"What could have happened to her?" asked the waitress.

"You are probably going to think that I'm nuts but please believe me, there is a werewolf running wild out there. . .two of them actually. Well . . . maybe even more than two but anyway, one of them could have attacked your daughter," said Jennifer, giving a straight face.

"Miss, I think you are nuts. You need some mental help, and you have five seconds to

leave this diner or I'll have Bob throw you out!"

"She's not kidding either," said Bob, giving her a dirty look.

"You better leave Miss." said the waitress. Jennifer got up from the table and walked out the door. She figured that the waitress wouldn't have believed her. She even had a hard time believing that werewolves attacked her last night.

After what had happened in the diner, she had realized that she had to do something but she wasn't sure how to handle it. She walked back into the park again and sat down on a bench. She could see the diner from where she was sitting. The waitress was walking out of the diner. Her shift must have been over. She looked exhausted from working. She started walking toward her car when all of a sudden, one of the wolves jumped out at her. It was hiding from behind her car.

"Get out of there!" shouted Jennifer. The wolf started tearing into her chest. "Do something!" All the waitress could do was lye there helplessly. "Please get up!" All of a sudden, the wolf spotted her, left the waitress's body there, and started running toward Jennifer. She started to take off running.

This time the werewolf seemed as if it were running faster because it was catching up to her fast. The ground was very slippery from the snow, so she kept sliding as she was running. The wolf started growling and it sounded as if it were right behind her. She was much too terrified to look, so she just kept running as fast as she could. At this time, she could actually feel the wolf's breath breathing down her neck, so she knew that it was right behind her. Her feet were starting to hurt from running but she knew that she couldn't stop. The wolf growled in an uproar. "Leave me alone!" The wolf wasn't slowing down though. She could actually hear her heart pounding in her ears. All of a sudden, the wolf had knocked her to the ground. She didn't give up without a fight though. She started kicking at the wolf, trying to get it off of her but the wolf wasn't giving up without a fight either.

"Get off of me!" she screamed, but the wolf kept trying to stick his fangs into her skin. Finally, she kicked the wolf in the stomach and the wolf flew off of her. Then she quickly got off of the ground and started running again. It didn't take long for the wolf to start chasing after her again. She couldn't stop wondering if that was her father or Lucas that was trying to attack her but then again, it could have been another wolf because Lucas had been bit by one before any of this had ever happened. The wolf's growl seemed to grow louder but there wasn't much she could do at this point but to keep running. She could feel the wolf's breath breathing down her neck as it was getting closer to her again. Drops of sweat poured from her forehead as she ran as fast as her feet would take her. Once again, the wolf threw her onto the ground. This time, she could feel the wolf sticking his teeth into her back. It was all over for her now. She had now been bitten by the werewolf and it wouldn't be long before she had turned into one. "Get off of me!"

The wolf didn't stop, not even to take a breath. All of a sudden, she felt the pain ease up and it seemed as if the wolf had gotten off of her. She turned around and saw that the wolf was gone. This was a bad situation to be in because if she turned into a werewolf, she would end up going and attacking somebody, maybe even dozens of people. She stood up off of the ground and tried to catch her breath. Now, she knew how Lucas felt the night he was attacked. She knew that she didn't have much time before she turned into a werewolf, so

she knew of only one thing to do. She walked into town and started walking toward the gun shop. In movies, silver bullets always killed werewolves but in real life, she just didn't know if that was true or not, but she was about to find out. As soon as she got to the gun shop, she had walked in.

"Can I help you?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, I need a gun."

"I'm going to need to see some I.D."

"I'm only sixteen."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't sell a gun to a sixteen-year-old.," he replied, pointing toward the sign that said all the requirements to buy a gun. "You have to be at least eighteen to buy one."

"Can't you make an exception?" she asked.

"No, sorry." The next thing she knew, she started to grow fangs.

"Your teeth! Here girl! Take as many guns as you want," said the clerk as he started to run out of the store. Without any hesitation, she grabbed a handgun, a few silver bullets for it and ran out of the shop. As soon as she got outside, she also remembered that in movies if you kill the main werewolf, it'll make everyone else that was bitten by one turn back into a normal person. She was unsure of this but there was only one way to find out. She knew exactly where to look for the main wolf. She remembered that Lucas said something about being bitten somewhere next to her cornfield. She immediately started running back toward her house. She knew that she didn't have much time because her nails were starting to grow long. Her house was probably a good fifteen minutes from where she was at but as fast as she was running, she made it in about seven and a half. As soon as she had gotten back to her house, she opened the gun chamber and dropped two bullets in.

"Come out here!" she shouted. She wasn't sure if the other werewolves were around but it was a race against time. "I said, come out here!"

There was still no response though. She started walking toward the corn field when she had noticed that there was a trail of blood that led into it. At that moment, she knew that the wolf had to be in there. She walked into the cornfield and started following the trail of blood. The farther she had walked into the cornfield, the more blood that was part of the trail. Then she came to a dead stop when she heard a sound. It sounded like a really heavy breathing sound. Then she started following the trail again when all of a sudden, she had walked right up behind one of the wolves. This wolf didn't look like the other one's though. This wolf was much larger, had bigger ears, larger fangs, and more hair. "This has got to be the main werewolf." Then she took a step and accidentally stepped on a twig, causing the wolf to hear her. The wolf had then turned around. Then she saw that the wolf was attacking another young girl. "Leave her alone!'

The wolf just looked at her. All of a sudden, Jennifer's clothes started to tear off and her body started to grow hair from head to toe. Next, a tale sprouted out from her and her ears started to grow pointy. Her hands had then turned to paws and she had lost use of them. The next thing she knew, she had dropped her gun next to the girl's body. Within a few short seconds, she let out a loud growl. She was now a werewolf but before the other werewolf could finish attacking the young girl that it had pinned to the ground, she had managed to pick up the gun that Jennifer had dropped and shot it right in the heart.

The werewolf let out a loud moan and within a few seconds, it had dropped onto the ground beside her. The young girl had then got off of the ground. She had teeth marks all over her skin but suddenly, the teeth marks started to disappear and the scratches that she had on her body had started to disappear along with them. The main werewolf suddenly caught on fire and then turned to dust. Suddenly, Jennifer's body had changed back to normal. Her fangs, all the hair on her body, her long tail, her long nails had all disappeared.

"What happened?" she asked.

"You turned into a werewolf and I was attacked by one but I quickly shot it," replied the young girl.

"Let's try to get some help," said Jennifer.

They started walking back toward her house. As they walked out of the cornfield, Jennifer had noticed that her father and Lucas were lying on the front porch.

"Dad!" Jennifer had shouted. Her father had then awoke.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You turned into a werewolf."

"The only thing that I remember is being in your bedroom." Since the young girl shot a bullet into the werewolf's heart, everyone that was bitten by the werewolf and had turned into one, had changed back into a person. Since then, Jennifer now has a better aspect of life. All it took was a terrifying experience. Also, she and Lucas became good friends.

The Trapped Twin
2

Some people say everything happens for a reason but for some, there's more to it than that. The streets of Honeymoon Bay were crowded with much traffic but that didn't stop Ernie Hudson from running through it. He had been running for about five miles now. He was being chased by a gang named "The Slash." Ernie was always getting into trouble. He was seventeen years old and didn't have a drivers license yet. His only means of transportation was the bus. He has never met his parents. When he was just one year old, they had abandoned him. He didn't even know if he even had any brothers or sisters but what happened next was unexpected.

"Come back here!" yelled one of the gang members. He knew that he couldn't stop running, for they would kill him. He decided to run down third street but when he ran around the corner to get to third street, he had run into someone.

"Sorry, sorry," he said, being embarrassed.

"It's ok," said the person that he had run into, but what he saw next was unbelievable. The person he had run into looked just like him.

“Who are you?” asked Ernie in amazement.
“My name is Rocco, Rocco Jones.”
“You look just like me.”
“It looks like we’re twins.”
“How old are you?”
“I’m seventeen.”
“Me too.”.
“Ok, Ernie, I’m tired of chasing you,” said the leader of the gang as they finally caught up to him.
“Is there a problem here?” asked Rocco.
The gang took one look at him and got one scared look on their face. “Oh man, sorry to bother you, Rocco,” said the leader of the gang as the whole gang took off running.
“They’re afraid of you,” asked Ernie. “Why?”
“They tried to rob me one time but I taught all of them a lesson.”
“Anyway, we must have the same parents.”
“My parents live down on Riverside Drive.”
“My parents abandon me when I was just a year old,” said Ernie.
“That’s funny, my parents never mentioned anything about me having a twin brother.”
“I guess they didn’t want me,” said Ernie as he sat down on the curb with a sad face.
“Well, I’ll tell you what.”
“What?”.
“You really want to meet your parents?”
“More than anything,” replied Ernie.
“I’ve got an idea that you’re going to love.”
“What is it?”
“Why don’t we just switch?”
“Switch?” asked Ernie with a confused look on his face.
“Yes, I take your place. You take mine.”
“That’s a great idea.”
“Good, then it’s all settled,” Rocco smiled.
“But what if we get caught?”
“Oh, trust me, that won’t happen.”.
“Well, when is the soonest we can do it?”
“No time like the present,” Rocco laughed. Ernie felt a rush of excitement going through his body. His dreams of meeting his long lost parents were finally about to come true.
“So, where do they live anyway?” asked Ernie.
“Sixteen, Riverside Drive.”
“I can’t believe this. After all these years, I finally know where they live.”
“Well, go ahead and get going.”
“Ok,” replied Ernie.
“Oh, one more thing.”
“What?”
“I need to know where you live and where you work, so that I can act like I’m you.”
“Sure, I live on three-eleven Maple street and I work at the bank down by the bakery. I

have to be at work by five."

"Ok, well, good luck."

"Good luck to you to and oh, by the way, my parents are out of town for a couple days," said Ernie as they both walked away. This was going to be the start of a brand new completely different experience.

Five minutes before five, Rocco had walked into the bank. He wasn't really sure of what his job was there because he forgot to ask Ernie.

"Hi, Ernie," said Debbie, one of the tellers.

"Hi," Rocco replied.

"You're early today."

"Oh, well, I thought I'd be on time."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"I'm not myself today," he said. "What do I do here?"

"Oh, Ernie, how forgetful of you. You're a janitor."

"Boy, is he a loser," he said under his breath.

"What?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"You're early today but don't expect any overtime," said Mr. Knox, the bank president.

"Who are you?" asked Rocco.

"Mr. Knox, you idiot!"

"Knox? Now that's a funny name."

"Do you find my name amusing?"

"Sorry, sir.".

"Well, get to work!" shouted Mr. Knox, walking into his office and slamming the door.

"What a jerk!" said Rocco.

"Since when did you start acting like that?" asked Debbie as she started to laugh.

"Well, he just seems like a jerk."

"You just now noticed?" she said as she continued to laugh.

"I got an idea."

"What's that?"

"Let's have dinner tonight," Rocco smiled.

"Are you serious?" She gave him a weird look. "I'm nearly twice your age."

"So?"

"Ok, I'll have dinner with you," she smiled.

Meanwhile, Ernie was standing in front of his parent's house. He was so nervous about going in but if he had to act like Rocco, he couldn't just knock at the door. He had to walk right in. He slowly walked toward the door. He knew this was going to be a different experience. As he approached the door, he had noticed the house looked as if it were an upper-middle class house. It was made of bricks and the windows had fancy trimming around them. He finally got up to the front door. He stood there for about a minutes before he decided to go in. He opened the door and walked into the house. The house looked very immaculate. The first room he walked into, when he walked into the house, was the living room. The walls were a beige color. The furniture was lavender. The carpet was white and

the curtains hanging over the windows were lavender, just like the furniture. There was a ceiling fan that hung in the center of the room.

"Well, there you are, Rocco! Where the hell have you been?" said a voice. He looked to see who it was and had seen that it was a lady with golden brown hair that flowed halfway down her back.

"Mom?" he asked, hoping that it was her.

"Yes, Rocco, you stupid idiot," she replied.

"I'm glad to be home."

"You have work to do."

"Sure, mom, what do you want me to do?"

"First," she said, sliding her belt off of her waste and hitting him across the face.

"Mom, what's that for!"

"That's for being late!"

"Why are you hitting me?"

"Because you need punished. Now go to your room!" she shouted at him while chasing him to the bedroom. She chased him all the way into the bedroom and threw him into the room. "Now, you stay here." She took a key out of her pocket and as she did this, Ernie noticed that there was a lock on the door.

"You're locking me in here?"

"You act like I've never locked you in here before. You know that I lock you in here every day after school, until you have to get up for school." She quickly gave him an angry look and closed the door.

"But why?" he asked, still baffled, but by this time, she was gone.

"Mom, mom!"

"If this what Rocco's life is about, then I wish I would have just stayed my own self," he said as he sat down on the bed.

Two hours went by and the door came open. It was his mother and she had a tray in her hand.

"Here's your dinner," she said as she set it down on the floor and walked back out the door, closing it, and locking it once again. He walked over to the tray. He wasn't very hungry but he figured he had better eat because he would probably get sick if he didn't. On the tray there was meatloaf, a glass of milk, a side of mash potatoes, a slice of bread, corn, a green apple, and a little clump of butter for the bread.. He started to take little bites at first but then after a while, he realized that he really was hungry, so he took bigger bites. He had missed being at home with his parents that had adopted him. They might have been mean to him too but not as mean as his real mother was. At least if they got mad at him, all they would do is yell at him. They didn't believe in beating kids. He might have only been seventeen but in the last two hours he learned more about the way the world is than most teenagers do. He just kept thinking to himself, if his mother was this mean, he'd hate to see what his father was like. Just when he was thinking about that, the door had flew open.

"Boy, don't backtalk your mother anymore!" shouted a man, who was holding a baseball bat.

"Are you my dad?" he asked curiously.

"Come here, boy!" The man walked toward him and the next thing he knew, he swung

the baseball bat at him and knocked him to the ground. "That'll teach you boy!" All he could do was lie there in pain.

"I've got to get out here," he said to himself. Rocco, however, was enjoying every minute of his new life. He and Debbie decided to go to a restaurant to have dinner.

"This is a nice place," said Debbie.

"I hoped that you would like it," replied Rocco.

"Ernie, tell me a little bit about yourself."

"You mean you don't know much about me?"

"No, I mean, we've worked at that bank together for almost a year but I still don't know much about you."

"Well, I'm seventeen. I like to listen to music, play sports, paint, and all sorts of stuff."

"Well, that's funny, you've always told me that you hate sports."

"Well, I've changed."

"I can see that."

"Would you like to go back to my place after dinner?".

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't usually do this but I trust you Ernie."

A few minutes had passed and it was getting quite late. Ernie had a look of excitement on his face but Debbie had an unsure look on her face.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked.

"If you are."

"Yeah, lets go," he said as he placed a two dollar tip on the table. He was quite anxious about her going home with him. He never went home with a girl before. His parents never even allowed him to leave the room. As soon as they got to the house, he wasn't sure how to get into the house. Ernie had also forgotten to give him a key.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I forgot my key."

"What are you going to do?"

"Bust the window."

"Funny," she laughed. Unexpectedly, he picked up a brick from the side of the walkway and busted the window of the front door.

"Won't that cost you?"

"No, it won't cost me at all," he replied as he signaled for her to go into the house with him. He shut the front door and locked it.

"Why do you lock the front door? Are you afraid someone's going to come in?"

"No, I'm afraid someone's going to go out.".

"Someone's going to go out it?"

"Like you!" he shouted as he grabbed a hold of her.

"Why are you grabbing me?"

"I'm going to make you suffer!"

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"First off, I'm not Ernie. My name is Rocco and I'm his twin brother. Second of all, I'm

going to take this tie I'm wearing, strangle you and pin the murder on him."

"Please, whoever you are, don't kill me!" Within that moment , he had taken his tie off and slipped it around her neck.

"You deserve this!" he shouted as he continued to strangle her. She tried to pull away but he overpowered her. It didn't take long before her body grew lifeless. Within a blink of an eye, she just dropped to the floor.

"You had that coming!" he said as he threw the tie down on the floor next to her lifeless body. Then he picked up her body and placed it over his shoulder. He opened the front door and threw her body out on the front porch. "Now, I have to get Ernie to change places with me again."

As soon as he walked away from the house, one of the neighbors saw Debbie's body lying on the porch and they called the police. Ernie was going to be in a lot of trouble whenever he switched back with Rocco. However, he wasn't doing so good. He was living in hell back at Rocco's house. The time was nine o'clock and he was still locked in the bedroom.

"I've got to get out of here," Ernie said to himself. The bedroom only had one window in it but when he tried to open it, it was nailed shut. After thinking long and hard, he figured that breaking the window would be his best bet. He looked around the room to find something that would break the window. After searching for about fifteen minutes, he had finally found a baseball bat under the bed. He also found a gun. "I better take this with me, just incase,"

He put the gun in his pocket and took a couple practice swings with the bat. After that, he took one long hard swing at the window and it shattered into pieces. He knew that he had to move quickly because he was quite sure that his parents had heard him break the window.

He quickly jumped out the window and into the tree that was by the bedroom window. As soon as he had jumped into the tree, there was his father standing in the window.

"Boy, you're going to pay for that window, you little trouble maker!" shouted his father.

"I'm not coming back!" Ernie shouted back as he slid down the tree and jumped onto the ground. All of a sudden, he felt something hit his face. He turned to look and had seen that it was his mother.

"Trying to run away, are we?!" shouted his mother.

"Leave me alone!" he shouted as he pushed her away and started running down the street.

His mother tried to chase after him but she was not fast enough. He still continued running though but after running about a mile, he was crossing the street at the corner of south and fourth street when all of a sudden, a police car dodged right out in front of him.

"Stop right there!" the policeman shouted as he jumped out of the car.

"What did I do?" asked Ernie with a confused look on his face.

"You know damn well what you did!" The policeman threw him to the ground and patted him down.

"I found a gun!" the policeman shouted to the other one.

"That's not mine!"

"Well, we'll see what the judge has to say about that," said the policeman as he

handcuffed Ernie.

"You're a murderer! Come with me boy." He dragged Ernie to the car and threw him in. After he was thrown into the car, the policeman slammed the door shut, and there was Rocco standing there in a distance laughing.

"Rocco! Rocco! What did you do?!" Ernie shouted as the police car drove away.

"So sad, Ernie. I just made your life more interesting," said Rocco under his breath.

"Rocco, there you are. Get back in the house, boy!" shouted his father, who was walking down the street.

"Put a cork in it dad," he said as he started walking toward the house.

"Get in here!" shouted his mother.

"I'm coming mom." He started walking back toward his house. The time was eleven-fifteen and there Ernie sat, in an empty interrogation room, waiting for the police to come in to question him. This had to be the worst situation that he had ever been in. In a few hours, he was going to face a judge and may even be locked up forever. Five minutes had passed and a police interrogator walked into the room.

"Hello, My name's Mr. Livingston and I'm an interrogator," he said as he closed the door.

"I didn't do it, why can't anyone believe me!"

"Look, son, my job is to get the facts. Now, we had a neighbor that seen you drag her body out onto the porch and dump her there."

"I'll explain," he said. "Look, I have a twin brother. I have never met my real parents but he lives with them. When I found out that I had a twin brother who knew where my real parents were, then I just had to meet my parents. Well, he told me that he'd switch places with me so that he would be me and I would be him, so that I could meet my real parents."

"Son, you're making this difficult."

"I don't care what you say. I'm not making this up."

"I'll tell you what. We'll set up an investigation to see if you really have a twin brother and that those really were your real parents." Mr. Livingston walked out of the room and closed the door.

Another hour had passed and Ernie was still in the interrogation room. Mr. Livingston walked back into the room holding a clipboard.

"Well, we did some research and here's what we found," said Mr. Livingston, opening his clipboard.

"What did you find?"

"Well, first off, you do have a twin brother."

"See, I told you.".

"Well, you're not off the hook yet. Second off, your parents passed away when you were just a year old."

"That's impossible, I met them today."

"No, you couldn't have. Your parents died in a car accident when you were just a year old. That's why you had to be adopted."

"If my real parents died, then who were those people I met today?".

"I don't know but they sure as hell weren't your parents."

“Mr. Livingston, the forensics found hair samples on that girls body. Should we take samples of Ernie’s Hair?” asked Mr. Pix, who was one of the forensics.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Livingston. Mr. Pix walked over to Ernie and snipped a couple of pieces of hair out of his head with a pair of scissors.

“We’ll have these samples done in about an hour,” he said as he walked out of the room.

“We’ll find out the truth when the hair samples come back,” said Mr. Livingston, giving Ernie the eye. The time was now twelve-fifteen and Mr. Pix walked back into the room.

“Do you have the results?” asked Mr. Livingston.

“Yes, we do,” replied Mr. Pix.

“Well, what are they?”

“The hair samples that we found on her body do not match Ernie’s.”.

“Then who do they belong to then?”.

“I’m not sure but they are not Ernie’s,” replied Mr. Pix as he walked out the room.

“Kid, where does this twin brother live that you told me about?”.

“Sixteen, Riverside Drive.” He had then walked out of the room and out into the hallway. Ernie could hear him talking to the other officers. Within a few minutes, he came back into the room and this time he had Rocco with him.

“He does look just like you. I’ll be right back,” said Mr. Livingston as he left the room.

“Ok buddy, I want to know something. Who did you kill?” asked Ernie.

“I killed Debbie from the bank and she deserved it,” replied Rocco.

“What about those people? The police said that those weren’t my real parents that you had me meet.”

“Well, like you, I am also adopted.”

“You mean those people I met today weren’t my real parents?”.

“Hell no, those are my foster parents. They adopted me when I was just a year old,” Rocco laughed. “They’re both jerks.”

“Why did you lie to me?”

“Because I wanted out of that place but after killing Debbie, I had to go back so that I wouldn’t get caught.”

“You killed Debbie?” At that point, Ernie was starting to feel discussed. “Why did you kill Debbie?”

“It’s very simple Ernie. She is the one that stuck me in that foster home. She was my case worker a long time ago. . .before she got the job at the bank,” replied Rocco.

“Are you serious?”

“For one thing, I asked her out on a date so that I could kill her and second, she didn’t deserve to live after putting me in a place like that. She was a pathetic excuse for a person. She was in her thirties and actually thought I had in interest in her. A seventeen year old isn’t going to have a thing for a middle aged woman.”

“Does anyone else know about this?”

“We know,” replied Mr. Livingston, walking in the room.

“You know what?” asked Ernie with a confused look on his face.

“Do you see that mirror on the wall?” asked Mr. Livingston.

“Yes,” replied Rocco.

"It's a two-way mirror and we heard everything that was just said. Rocco, I'm placing you under arrest for the murder of Debbie Wyner."

"I'm innocent!".

"We have recorded the whole conversation. We have your voice on tape admitting to the murder of Debbie Wyner."

"This has got to be a joke," said Rocco.

"I'm afraid not. Rocco Jones, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. Do you understand these rights?"

"I guess so."

Two weeks later, a trial was held for Rocco. He was found guilty for the murder of Debbie and was sentenced to serve time in a boys juvenile center until the age of eighteen and after he turned eighteen, he would serve life in prison without the possibility of parole. Fifteen days later, Ernie lost his job at the bank. There appeared to be a rumor going around that Ernie was the one that killed Debbie and Mr. Knox didn't want a murderer working at the bank anymore. Life itself for Ernie wasn't going very well. Rocco had done a real number on Ernie's life. Much has happened since then. When Rocco turned eighteen, they transferred him to a regular prison. He had another trial and the judge decided to place him on death row. Within two weeks though, he filed an appeal and it went through. He was taken off of death row but would spend the rest of his life in prison. One day, Ernie went to see Rocco during visitor hours.

"Came to see me, did you?" asked Rocco in a smart voice.

"I'll only take but a minute. I just want you to know that you ruined my life. Everybody thinks that I'm the one that killed Debbie. I took the wrap for a lot of problems you caused me, so I just wanted you to know, I hope that you rot in here forever," said Ernie as he got up and spit in Rocco's face.

"Oh yeah, well, I'm glad I ruined your life!" Ernie walked away and that was the last time he had ever seen Rocco. Many years passed and Ernie had often wondered if he was still rotting away in that prison. Some years later, shortly after Ernie turned seventy-two, he saw Rocco's obituary in the paper. The obituary said that he died of a heart attack while sleeping in his cell. Ernie didn't feel a bit sorry for him but felt sorry that his twin brother didn't turn out to be a real brother. After the passing of time, he had forgotten about the past and started concentrating on the future.

Ursula's Magic Shop
3

A typical summer rainfall had drenched Harold as he walked down the empty streets of Fairmont. Today was his seventeenth birthday but he wasn't sure what he had wanted. His parents had given him fifty dollars for his birthday but after searching through town, he couldn't find anything that we wanted to buy. Suddenly, without realizing it, he almost passed up a store that he hadn't been in yet.

"I never saw this store before," he said to himself. "It must be a new one." In deed it was a new store that had just opened. He decided to walk in the store. As soon as he walked

into the store, he had noticed that there were many antiques in there. Some of the things in the store looked older than his grandparents were. There were many sculptures throughout the store and some of them looked as if they were about a hundred years old. After looking for about five minutes, there was nothing in there that interested him, so right before he was about to walk of the store, the store owner walked right in front of him.

"Hey kid, is there anything particular that you're looking for?" she asked.

"Not really."

"Surely, there must be something you want. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ursula," she smiled.

"My Name is Harold," he replied.

"Well, Harold, I just opened this store today. Many of the things in this store are very precious and very valuable," she said.

"I really don't think that there's anything in here that interests me," he replied as he opened up the door.

"Wait, come over to the counter with me. I may have something that interests you," she said signaling for him to follow her. Then he closed the door and followed her over to the counter. "How about this?" She took out a sculpture from under the counter.

"It's just a statue."

"Yes, but it will be worth thousands one day."

"No, I don't think so."

"How about this?" She placed another item on the counter.

"What is that?"

"This is an old-fashioned bow and arrow." Then he saw something lying on the counter that had looked like a pair of glasses.

"What are these?"

"Well, these are very special, much too valuable for me to sale."

"They look like a pair of glasses to me."

"Well, they're no ordinary pair of glasses. It's believed that with these glasses, you can see the future."

"What do you mean the future?"

"Well, if you put them on, you can see what's going to happen before it does,"

"That sounds awesome. Let me buy them?"

"No, they are much too valuable." He could tell that she was trying to scam money from him because she had a greedy look in her eyes.

"Come on, how much do you want for them?"

"Well, if I were to sale them to you, I'd say five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars? Forget it." He started walking toward the door. There was no way that he was going to pay that much money for those.

"Wait! How much do you have?"

"Fifty bucks,"

"I'll take it," she said as she started to place the glasses in a bag for him. He handed her the fifty dollars.

"Thank you, young man."

"Your welcome." He walked out of the store. Then he took the glasses out of the bag

and threw the bag onto the ground. He put on the glasses and looked around while wearing them but didn't see anything out of the ordinary. A dog across the street was heisting his leg over the fire hydrant as usual, the police were driving around, patrolling the area as usual, and there were two cats up in the tree above him that were fighting. "What a rip off." He walked back over to the store but when he tried to walk back in, the door was locked. "She must be closed. Oh well, I'll just come back tomorrow."

On the way home, he decided to give the glasses another chance, so he placed the glasses back on. The glasses had very large lenses on them and the frames were very wide. Every time he had passed someone while walking, they laughed at him. He kept forgetting that he had the glasses on and kept wondering why people were laughing at him. He felt guilty about spending all of his birthday money on a pair of glasses that had no use.

If his parents found out, they would probably have a major fit. He surely wasn't going to mention what he did with his money though. He had to think of something to tell them though because if he came home empty handed and without his money, he surely would be in trouble. All that time he had spent walking home, he was trying to come up with excuses on what he had spent his money on. He could say that he had been robbed but he highly doubted that his parents would believe a story like that. Then he thought that maybe he could tell them that he had lost the money but they probably wouldn't believe that story either. He was stumped and out of ideas. His parents were going to find out sooner or later. After a while, he thought that maybe he should just tell them the truth.

As he got closer to home, he had gotten more nervous about confronting his parents and telling them the truth. This was, by far, the biggest mistake that he had ever made. To him, this was worse than the time when he was taking a driving lesson and put the car in reverse, instead of drive, and backed the car into the garage. His parents had grounded him for two weeks when he did that but this time, he was probably going to be grounded a lot longer than that.

He couldn't think of a thing to say to them. He knew that he was going to be in trouble one way or another and eventually, his parents would find out that he was careless with his money. After a couple minutes, he was finally in front of his house. It looked as if no one was home. He felt lucky because since his parents weren't home, he'd have more time to come up with an excuse on what he had spent his money on.

He walked up to the porch. Something looked out of place. He thought for a couple minutes and then realized that there was no furniture on the porch.

"What happened to the furniture?" he asked himself. Then he noticed that the windows had been all boarded up. Now, something looked way out of place. He walked up to the front door and tried to open it. The door was locked though, so he took the key out from his pocket and tried to unlock it but the key didn't fit. "What's going on here?"

He walked down the steps and started walking toward the back yard. He was going to try to open the backdoor. As he approached the backdoor, he took out his backdoor key. He tried to open the backdoor but it was also locked, so he tried to unlock it with his backdoor key.

That key didn't fit either. He was quite confused. He wondered if his parents had changed the locks. If they did, that would be the first time they had ever done that. He also noticed that the windows in the back of the house were boarded up too. It looked as if the place had been abandoned for many years. He was a little confused by the situation. He decided to walk back to the front of the house. As he was walking along the side of the house, he noticed that the side windows were boarded up too. "Something's going on here."

As he approached the front door once again, he noticed that the porch light had no light

bulb in it. For as far back as he could remember, he always remembered his parents having a light bulb in the porch light socket. He also had noticed that half of the boards on the porch were missing.

The front door had a window at the top of it. He figured that if he broke it, he'd be able to climb through it. He walked off of the porch, walked over to his mother's garden, picked up a brick, and walked back onto the porch. Then he took the brick and threw it right through the window. The window instantly shattered into pieces. He knew that his parents would be angry about a brick being thrown through the window but at this point in time, all he wanted was to be in the house.

He stepped onto the door handle, started to climb through the window when all of a sudden, he had fallen through the window, landing inside the house. He bumped his head on the floor but all he had was a little nick. As he got up from the floor, he had noticed that, like the porch, the house looked empty also.

He walked into the living room and saw that there was not one piece of furniture, not one electrical appliance, and not even one strand of carpet. The floor was just bare boards.

"Mom, Dad!" he shouted but there was no response. Something definitely seemed a miss. He had also noticed that the wallpaper on the living room walls were missing. There was nothing but plain white walls. He couldn't figure out what was going on but nothing seemed to make any sense to him.

He walked into the dining room. The only piece of furniture there was the china cabinet. It didn't have one dish, one cup, or one piece of silverware in it. It was completely empty. The dining room table was in pieces. It looked as though it couldn't be put back together, even with super glue.

Then he noticed that the walls in the dining room had no wallpaper on them either. Just like the living room, it had plain white walls. Next, he looked at the ceiling and had seen that it had cracks in it, along with many holes. It looked as if the ceiling was about to cave in at anytime. His parents had always taken care of the house, so something was wrong with this picture. He had also noticed that the dining room floor had no carpet either.

It was made up of bare floors. This house was an absolute disaster. It looked as if his parents had just packed up and moved away but they would never leave him behind like that or would they? He wasn't sure why the house looked so empty. He walked over to the dining room window and kicked the board out of it. There was no glass in the window, so the board fell outside, and onto the ground.

A beam of sunlight shone into the dining room. He walked over to the window and looked outside. Then he noticed that the top floors of his neighbor's house had been burned off of the house. It looked as if the house had caught fire and the fire took out the second story.

"When did their house catch fire?" he wondered. Everything seemed out of place, even in the neighborhood. He also noticed that the house across the street had a for sale sign in the front yard.

His parents had been good friends with the guy that lived in that house and he didn't seem like the type of person to sale his house just like that. He would usually come over and talk to his dad before he made any decisions like that. The neighborhood didn't look the same as it usually did. He knew something was definitely wrong here. He continued to browse around the dining room and had noticed that the walls had many cracks in them too. Then he decided to walk into the kitchen to see if anything was out of place there. He pretty much figured something would be.

As he walked into the kitchen, this is when his mouth really dropped. There were plates

sitting in the sick that had rats crawling inside of them. There were armies of ants crawling on the kitchen table. The refrigerator was missing also. He had also noticed that the kitchen did have wallpaper in it but it looked very dirty and there were spots where wallpaper was missing. There had been many places on the floor where tiles were missing also.

The ceiling had more cracks in it than the dining room did. The faucet that hung over the kitchen sink was missing, along with the handles that went with it. Also, none of the cabinets had doors on them. Then he decided to walk upstairs. He figured that there was probably as much damage there as there was in the living room, dining room, and the kitchen. His house had two sets of stairs. There was a set in the living room and one set in the kitchen. He decided to take the set in the kitchen.

As he was walking up the stairs, he had noticed that the wallpaper in the stairway was all torn and there were termites crawling on the wall. He had never seen that many termites in his life. There must have been two or three hundred termites there. As he continued to walk up the stairs, he had noticed that the floor boards were quite loose. They felt as if they were about to cave in at any time.

As he reached the upstairs, he had noticed that half of the floor boards were missing from the upstairs hallway. He had to be very careful where he stepped. The house had a total of three bedrooms but he doubted that there would be anything in them. He decided to look anyway. First, he walked into his parent's room. As soon as he opened the door, part of the ceiling had come down right in front of him.

If he had been an inch closer, it would have come down on him, maybe even killing him. He took very careful steps after that had happened. His parents room seemed as if it had more furniture in it than the other rooms did. The bed was there but had no covers or sheets on it. Both of the dressers were there but when he opened the drawers, they were all empty.

The paint on the wall had been chipped off and there was no carpet on the floor. There were many cracks in the wall, and some of them were very deep. He had also noticed that the ceiling had many holes in it, just like the dining room did. He also noticed that a light socket hung from the ceiling. There was no cover for the light or a light bulb in the socket.

Then he walked into the hallway and into the bathroom. As soon as he walked into the bathroom, he realized that the mirror that hung above the sink was cracked. When he had looked into the bathtub, that's when he had gotten the biggest scare of his life. He jumped to the sight of a dead body that was rotting away. It looked as if it were a young girl with blond hair. She was wearing a necklace that read "I love you." There were flies buzzing around her corpse and dry blood stained on the tub.

He screamed as he backed away from the tub. He quickly ran out of the bathroom and threw up in the hallway. This was the first time he had ever seen a dead body. He didn't even know who it was. It was nobody that he knew.

"What is a dead body doing in the bathroom?" he wondered as his body shook in fear. He quickly ran into his bedroom and shut the door. However, when he went into his bedroom, he jumped to the sight of another dead body that was in his bed. This was the only piece of furniture in his room. This corpse looked as if it were a young boy, not any older than six or seven. There were also flies buzzing around his corpse also. He screamed as he quickly ran out of the bedroom.

Then he decided to run into his parent's room. This time, there were two dead bodies on the floor that were rotting away. There were flies buzzing around this one too. On one of the bodies, there was a bracelet around the ankle that read "Chick." The other body didn't

have any jewelry on.

"What's going on here?" He quickly ran out of the room, tripped and fell in the hallway. It didn't take long before he had jumped back up though. "Something is happening here."

He had one more room to look at, which was his father's den, which was in the attack. He opened up the door that led to the attack and just stood there for a couple minutes. He wasn't sure if he was ready for what he was about to see but whatever it was, it couldn't be any worse than what he had seen in the bathroom and it the bedrooms. He walked slowly up the steps, still shivering. He was horrified by this experience but didn't stop walking. When he reached the top of the stairs, he had seen a trail of dry blood.

He followed the trail and saw that it led to another dead body. This one was holding a shotgun, which was pointed towards the head, along with dry blood splattered on the floor next to it. There was a note attached to it. He walked over to the dead body and snatched the note off of it. He opened it and the note read "I have did a terrible thing. I have killed my family and now I must kill myself. I am sorry," and the note was signed "Timothy Yeager." He had no idea who that was or why all of those dead bodies were in the house in the first place. Then he turned around and before he started walking back downstairs, he heard a voice say

"Who is that?" he asked.

"What are you doing here?" the voice said.

"Who are you?"

"You know who am I."

All of a sudden, he felt someone take his glasses off and his sister, Betty, appeared in front of him.

"Nice glasses, Nerd," she said as she handed him the glasses and started to laugh.

Then he saw that the dead body was gone, along with the trail of blood. He quickly ran back downstairs and into his bedroom. Everything had looked back to normal. His bed was there, along with his desk and computer. Then he checked the other rooms. Everything had looked as if it were in place there too. Then he realized that he was wearing the glasses the whole time.

"Those glasses really did work. I just seen the future. Whoever is going to move in this house next is going to get murdered," he said to himself.

"Kids? Can you come down hear please?" shouted his father.

"Move out of the way," said his sister, being the first one down the stairs. As soon as he walked downstairs, he had noticed that everything was back in place there also.

"What is it dad?" asked Betty

"Well, I have been offered a better job today and we have to move. I have a nice couple and their family coming by today to look at the house."

"What time are they coming?" asked Harold.

"Around seven, the husbands name is Timothy and the wife's name is Carol. They're a very nice couple."

"Is his name Timothy Yeager by any chance?" asked Harold.

"Yes, do you know them?"

"No, but lets just say that when they move in here, it's going to be an unforgettable experience for them."

"What?"

"Oh. . .nothing," Harold replied.

Later that day, Harold walked back to the shop from where he had bought the glasses.

He saw that the lights were on inside and it looked as if the shop was open. He walked up to the door and walked in.

"Ursula? Are you here?" he asked.

"Right here, boy."

"What are you doing back there?"

"Just putting some things on this wrack."

"Well, I just wanted to let you know that these glasses work but the results are quite disturbing.".

"What's wrong, boy? Don't you like them?"

"Well, its just I saw the people that was going to move into my house after we moved out and it turns out that they are all going to die."

"Well, the future's not always happy."

"I guess you're right."

"Of course I'm right but anyway, why did you come back to my shop anyway?"

"I was wondering if I could have a refund on these glasses."

"What's wrong? Aren't you happy with them?"

"No, not really," he replied.

"Well, I'll give you a refund back but do me a favor?"

"What's that?"

"Next time you buy something, make sure that you really want it."

"Sure, but why?"

"Because sometimes it may seem like you want something really bad but after you've had it for a while, it may turn out that you didn't want it as bad as you thought you did."

"That's good advice.".

"I know it is," she replied as she walked to the cash register. She opened the cash register door and gave him his refund.

"Thank you."

"Your welcome. Now I must get back to work," she said as she walked back over to the wrack.

"Ursula?"

"Yes."

"Thank you for making me realize that I didn't want those glasses as bad as I thought I did," he replied.

"You're quite welcome."

Then he walked out of the store and decided that he would spend his money on something else, something worth buying. He walked down the street to the department store and spent his money on gifts. He had bought gifts for his parents and for his sister. He figured the money would be better spent on them. Since that day, he now realizes that sometimes you may want something really bad but that doesn't mean that good things will happen if you have it. He will always remember the wise advice that Ursula had given him and now he realizes that his life was just as good without the glasses.

What Dreams Become

4

The cold air nipped at her nose as she stood there waiting for the train to come in. She felt a breeze brushing through her hair as her cold clammy hands gripped onto her ticket. The day was Friday but it felt more like Thursday. Her name was written on top of her ticket. The name read "Kayla Albright" and the departure time on her ticket said ten-thirty, but it was now ten-forty-five. Sprinkles of rain drizzled down onto her neck as gusts of wind blew into her face.

The time of day was morning but it felt as if it were evening, being that the skies had darkened from the slow pouring rain. Strangers walked between the station and there wasn't one face she had recognized. For once in her life, she had felt as if this were somewhere she didn't belong. She wasn't even sure why she was even there. She gazed up at the clock hanging on the wall of the station and the time was ten-fifty.

Another ten minutes and the train would be a half an hour late. The skies started to grow more dark and the rain started to pour. She was starting to get soaked, so she decided to step inside the station. As she walked into the station, she felt a slight chill rushing through her body as the wind blew the door wide open, causing her to drop her ticket.

"Here, let me help you miss," said a friendly man picking up the ticket for her.

"Oh, thank you kind sir."

"You're welcome."

"All aboard for the number thirteen," said the announcer. She looked at her ticket and had seen that was the train she was supposed to get on.

She walked back outside and saw that the train was just pulling in. The conductor had stepped off of the train and yelled "All aboard." She proceeded to walk toward the train. She had noticed that the skies had started to clear up but that didn't matter much now, due to the fact that she was now stepping out of the cold and onto the train. She decided to take a seat next to the window so that she would at least have a view and wouldn't be bored on her trip.

She saw that there was an empty seat right by the window over to her far right and decided to take that one before someone else did. It seemed to be a little warmer inside the train than it did outside but not much.

"Tickets!" the conductor shouted as he walked into the cabin. As the conductor walked by, checking her ticket, she had noticed that his shirt had a rip in the right side pocket. She also noticed that the train had looked very old.

The ceiling was all rusted with rusty nuts and bolts. The window had looked as if it hadn't been cleaned in ten years and what was worse is that the seat was so hard that it was quite difficult to get comfortable. It was going to be a long trip and to think that she had to sit there in an uncomfortable seat. She decided to put her suitcase in the compartment above her and take a seat.

She peeped out the window and saw that the day was growing dark. She could tell there was a storm coming. The rain was pouring very heavy and she had hoped that when she had to get off the train, the rain would stop. Within about five minutes, the train started to move. She had felt a little anxiety, due to the fact that she had never rode on a train before. She had even gotten more nervous driving behind the wheel of a car sometimes. She was only sixteen and driving was something still new to her. Her mother had just bought her a car back in February on her birthday, which was on the sixteenth. She did have a boyfriend but she caught him with some other girl, so that ended there. She liked being single anyway. It had given her more freedom and she was one that didn't like being tied down anyway. Suddenly, the train had started to jerk and it felt like one of those rides at the fair but after a few seconds, it stopped. She didn't know much about trains, so she thought maybe it was just wind resistance or something but the train started to jerk even more. This time it was actually knocking the luggage out of the compartments.

"What's going on?" she screamed in panic. Suddenly, the lights went out and she was sitting there in the dark. The other passengers started to panic also and some even grew silent in a state of shock. Then she heard a screeching sound, like that sound someone makes when they scrape their fingernails against a chalkboard. "Help!" The cabin tilted to the side and her body was slammed against the window. Seconds after, a suitcase had fallen on top of her, hitting her over the head.

"Kayla!" a voice said. She was wondering where it was coming from. Then she heard the voice again. "Kayla, wake up." Then, all of a sudden, she saw a bright light and there was her mother standing over her.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"You were dreaming," said her mother. She looked around and saw that she was in her bedroom.

"It must have been a dream," she said in a puzzled voice.

"That's what I said. You were having a dream."

"That dream was so weird." A drop of sweat poured from her forehead.

"Well, everybody has silly dreams."

"What time is?"

"Its seven-forty-five. You're gonna be late for school.".

"I better get going," she said as she stepped out of bed. She walked into the bathroom to get ready. She had her own bathroom next to her room. She looked into the mirror and saw that her hair was a mess. She combed it for a couple of minutes, changed her clothes, and then walked out the door, heading for school.

The school was only two blocks from where she had lived. She had her own little group of friends at school. First, there was her friend, Julie. She was one that was always getting into mischief. Last year she was smoking a cigarette in the school bathroom and accidently set off the fire alarms.

Next, there was her friend, Veronica. Whatever the situation may be, she had a new boyfriend every day of the week. Then, there was her friend, Jeremy. He was the smart one of the group. His grade point average was a solid 4.0. Finally, there was Sam. His grades weren't the best and he could hardly ever get a date. He was a shy boy. They were all good friends to Kayla, even though sometimes they had their arguments.

The time was now Eight-fifteen and Kayla had just arrived at school. Her first period class was science. Julie and Jeremy had science class with her. She always sat next to her friends, being that they didn't have assigned seats.

"You're late," said Jeremy.

"Oh, who cares," said Julie.

"I don't see the teacher," said Kayla. "Is she here yet?"

"No, she hasn't come in yet, so you're lucky she didn't catch you being late," said Jeremy. The science teacher was Miss. Friedman and she was a real, well, lets just say stick in the mud. She had such a bad habit of being a square that you could balance an egg over her head and it wouldn't break. Almost none of her students had liked her except for Jeremy. At times, Kayla just wanted to buy her a leash strap and collar for Jeremy.

"Good morning, class," she said as she walked into the classroom.

"Good morning, Miss. Friedman," Jeremy said in a cheerful voice.

"Good morning, Jeremy." He was a major suck up to Miss Friedman. "Kayla, by the way, you were late coming in. I'm going to mark you tardy."

"Unbelievable," Kayla Mumbled under her voice.

"What was that?"

"Oh, nothing." The time was now three-thirty-five and Kayla walked into the house. Her mother wasn't in the living room, so she decided to holler for her. "Mom, are you here?"

"I'm in the kitchen!" her mother hollered. She closed the front door and walked into the kitchen, where her mother was at.

"So, how was your day at school?"

"It was good."

"Now, sit down, I made you some chocolate chip cookies."

She pulled out a chair from the table and took a seat. Her mother placed the cookies onto a plate on the kitchen table.

"Those cookies look good." She reached for a cookie. She could hardly wait to try one because she loved chocolate chip cookies. Her mother also picked up a cookie.

"I made them homemade from scratch."

Kayla took a bite and the chocolate from the cookie just melted in her mouth.

"These are so good," Kayla said as she licked her lips. Suddenly, her mother had dropped the cookie and paused. Kayla had never seen her mother have that kind of look on her face. "Mom, what's wrong?" Suddenly, her mother had collapsed on the floor. "Mom!"

"Wake Up!" said a voice. Kayla looked around and saw that she was still in science class. There was Miss. Friedman looking over her with a dirty look.

"Oh, I must have fallen asleep.".

"Yeah, you must have," replied Miss. Friedman in an angry voice. Miss. Friedman walked away from her desk and walked to the front of the classroom.

"Way to go," Jeremy laughed.

Later that day, Kayla had gotten home from school around three-thirty-five. When she walked into her house, she wasn't sure if anyone was home, so she yelled to make sure.

"Is there anyone home?" she shouted.

"Yeah, in the kitchen," shouted her mother. Kayla had smelled something cooking. The smell was a really good smell. She walked into the kitchen and saw that her mother had just pulled some cookies out of the oven.

"Oh, you're baking cookies."

"Yes, would you like to try one?"

"Sure." She took one off of the cookie sheet but quickly dropped it because it was still hot.

"Be careful, they're still hot." Her mother started to laugh and Kayla laughed with her.

"You should have told me."

"Well, don't worry about it! Have another one!" Her mother took another cookie and blew on it to cool it off.

Kayla pulled a chair out from under the table and sat down. Her mother had placed the cookies on a plate and placed it on the table.

"They taste so good," said Kayla as she took a small bite.

"I made them homemade from scratch."

"From scratch?" Kayla had then remembered the dream that she had earlier in class. Suddenly, her mother had dropped the cookie.

"Mom, what's wrong?". Within that moment, her mother had collapsed on the floor.

"Mom!" She quickly ran over to her mother and tried to shake her to get a response but she wasn't responding. That idea had failed, so she ran over to the telephone and dialed 9-1-1. After a couple of rings, the dispatch answered.

"What's your emergency?" asked dispatch.

"My mother had just collapsed!"

"Is she breathing?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, we'll send someone out right way."

"Do you need my address?"

"No, we already have it on our computer. After five minutes of waiting, an ambulance showed up. Two paramedics, along with a coroner, entered the house without hesitation.

"Is anyone here?" shouted the paramedic as he entered the house.

"Yes, in the kitchen!" shouted Kayla. Entering behind the paramedic was a lady wearing a business suite.

"Good afternoon, young lady," the lady said, giving Kayla a serious look. "My name is Ruth Grey."

"Are you with the paramedics?"

"No, I'm with the state social services.".

"What's going on here?" At this point she knew something was seriously wrong. "You must come outside with me, young lady and I'll explain," she said, pulling Kayla by the arm. As soon as they walked out the front door, Ruth looked at Kayla in a very serious matter.

"Well, what is it?" asked Kayla.

"Well, my job is to take you to a foster home incase something would happen to your parents. Now, I must know something. Do you have a father around?"

"No, my parents are divorced." Right at that second, the coroner walked outside.

"Excuse me, Miss, I must speak with you," said the coroner.

"What is it?" asked Kayla.

"We examined your mother. I'm not sure how to tell you this but-"

"But what?"

"Your mother is clinically dead.".

"What . . . Are you . . . I mean . . . this can't be." A funny feeling went through her body and within that moment, she fainted.

An hour had passed and Kayla had awoken in a room. The only things that were in the room was a bed and a chair. Ruth had entered the room and walked over toward the bed where Kayla had been lying.

"Now, we've got your name down as Kayla Albright. Is that correct?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Because we had one of your neighbors identify you and your mother."

"Did my mother really die?".

"I'm afraid so."

"No, it can't be!" A tear rolled down her cheek. This had to be the worst pain that she had ever felt in her entire life.

"I'm sorry to ask you this question at this mournful time but do you have someone that you can live with?"

"Well, I could stay with my dad."

"Where does he live?"

"In Hopedale."

"Well, we'll give him a call and see if he'd be willing to take you in for now."

"Do you need his number?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Its 5-5-5-2-8-7-6."

"Ok, we'll give him a ring. In the meantime, you have some visitors. Would you like me to send them in?"

"Visitors? I wonder who could be here. Send them in." Ruth walked over to the door and opened it. Her friends Julie and Sam walked into the room.

"Oh, I'm so happy to see you," said Kayla as they walked over to her and gave her a hug.

"I'm so sorry," said Julie.

"Julie, this has been a nightmare."

"I could imagine,"said Sam.

"How did you two find out?"asked Kayla.

"Well, we saw on the news that your mother had died,"replied Julie.

"It's on the news already?"

"Yes," replied Sam.

“Did they say how she died?” asked Kayla.

“No, but they’re doing an autopsy at the moment,” replied Julie.

“I keep wishing this was all a dream and that I would wake but. . .”

“What’s wrong?” asked Julie.

“I...well, it’s nothing.”

“No, tell me what’s wrong,” said Julie with a worried look.

“I had a dream earlier today in school that this would happen.”.

“Are you serious?” asked Julie.

“Yes, I’m very serious.”

“Well, I think you may have hit your head too hard when you passed out.”.

“How did you know I passed out?”

“The doctor told us.”

“The doctor?”.

“Yes, you’re in a hospital.”

“I have to get out of here.” This was more than she could handle. Actually, it was all that she could handle. Ruth walked back in the room and walked over to her.

“Well, we got a hold of your father. He said he’d be happy to take you in. The doctor said that it was all right for you to be discharged,” said Ruth.

“How am I going to get there?”

“Well, we’re going to send you on a train. Hopedale is a good fifty miles from here.”

“Can I go now?”

“Yes, we’ve already sent for some of your clothes. Later on, you can go back to your house with your dad to get the rest of your stuff.”

Kayla stayed at a youth shelter overnight. It was quite uncomfortable there and the place looked as if it were falling apart. The next day, ruth had dropped Kayla off at the train station.

“Are you going to be all right here by yourself?”asked Ruth.

“Yes, I’ll be fine.” Ruth drove away and it looked as if she was in a hurry. The truth was though, Kayla wasn’t all right. She wasn’t even close to all right. Ruth had already given her the train ticket before she got out of the car. While standing there, waiting for the train to come in, she felt a cold breeze brushing through her hair. She saw many people walking by but didn’t recognize one person. Dark clouds filled the blue skies and it had started to rain. She took a glimpse at her ticket and the departure time read ten-thirty. A few minutes had gone passed and she looked at the clock that was hanging on the wall of the station and it now read ten-fifty.

The train was running a bit late. The skies started to grow darker and the rain started to pour heavy. She was getting soaked, so she decided to step inside the station. She felt a slight chill rushing through her body from the wind blowing as she walked inside the station. She dropped her ticked from the blow of the wind.

“Here, let me help you miss,” said a friendly man, who was picking up her ticket for her. “Oh, thank you, kind sir,” she replied with a friendly smile.

“You’re welcome.”

“Wait a minute,” she said to herself. “It feels like I’ve been here before.”

“The number thirteen train has arrived. All aboard for the number thirteen,”said the announcer. She looked at her ticket and had seen that was the train she was supposed to get on. She decided to walk out the door and go back outside. The train was just pulling in. The conductor had stepped off of the train and yelled “All aboard.” She walked toward the train. She had noticed that the skies were clearing up. She stepped onto the train and

decided to take a seat next to the window so that she would be able to look out the window on the way to where she was going.

She saw that there was an empty seat right by the window over to her far right and decided to take that one before someone else did. It was a little more warmer inside the train than it was outside but not much.

"Tickets!" the conductor shouted as he walked into the cabin. As the conductor walked by checking her ticket, she had noticed that his shirt was ripped in the right side pocket. She also noticed that just from looking inside the train, it had looked very old.

The ceiling looked rusted with rusty nuts and bolts. The window had looked as if it were weren't clean. What made it worse was that the seat was so hard that it was quite difficult to get comfortable. This was going to be a long trip and what was worse was that she had to sit there in a uncomfortable seat the whole time. She decided to put her suitcase in the compartment above her and take a seat.

She gazed out the window and saw that the day was growing dark. There was a storm coming. The rain was pouring quite heavy and she had hoped that when she had to get off the train, the rain would stop. After five minutes, the train started to move. She was a little nervous, due to the fact that she had never rode on a train before.

The train had started to move quite fast and it had started to jerk. It felt just like those rides at the fair. After a few seconds, it stopped jerking though. She didn't know much about trains, so she thought that maybe it was just wind resistance or something but the train started to jerk even more. This time, the luggage was starting to fall out of the compartments. "What's going on?!" Suddenly, the lights went out and she was sitting there in pitch black.. The other passengers started to panic also and some even grew silent in a state of shock. Then she heard a screeching sound. "Help!" The cabin had then tilted to the side and she slammed against the window. Seconds after, a suitcase had fallen from the compartment, hitting her over the head.

"Kayla," said a voice. She looked around but didn't see anyone. Then she heard it again.

"Kayla, wake up!"

Within a couple seconds, everything went white and there she was in her bedroom with her mother standing over her.

"Are you ok?" asked her mother.

"Oh mom, I missed you." She was quite happy to see her mother. She went to give her mother a hug when suddenly, her mother had disappeared and everything turned white once again. Within the blink of an eye, she had realized that she wasn't in her bedroom but in a hospital. There was her friend, Julie, standing over her.

"What happened?" asked Kayla.

"You were dreaming about your mother. I heard you," said Julie.

"What happened?"

"Well, you were in a little accident."

"What kind of accident?"

"A train accident?"

"Oh, that's right, I was on a train." She was starting to remember everything that had happened to her now.

"Was anyone hurt?"

"Well, the fact of the matter is..."

"What is it? You can tell me."

"Well, you're the only survivor."

"But there were so many people on the train. How is that possible?"

"I don't know but it is true."

"Julie, can I tell you something?"

"Sure, what is it?"

"Something just occurred to me."

"What is it?"

"Well, before my mother had died, I had a dream that it was going to happen and then there's the train. I had a dream earlier that day that I was going to be in a train accident." A tear drop rolled down her cheek.

"I'm sure you're just imagining things.".

"No, I really did dream about these things before they happened."

"Are you sure you're not just imagining things."

"No, everything I dream about is starting to come true."

"How are you doing young lady?" asked the doctor as he walked in the room.

"Fine, I guess."

"You're very lucky to be alive. We ran some test on you and you seem to be fine. You don't have any head injuries and no internal injuries, so we're going to discharge you."

"I don't have a ride though."

"Oh, don't worry, you're father is here.".

"How are you feeling?" asked her father as he walked into the room.

"I'm fine." The truth was that she wasn't even feeling close to fine. She was feeling more close to terrible than anything.

"Come on, sweetheart, get ready and we'll go. I'll get the truck warmed up while you get ready." It didn't take long for her to get ready, being that she didn't want to stay there any longer than she had too.

On the way to her fathers house, she had noticed that she wasn't far from where he lived.

"I didn't realize I was so close to your house," said Kayla in a bit of amazement.

"Well, after the accident, they transported you to Hopedale Hospital, being that it was the closest hospital from where the accident was," replied her father.

When they reached his house, she had noticed that the grass was brown. It looked as if it hadn't been watered in ages. The house looked as if it needed a coat of paint too. What was worse was that half of the windows were broken.

"What happened to your house."

"Oh, I haven't been taking care of it like I used to."

"I can see that." She stepped out of the truck with wondering eyes. Her father immediately noticed.

"What is it now?" he laughed.

"The garden looks like it could use some new flowers. Those flowers you have there now look like they haven't seen a happy day in ages."

"Well, maybe you can plant some new flowers for me."

"Yeah, that would be nice."

"So, would you like to come in and see your room?"

"Sure." They walked into the house. Kayla seen that it wasn't the cleanest. She could see the kitchen from where she was standing. She noticed that there were dishes piled up to the window. Then she gazed at the living room and saw that there were newspapers all over the floor. The furniture had many rips and stains on it. Also, the room had a smell worse than her gym socks. She decided not to say anything though because it would probably offend

her dad.

"Would you like to see your room?"

"Sure." They walked upstairs to where her room was. He had to push hard on the door for it to open.

"This is your room." The bedroom actually didn't look that bad. There was a lot of space and a nice bed with a soft mattress. Outside her window, there were wind chimes that made a lovely sound as the wind blew.

"Well, I'm going to go get dinner started," said her father.

"I'm just going to take a nap until dinner's done." She walked over to the bed and laid down.

"I'll call you when dinner's ready." Her eyes grew quite heavy and it didn't take long for her to fall asleep. All of a sudden, she had seen her mother again. This time she noticed that she was in the kitchen where her mother had died.

"I must be dreaming again," she said to herself. This time she knew it was a dream for some strange reason. Her mother stood there by the counter, stirring cookie dough.

"Mom, can you see me?" There was no response though. Her mother had walked out of the kitchen. Within a couple seconds, her father walked in.

"Dad, what are you doing here?" she asked but there was no response from him either. Her mother had a glass of lemonade sitting on the counter. Her father walked over to the counter to where the glass set and picked it up.

Kayla was kind of puzzled to what was going on. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out a bottle. Then he opened the bottle and held it over the glass of lemonade. Whatever was in the bottle, he was pouring into the lemonade. Then he quickly put the cap back on the bottle and placed it back inside his pocket. He heard the sound of her mother walking back into the room, so he quickly ran out the back door.

"Oh, he didn't!"At this time, her mother had walked back into the kitchen and picked up the glass of lemonade.

"No, don't drink it!" It was too late though. The lemonade had done already went into her mouth.

"Kayla, wake up," said a voice as everything went white. Then she woke up and saw her father standing over her.

"Oh my," said Kayla as sweat poured from her forehead.

"What were you dreaming about?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Tell me?"

"I think I'm going to go outside to get some fresh air."

"You sounded like you were having some dream."

"I was. Dad, I need to know something.".

"What is it?"

"Did you kill mom?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"I had a dream that you killed her." She was quite nervous about telling him that but all she wanted were some answers.

"It was only a dream," he said.

"It seemed so real. I was in the kitchen in moms house again. You walked in and put some kind of poison in her lemonade."

"I'll be right back," he said, leaving the room. He was gone for about five minutes and she was wondering where he had gone to.

"I wonder what he's doing," she said to herself. After a couple of minutes, he had returned and he was hiding his right arm behind him as he entered the room.

"What do you have behind your back?"

"I have a little present for you." At this point, she felt as if something were wrong.

"What...what is it?"

"Oh, you're going to love this!" He swung his arm around and he reviled what he had been hiding. He was holding a knife and dodging right towards Kayla. She immediately jumped up from the bed as he had missed her and fell onto the bed. She ran out of the room and bolted down the steps. She had never felt so terrified in her life. When she reached the bottom of the steps, she had tried to open the front door but it was locked. She twisted and turned the handle but it still didn't budge. Soon, there came her father bolting down the steps. Then she quickly ran into the kitchen, shut the door and put a chair under the door knob. Within a few short seconds, her father was pounding on the kitchen door.

"Let me in! Let me in or I'll bust the door down!" She ran to the backdoor and tried to open it but it was also locked. She picked up a kitchen chair and threw it at the backdoor window. Glass shattered into pieces. Then she climbed out the backdoor window but tripped over the door and fell onto the back porch. She got right back up though and proceeded to run but when she looked back in the house through the backdoor window, her father wasn't pounding on the door anymore. She immediately knew that it wouldn't take long for him to find her. She ran off of the back porch and sure enough, there he was, running along the side of the house. She took off running but there was one problem. The fence in the yard was too high to climb over and there wasn't a gate either. Soon, he caught up. "I've got you right where I want you. You listen up, I did kill your mother but she deserved it. She deserved every bit of it." He grabbed a hold of her and held the knife up to her throat.

"You didn't have to kill her!".

"Oh, yes I did but I just want to know one thing."

"What's that?"

"How did you know I killed her?"

"Cause I dreamt about it."

"Well, your dreams were right but it's a shame you won't be alive to tell anyone." She quickly elbowed him in the stomach as he tried to hold the knife to her throat.

She ran right along the side of the house and into the front yard. She knew it wouldn't be hard escaping through the front because there was no fence in the front.

"Help, help!" she screamed as she ran through the front yard but nobody had heard her. Hopedale was a country town and there weren't many houses around. As a matter of fact, there weren't any houses around her fathers house at all. Soon, he was catching up with her.

"Come here!" She took off running into the corn fields, not knowing which direction to go. It really didn't matter much to her which way she went, as long as she was getting away from him. She ran as fast as her feet could take her. It seemed as if the corn field was never ending. She dead stopped right in the middle of the corn field. At this time, her feet were starting to hurt. It felt as if she had blisters on them. She decided to take off her shows and run in her bare feet. Then she got another idea. She threw her shoes to the left of her. She thought maybe her father would find her shoes over there and think that was the direction she ran. Then she took off running again. Sure enough, her father came across her shoes and had thought that was the direction she ran. Kayla ran as fast as her feet could take her.

Soon, she reached the end of the corn field and right before her eyes was a mall. The only problem was, however, there was a really big parking lot in front of the mall and it might have taken her a while to run until she reached the mall but the only thing she could do is try. She took off running towards the mall. She ran as fast as she could. Soon, her father ran out of the corn field too and he had noticed that she was running towards the mall.

"Kayla! Get back here!"

Drops of sweat poured from her forehead as she ran towards the mall. It always seemed as if she was getting closer but then it didn't. It still seemed as if it were far away. With her father chasing her from behind, it seemed as if she was never going to get to the mall. Within a minute, the most unexpected happened. She heard a gunshot and when she turned around to look, there was her father shooting at her.

She continued to run faster. She knew that she had to reach the mall or she was as good as dead. Eventually, she reached the mall entrance. She wanted to stop and take a breath but she knew there wasn't any time. She immediately opened the doors and ran inside the mall. Inside the mall, there were three hallways. One going in each direction. She decided to turn right and run down that hallway. As soon as she started running down the hallway, she saw a music store. She immediately ran in.

"Can I help you?" asked the clerk.

"There...there's....there's a man chasing me!"

"I'll call the police for you, dear." She walked over toward the front desk and picked up the phone. Kayla looked into the hallway and seen that her father had walked into the mall. She hid behind a pillar, so that he wouldn't see her. He walked down the hallway going left from the mall entrance.

This gave her a chance to wait for the police to come but somehow, she knew it wasn't that simple. Within five minutes, he was walking back up the hallway and towards the music store. Without thinking, she took off running out of the store and he now saw her. He started shouting at her again. Everyone in the mall took off running in fright. Consequently, the mall was now empty. Even the clerk in the music store ran out of the mall. Kayla ran into a department store and hid behind another pillar.

"Kayla! Come out, come out wherever you are!" he shouted.

"This is bad," she said to herself. What she needed was a plan and a good one at that. Her mother had always taught her to be strong and to always believe in herself but her wise advice wasn't helping much now. She ran through the department store and decided to find another place to hide. It didn't take long for him to find her. "How does he keep finding me?" Then she noticed that the bottom of her foot was bleeding where her blister was. "My blister must be bleeding." She left little trails of blood from her busted blister. "I'm not having much luck."

"I know you're in here," said her father, walking in. She knew that she wasn't going to get far with her blister bleeding like that and he was just going to keep finding her as long as he could follow the little trails of blood. She quickly ran over to the shoe department and started looking for a pair of shoes. The problem was though, the shoes were all left shoes. After realizing this, she quickly ran over to the clothing department and grabbed a shirt, tore off the arm of the shirt and tied it around her foot.

"This should cover up my bleeding."

She saw that there was a doorway that led back into the mall. She quickly ran towards the door.

"There you are!" He jumped out from behind a clothes rack and grabbed a hold of her.

"Leave me alone!"

"You thought you could be pretty foxy. Well, I'm going to make you wish you were never born."

Before he could get the gun pointed steady at her, she flew around and tripped him with her leg. She quickly took off running into the mall. By this time, she was out of breath from all of the running. She slowed down a bit and realized that she was standing in front of a bookstore. She decided to run in there to hide. When she got in there, she saw that the bookstore wasn't very big but there were a few places she could hide and with her foot now covered up, she didn't see how he could find her. She hid behind the shelves and tip toed around the bookstore. She felt much anxiety flow through her body.

"Where is he?" she asked herself. She could see out into the mall from where she was standing but there was no sign of him.

"I got you now!" he said, jumping out at her.

"How did you find me?"

"Cause, you're still bleeding." She looked down and saw that the shirt wasn't covering up her blister like she thought it was.

"Now, I'm going to do to you what I did to your mother." He pointed the gun at her.

"I guess I'm going to have to just take it." She closed her eyes as he slowly started to pull the trigger but all of a sudden, there was just a click. She opened her eyes and saw that he was out of rounds. He reached for another clip but she kicked it out of his hand.

"Stop it! I'm going to kill you!" She continued to kick the clip out of his hand as he kept trying to pick it back up.

All of a sudden, the clip fell onto her chest, so she quickly picked it up.

"Give it to me!" Then she kicked him in the face and ran out of the store. She saw a water fountain in the middle of the mall and threw the clip into the water. Within a few short seconds, he ran out into the mall after her.

"You're going to be sorry you were born, girl!" She took off running, trying to get away from him, but at this moment in time, he could see every direction she was going. Halfway down the hallway, she had seen that there was a pet shop and in front of the pet shop there was a gate. She immediately ran into the pet shop and pulled down the gate. The dogs were barking loudly. Even the puppies were barking as loud as they could. He tried to open the gate but she tied it to a cinder block that was sitting in the middle of the pet shop.

There was only one entrance to the pet shop and that was the door she just came in. She had noticed that there was a door in the back of the pet shop that read "employees only." She decided to open the door and go in. She figured wherever it lead to, it couldn't be any worse than where she was standing at. When she opened the door, she didn't realize that there were dogs back there. They all got out and started running around the pet store. Even the puppies were at their playful peak.

There seemed to be no exit from the room she was in though. Soon, her father found a way to open the gate and it didn't take him long to get into the store. He immediately swung the door open and walked into the room.

"It ends here," he said as he pulled his gun out.

"I thought you were out of bullets and I got rid of your clip."

"I had an extra clip in my jacket."

All of a sudden, one of the dogs had jumped onto him and started attacking him, causing him to drop the gun. The dog was a quite large one and it looked as if it had weighed about three-hundred pounds. It was a large St. Bernard. While the dog was attacking him, she quickly ran out the door and back into the mall.

“Are you alright, Miss?” said a voice from behind. She turned around to see who it was and there, it was a police officer.

“I’m fine.”

“Get back!” the police officer shouted at the dog. Then he picked her father up off of the floor and slammed him against the wall.

“Is this the man that attacked you?” asked the police officer.

“Yes.”

“Come on, we’re going down to the station,” said the police officer. “Don’t worry, we’ll take care of him.”

“That dog saved my life,” said Kayla as she gave the dog a pet on its head.

After a two week trial, her father was found and convicted of first degree murder. He was sentenced to life in prison at the Global State Prison. Since the day that her mother had died, she had always wondered why everything she dreamt about had came true. It has always been a mystery to her but now, her life is beginning to get much better than it was that day. She soon came to realize that even though she no longer had a family because her mother was dead and her father was locked way, she still had her friends. They were family to her. Her and Julie had become even closer since all of this had happened. Sam even talked his mother into letting Kayla live with him, so she never had to worry about finding a place to stay ever again. What’s even more helpful is that when Kayla need’s someone to talk to late at night, she can go right across the bedroom to where Sam sleeps.

They often have late night talks. Veronica gave Kayla some of her clothes to wear, being the fact that Kayla was too scared to go back to her dad’s house to get hers. Jeremy was good friends with a psychiatrist and helped Kayla get into therapy, so that she could get some professional help to get over the trauma of what had happened to her. If it hadn’t been for her friends, she wouldn’t have been able to handle this by herself.

All of the bad times are over and the good ones are just beginning. Her friend Julie always tells her that “Today may be the beginning of a sad day but tomorrow brings forth a happy ending to yesterday.” Kayla still has dreams that come true but now, she only has good ones.

Things That Haunt The Night

5

Not to far from the end of town lies a cemetery forgotten and isolated. Not many people visit this dreadful place, not even family of the loved one's. A twisted tale of fright lies in this cemetery that's so morbid. Under a grave, which lies in the middle of the cemetery, rests a body of a girl who died six years ago. Her name is Ella Jane Styles.

Some say they have seen her wondering the cemetery at the stroke of midnight. Many graves in the cemetery are unmarked. It's rumored that the unmarked ones are witches graves. Ella lost her life in an utmost dreadful car accident. She was driving on Route Five and a drunk driver hit her head on, causing her to die instantly. As a matter of fact, when the paramedics found her, her body was mangled into pieces. Her head had been decapitated. Some say, at night, you can still hear her screaming out on Route five at the time she had died.

Brandon Cater was driving past the cemetery at eleven-fifty-five when all of a sudden, his car stalled out.

"Stupid car," he said to himself. He had been having trouble with his car all week but on this particular night, his car had already stalled out three times. "I need to get a new car." He stepped out of the car and didn't even bother looking under the hood because he didn't have any knowledge of cars. "And it had to be right next to a cemetery too. I hate cemeteries." At that particular moment, he had seen a white glow coming from behind the oak tree. At first, he thought that he was imagining the whole thing but after blinking twice, the glow was still there.

He decided to walk over toward the direction from where the glow was coming from. As he got closer, the glow got brighter and brighter. He was getting very nervous. Of course, he always did in weird situations. As he approached the glow, he saw that the glow was coming from a girl. He stopped at the oak tree.

"Hello!" he shouted. A scream was coming from the glow. It was coming closer to Brandon.

"Oh no, it's coming closer. I have to get out of here." He started running toward the car. The voice screamed again. This time it was louder. He didn't know what to do. "Help! The voice grew louder. "Somebody help me!" Finally, the glow caught up to him and when he realized this, he accidently fell to the ground. "Please, please don't hurt me, I'll do anything!" The voice screamed louder.

"Somebody. . . help me, help me!" The voice continued to let out a loud scream. "Please, don't hurt me!" Then, all of a sudden, the glow went away and before him, the white glow had disappeared from the girl.

"Do you mean you can see me?" she finally spoke..

"I can and you're a g-g-ghost."

"Yes, I am but you're the first person that has ever been able to see me."

"Who are you?"

"My Name is Ella and I was in a horrible car accident long ago."

"What kind of accident?"

"I was killed by a drunk driver.".

"So, you're dead?" He seemed quite baffled by the whole thing.

"Yes, unfortunately, I'd give anything to be alive again though. Sometimes I'm so green with envy when I see someone who is alive because I wish that I were alive."

"I'm very sorry to hear that."

"It's not your fault."

"This has to be a dream. I always thought all that stuff about ghosts was all made up."

"I once did too, at least when I was alive."

"But why are you here? I mean, isn't there a heaven or a God?"

"I think so but I'm not sure. When I was in that accident, everything happened so fast. This is where they buried my body, so this is where my soul roams I guess.".

"Does anyone else haunt this cemetery?"

"Well, I've seen this other spirit that haunts this cemetery at times. He's very dark complected, almost pitch black, and he has the darkest eyes. I've seen people come into this cemetery and never come back out alive."

"That sounds horrible."

"It is, but I shouldn't tell you anymore. It's much to terrifying to think about.".

"Is it possible for him to hurt me?"

"Yes, much possible, that's why you should probably get going."

"But my car is broke down."

"That could be a problem." Suddenly, a voice screeched from a far.

"What was that?"

"Oh my, it's him! You better go!" She started to run, not looking back.

"Wait, where are you going?"

"Just go!" She disappeared into the night air without a trace. He wasn't sure what was happening but he wasn't going to stick around to find out. He started running back toward the car. He wasn't sure how he was going to get out of there with his car broke down but he was going to have to think of something. He was getting closer to the car when all of a

sudden, he had tripped over a tree branch.

As soon as he attempted to get up from the ground, he was thrown back to the ground. It felt as if someone had pushed him back onto the ground. There he lied face down on the ground. As soon as he turned his body around to where he was facing the sky, he saw what had pushed him back onto the ground. It was a dark figure with no face, the blackest eyes, and it look as if it had been about seven or eight feet tall.

"Who are you?" Brandon shouted, but the figure did not answer him. All of a sudden, he felt his body tighten up, like he was paralyzed. He couldn't move a mussel. The figure came closer to him. He didn't know what to do. The figure came nearer to his face and all of a sudden, everything went black. About a half of a second later, he opened his eyes and saw that he was home in his bed. "What am I doing in my bed?"

"Getting some rest I hope," said Gerald, one of his best friends.

"Where did you come from?" asked Brandon.

"I been here all night."

"What happened?"

"Well, your car broke down next to the cemetery at the end of town and you must have passed out."

"This happened last night?"

"Yes, we found you around one-thirty in the morning. It's nine-thirty in the morning now. Anyway, your mother was worried about you, since you been having trouble with your car, so she called me up to help her go and look for you.".

"I saw something out there last night. I saw something horribly disturbing."

"What did you see?"

"First, I saw a ghost, a dead girl that is, then a horrible figure that was black. He had the blackest eyes, the devil's eyes."

"You must have dreamt it."

"No, I didn't dream it."

"Ghosts just don't exist."

"Well, that's what I thought too, until last night."

"I've never seen one anyway but I know they're not real.".

"Well, you can't see air but it's still there."

"Look, you probably just had a really bad dream." "

"This was no dream, this was real."

"Whatever you say." It seemed as if he were getting mad at Brandon because he walked out of the room angrily.

Two years had passed and Brandon still had dreams about that horrible night. At times, he felt like driving back to the cemetery but ever since that night, he has been hesitant about it. He could never forget about that horrible black figure that he had seen. He often tried to tell his parents and even his friends about what he had seen but no one believed him.

As a matter of fact, he was now living out his days in a mental institution. His parents didn't really know what else to do, so they had him committed. This wasn't solving anything though. Throughout the whole day, he just sits there, in front of the window, staring out into the streets, thinking about that horrible night.

"Medication time," said Nurse Carol, walking into his room.

"Do I have to take it?" he asked.

"Yes, you do." She handed him the pill and a small cup of water

"I'll take it I guess." He placed the pill in his mouth and gulped down the water.

"That's a good boy."

"Will I be released anytime soon?"

"You'll have to talk to Doctor Hanson."

"That old geezer is never going to let me out of here."

"Well, maybe he will if you're a good boy."

"Well, thanks Carol."

"Your welcome, dear," she replied as she walked out of the room. He decided to lay down on the bed when all of a sudden, Doctor Hanson walked in.

"Good morning, Brandon," he said as he walked in the room.

"Oh, good morning Doctor,."

"So, how are you feeling today?"

"Ok, I guess. Is there any chance of me being released soon?"

"Well, when you stop saying these crazy things about seeing ghosts and things, then maybe you'll make some progress."

"I'm better now." He wasn't being honest though. Really, he just wanted released..

"I'd like to think that but the answer is no, you're not getting out. You need some help." Brandon somehow knew that he was never going to be released unless he stopped talking about what he had seen.

Six months had passed and Brandon was still locked away. For the passed six months, he had stopped talking about what he had seen. He was scheduled for a review today. If Doctor Hanson seen reason, then Brandon would be released. Brandon sat in the review room waiting for Doctor Hanson to come in. He was getting so extremely nervous about what Doctor Hanson would say. Hopefully, he would release him. Doctor Hanson walked into the room with his clipboard and sat down.

"Good morning, Brandon," he said as he opened his clipboard.

"Good morning, Doctor, so can I be released?" asked Brandon.

"Well, you haven't talked about ghosts or anything else like that lately," said Doctor Hanson with a smile.

"So, I can be released?"

"Well, not quite yet."

"Why not?"

"I'm sorry, you're just not ready yet. Now, good day to you sir." He closed his clipboard and walked out of the room. Brandon knew, somehow, that he was going to be in there for quite some time. He had to figure a way to get out of there. He couldn't stand being in there another day.

Five days had passed and he came up with a foolproof plan. Every day at eleven-thirty, the lunch lady came around and delivered lunches. She always delivered lunches on a cart. When she came around today, he decided to hide under the tray cart and sneak out of the institution. The only problem was, the institution was on the tenth floor of the hospital, so once we was out of the mental ward, he was going to have to move fast.

It was getting very close to eleven-thirty. Brandon waited until she delivered lunch to his room, so that she wouldn't notice that he was missing. His room was the next to the last room anyway.

"Hi, Brandon," said the lunch lady.

"Hi."

She handed him his lunch and then left the room. She grabbed another tray for the person in the next room. As soon as she did this, Brandon slid right under the cart. The doctor was also coming down the hallway.

"Shoot, I'm going to get caught," he said to himself.
He knew that the doctor was never going to let him out of there anyway. The lunch lady walked back to the cart and started pushing it.

"Hi, Doctor Hanson," the lunch lady said as she passed him up.

"Hello," he replied.

"She is such a flirt," Brandon said to himself. He was almost to the elevators when all of a sudden, the alarms went off. There was Nurse Carol running out of Brandon's room.

"What's wrong, Nurse?" asked Doctor Hanson.

"Brandon's gone!"

"The hell with it, I'm almost at the elevators anyway. I'm going to bolt for it," he said to himself as he bolted from the cart and to the elevator.

"There he is!" shouted Nurse Carol.

"Snitch!" Brandon shouted as he pushed the button. Doctor Hanson started running towards him. He was only about fifty-feet from him."Come on elevator, open!" He kept pushing the button. The elevator doors weren't opening yet. He looked at the numbers on top of the elevator and saw that the elevator was on the eighth floor moving up to the ninth. Doctor Hanson was now only about fifteen feet from him. "Come on, please open!" All of a sudden, Brandon fell in the elevator because he was leaning against it when the doors opened. He quickly pushed the button for it to go down to the first floor. The doors automatically shut and Brandon was now safe. The elevator started going down. It had stopped on the seventh floor because there were other people waiting to get on the elevator. When the doors opened, there was a security guard running down the hallway toward the elevator. "Come on people, get on the elevator so that I can close the door!". The security guard was getting closer by the second though. Finally, everyone was on the elevator and the doors closed.

"Are you in trouble?" asked a lady.

"Yes, I been locked in the mental ward and they want to keep me here.".

"Well, I hope everything works out for you." The elevator had stopped and she stepped off on the fifth floor. He decided this was going to take all day with people getting on and off of the elevator. Especially, with him being chased. By the time the elevator got to the first floor, he would probably get caught, so he decided he was going get off here and try to find some steps.

The fifth floor was the cardiac care unit, so there were a lot of machines there. He had to be very careful not to trip over any of the machines. It looked as if each room he had passed up had a very ill person in it. He had never seen anyone so ill in his life. Many of the people were hooked up to ventilators and heart monitors.

It didn't take long before he had found the stairs. As soon as he saw the door and the sign that read "Stairs" above it, he bolted out the door. He ran down the steps as fast as his feet could take him. When he reached the first floor, he cracked open the door to see if there were anyone down there waiting for him. He didn't see anyone, so he quickly opened the door and ran out.

There it was, the door to freedom, the exit. He glanced at the exit doors for just a couple seconds when all of a sudden, he heard Doctor Hanson say "Stop him!" With him running out of time, he bolted for the exit doors. They were automatic doors and as soon as they opened, he ran straight outside and into the parking lot. Doctor Hanson and the security guard ran through the doors, following him.

All of a sudden, a huge storm hit and the rain was coming down hard. Doctor Hanson and the security guard was thrown off by this and due to the fact that the rain was coming

down so heavy, the two of them couldn't see straight, so it gave Brandon a chance to get out of there. Within a few minutes, Brandon was far from the hospital. The only think that he knew to do was to go back home.

His home was a good two miles though but he didn't mind the walk as long as he got there safely. He wasn't sure what he was going to do next though. If his parents saw that he was out of the institution, they might drive him back there. At this point, he wasn't sure who to trust.

After walking for about a half an hour, he finally reached his house. When he walked up to the door to try to get in, the door was locked. It seemed as if there was no one home.

"Where could they be?" he asked himself. He wasn't really even sure if they would return anytime soon. Then he noticed that his car was sitting in the driveway.

He walked over to it and looked inside. Everything looked just how he had left it. He didn't have his keys with him but he always kept a spare under the rear fender on the drivers side. He reached under to see if it was still there and with luck, it was. He now had a way to get from one place to another. Then he realized one thing that he had to do. He decided to drive back to the cemetery. He just had to find out what happened there those two years ago when he was there.

He unlocked the drivers side door and opened it. He sat down inside the car and closed the door. He hadn't driven in two years, so he was a little nervous. He placed the key in the ignition and with luck on his side once again, it started right up.

"I'm so relieved that it started right up," he said to himself as he put the car into reverse. He backed it right up and out onto the road. Then he placed the car into drive and took off. Along the way, he had passed up a couple of police cars but no one pulled him over. They must not have known about his escape yet. Within a couple minutes, he was already at the cemetery at the end of town. He drove into it very slowly. As soon as he pulled in, he remembered everything that had happened piece by piece. He slowed the car down and stopped. He turned the engine off and stepped out of the car. "I just have to find out what happened." He started walking toward the cemetery. By this time, the rain wasn't coming down that hard. He found a nice dry spot under the oak tree, decided to sit there for a while, and see what happens. He sat there for a while but still nothing happened.

By about four thirty he had gotten hungry but didn't know if he had any food in his car or not. He walked over to the trunk and opened it. The trunk was still the way he left it, a mess. He tossed a few things around in there to look for some food and finally he found a bag of chips that haven't been opened and a bottle of pop. "This is better than nothing," he said to himself as he opened the bag of chips.

Eight-o'clock came around and it was starting to get dark. Then he remembered that the night when he saw that black figure, it was dark then too.

"Maybe it only comes out at night," he said to himself.

"What are you doing here?" said a voice.

"Who is that?"

"It's me, Ella."

"Where are you?"

"Right behind you." He turned around to look and there she was.

"Look, I don't have much time. Do you remember the last time I was here?"

"Of course I do. You're the first person that spoke to me in years. Everyone else just runs away. It would be hard to forget someone like you."

"To make a long story short, I told my parents what happened that night and since then, I've been locked away for two years."

"Do you mean to tell me that they locked you away because of that?"

"Yes, it was quite a horrible experience," he replied.

"Well, I'm sorry that happened to you but you shouldn't have come here."

"I had to come back. No one believed what I saw here that night," he said with a long sigh. "And no one will ever believe you. You don't belong here. This is no place for you."

"What are you doing here?" a voice said coming from outside of the cemetery. He turned to see who it was and here, it was his mother.

"Mom, I want you to meet someone. This is . . ." he paused. He had then noticed that Ella had disappeared.

"Who do you want me to meet?" his mother asked, looking around.

"No one."

"Well, I'm driving you back to the hospital. Your friend Gerald is in the car."

"I am not going back to that. . .that. . .that nuthouse."

"Yes, you are." All of a sudden, his mother fell to the ground. When Brandon went to look, he had seen that the black figure was standing over her.

"Get away from her!" Brandon shouted.

"What's going on Brandon?!" shouted Gerald as he stepped out of the car. The black figure had then pulled his mother up by her neck, drug her body across the ground and over to the oak tree.

"What is happening to her?" asked Gerald.

"I don't know but something is!" Then the black figure swung his mothers body against the tree. You could hear the bones cracking in her neck as it broke. At that moment, she was instantly killed. Brandon just stood there in a state of everlasting shock.

Then the figure flew over Brandon and started flying toward Gerald.

"Gerald! Get back in the car!" Brandon shouted. Gerald started running towards the car but before he could get the car door open, the figure threw him to the ground. "Gerald, no!" The figure grabbed Gerald by the neck and threw him right into Ella's headstone. As soon as his body hit, a stream of blood trickled down the headstone and there is body lied, on top of the headstone hunched over. Brandon knew from that moment, he would be the figure's next victim. He knew that he couldn't go back to his car because the figure was standing over in that direction, so he just took off running through the cemetery. The black figure had then turned around and started chasing him. The black figure screeched. "Please! Leave me alone!" The figure was getting closer by the second. Brandon had then tripped over a headstone. His ankle took a sprang but he got right back up and started limping the rest of the way. That fall really costed him because the figure was getting very close to him. He had never felt so terrified in his life. Just a minute ago, he had watched his mother and his best friend die right in front of his face. Now the same thing was about to happen to him. He ran as far as his limping leg could take him when all of a sudden, he was forced onto the ground. From that moment, he knew that the figure had got him. "Please don't kill me!" His heart was pounding and his ears were ringing. He was about to be greeted by death. What happened next was unbearable. The figure plated four scratches onto his stomach. All he could do was just lay there in pain. "Please leave me alone!" Then he was tossed into the air and pushed onto the ground once again. By this time, he was half dead. The fall had rendered him unconscious. Then the figure threw his body into the tree and flew off into the nighttime air. There his body lied, not one sign of life. There Ella stood in front of the tree, to which Brandon was thrown to.

"Wake up!" she shouted, but there were no signs of life. His body just set there without

one movement, without one breath. "If only you had listened to me." A tear rolled down her cheek. She had seen many people wonder into the cemetery for many years but he was the first person that was ever able to talk to her. At times she was green with envy whenever she had seen someone that was alive because she had always wished that she could be alive for just one more day but a drunk driver took that away from her. "I wish I could be alive for just one more day."

"Don't cry, I can make it happen," said the figure as it walked up behind her.

"Who are you anyway?"

"I used to be a witch until they burned me at the stake."

"Why do you kill everyone that comes into this cemetery?"

"Because they disturb me but anyway, back to my little proposition.".

"What could you possibly have to offer me. I'm dead."

"I can give you that extra day on earth that you want so much, for a small price of course."

"And what is that exactly?"

"You must bring me my spell book from the town museum."

"I'm dead, how do you expect me to do that?"

"I will grant you your wish so that you can go and fetch my spell book."

"Ok, we have a deal."

"Good, wish granted. You have until dawn tomorrow morning to bring me my book. Now close your eyes." Then she closed her eyes and before she knew it, she was back in her car again, and on the night that she was in that terrible car accident. The next thing she knew, the drunk driver was coming down the road, and she swerved onto the side of the road and the drunk driver missed her.

"I wish this would have happened the first time," she said to herself as she drove back onto the road. It felt quite wonderful for her to be alive again. " Shoot, I have to get to the museum. She knew exactly where the museum was because right before she died, she used to go there every weekend. It didn't take long before she had reached the museum. As soon as she got there, she had stepped out of the car. It was closed, so she was going to have to break in. She started walking toward the entrance doors. "How am I going to get in there?" The place had so many windows but they were all up high. "It's funny, I finally get one more day to live again and I'm spending it trying to break into a museum." Of course, this was no laughing matter. The time was already eleven-thirty- five and she only had until dawn to retrieve the book. She walked up to the entrance doors and tried to open them but naturally, they were locked. "The museum is closed, of course the doors would be locked."

Then she looked to the right window, next to the door and realized that it was half open. If she stood on the ledge of the banister, she would be tall enough to climb in the window. She walked over to the banister and stepped onto the ledge. She had to watch herself or she would fall off the side of the porch. She climbed onto the windowsill and pushed herself into the museum. She fell right through the window and onto the museum floor. The museum was quite big and there were many displays but since she had been there so many times, she knew right where the book was. Actually, legend has it, the book belonged to a witch that was burned in eighteen-thirty-two. She would sacrifice people for her ancient spells. At least that's what it says next to the display of the spell book.

When she got to the display where the spell book was, she immediately busted the glass that covered the spell book. The alarms went off but she figured she didn't have much time anyway, so she took off toward the window. When she got to the window, she climbed over the windowsill and jumped out the window. When she landed, the book slipped out of her

hand and hit her on the head. She instantly passed out.

About six hours later, she awoke and it looked as if the sun was about to come up. She looked up at the clock that hung on the side of the building and the time was five-fifty.

"I must have passed out. I need to get going." She took off running toward the car. She immediately jumped into the car and started driving back toward the cemetery as fast as her car would go.

Rain had started to come down, so she had to turn her windshield wipers on. It was growing very cold out but that didn't stop her from driving back to the cemetery. All of a sudden, there was a big bang and before she realized it, a semi truck hit her while trying to pass her. Her car went flying into the air about twenty feet before it hit the ground and all of a sudden, she saw a big white flash. The next thing she knew, she was back in the cemetery again.

"Back again, I see" said the figure as it appeared in front of her.

"Well, here I am. Now Can I have my wish to live just one more day?"

"Sorry, I already gave you your wish."

"But I spent the whole time looking for your spell book."

"That's your problem, now that I got my spell book back, I can conjure up a spell to resurrect me."

"That's a dirty trick to play on someone."

"There's nothing you can do about it either." Suddenly, everything in front of her was starting to fade and a bright light flashed before her eyes. The next thing she knew, she was in the back of an ambulance.

"What happened?" she asked confusingly.

"You died but we brought you back," replied the paramedic.

"You mean I'm alive?"

"Very well." This time, when she was in a car accident, the paramedics were able to revive her, so she was able to live again. The figure in the cemetery was never able to be resurrected because when Ella was brought back to life by the paramedics, the book went with her.

The Strangler Killings
6

The moons bright shine glimmered in her bedroom window. She was wearing the nightgown that her grandmother had boughten her for her birthday. She had just turned seventeen last week. Her parents had gone out of town and wouldn't return until Wednesday. Today was only Sunday and it had rained most of the day. She had just gotten done watching a horror movie and eating pop corn. The time was eleven-twenty-two and she wasn't sure what she was going to do next. It was quite boring when she was there by herself. She could call a couple of her friends to come over but by the time they would

arrive there, it would be too late to do anything. She was starting to feel a bit tired anyway. Last week, her parents had thrown her a wonderful birthday party. Most of her friends had shown up and they brought her nice gifts. Her friend Jacob had given her a stuffed teddy bear. Then her friend Holly had given her a silver bracelet that read "Friends Forever." Next, her friend Paula had given her a black purse with a wallet in it. Finally, her friend Mark had given her a bottle of perfume. All in all, the party was a great turn out. Suddenly, she had heard a noise coming from outside her bedroom door.

"Whose there?" she asked but there was no answer. She walked closer to the door, picking up a baseball bat along the way. She slowly turned the doorknob and slowly opened the door. She slowly walked out of the room but didn't see anyone. The she heard the noise again. It sounded as if it were coming from downstairs. "Whose down there?" she asked in fear. She felt quite scared being there by herself, especially when there were noises. With a little hesitation, she slowly started walking down the stairs. Her heart pounded heavy as she didn't know what to expect when she reached the bottom of the stairs. "Is someone there?" As soon as she got to the bottom of the stairs, she walked into the living room. She noticed that the potted plant was knocked over and the front door was wide open. She immediately dropped the baseball bat and put her hand over her mouth. She started to back away from the door when all a sudden, she felt a hand cover her mouth. She tried to scream but the hand was blocking out her screams. The next thing she knew, she felt a piece of rope go around her neck as she started to get strangled. She kicked and kicked but couldn't get away. She could actually feel herself turning blue. She tried kicking some more but whoever was chocking her didn't let up. The next thing she knew, she had taken her last breath and that was the last that she had seen of life. Her body had collapsed to the floor and the strangler that had choked her walked out of the house.

The next day, Holly was sitting in first period study hall when Jacob walked in the room.

"You're late," she said.

"I know, I was having car trouble. I should have just took the bus," he said as he threw his books down on the desk.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, it's just I got some very disturbing news today."

"Well, what's wrong?" she asked.

"I didn't get excepted to Gale University."

"I'm sorry."

"Hey, its ok, it's just one rejection."

"By the way, have you seen Brandy today?"

"I haven't seen her. I called her last night. She was watching a scary movie and eating some popcorn when I called but that was the last time I spoke to her."

"Usually she's on time, it's not like her to be late."

"I know but I guess there's a first time for everything."

"Before I forget, I wanted to know if you wanted to go to the movies on Saturday?"

"Sure, it sounds like fun."

"Great, I'll pick you up at eight?"

"Yeah, eight will be fine."

Three hours later, Paula was sitting in the cafeteria, eating lunch by herself, when Holly and Jacob walked in.

"Why are you sitting by yourself?" asked Holly.

"Brandy isn't here today, she usually sits with me," she replied.

"Maybe she's sick," said Jacob.

"Brandy, sick? That's funny, she probably died," said Holly as she started laughing.
"Guys, I wouldn't joke about that," said Mark as he sat down next to Paula.
"What's wrong with you?" asked Holly.
"Didn't you hear on the news this morning?" asked Mark.
"No, what happened on the news?"
"They found Brandy's body strangled on her living room floor last night," said Mark.
"Come on, you can't be serious."
"This is no joke."
"I'm afraid he's right," said Brian as he walked over to the table.
"Oh my, this can't be happening," said Paula.
"Well, it is and plus that, they never caught the guy who did it," said Mark.
"Do they know who did it?" asked Holly.
"They don't have one clue but earlier this week, they found two other dead bodies and they had all been strangled," said Mark with a serious face.
"Ok, that's enough, Mark, this is beginning to sound like one of those horror movies," said Holly.
"Hey. I'm just telling you what happened," said Mark.
Tears started to fall from everyone's eyes in the whole group. Most of them weren't afraid to show their tears, except for Holly. She didn't want the others to see her crying. She walked into the ladies bathroom, walked into a stall, closed it, and started crying. She couldn't believe that this was happening. She and Brandy had been good friends since they were in first grade. She took out a picture from her purse of her and Brandy.
"I'm going to miss you," she said as a teardrop had fallen onto the picture. The bathroom door had opened and she heard footsteps walking across the floor. She didn't want anyone to know that she was in there crying, so she stayed silent. Whoever had walked into the bathroom was opening all of the stall doors one by one. She was in the last stall. When the person opened the stall next to her, she could see their shoes and the bottom of their pants. The pants that the person was wearing were black, along with the shoes. Finally, the person walked over to the stall that she was in. She quickly locked the door. Then the person tried opening the door but the person couldn't, so the person decided to bang on the door. She was scared for her life. The banging continued. However, the person wasn't giving up. She quickly slid on the floor to the next stall. She tried to get up but she was stuck under the stall. The next thing she knew, the person had opened the door. She looked up and seen that the person was wearing a black face mask. It was the strangler.
"What do you want?" She started to feel panic and the next thing she knew, she was pulled out from under the stall, grabbed by her neck and was starting to get chocked. She struggled and struggled but she couldn't get away. The strangler had a grip on her neck that was so tight, she was starting to turn blue. "Help!" Her vision started to get blurry and her body was starting to grow weak. It had felt as if the strangler's grip was growing stronger ever second that passed. Within a few seconds, her body just collapsed and that was the last she had ever seen of life.
Five minutes later, there came a scream from the ladies room. Principal Thomas ran in there to see what was going on.
"Is someone in here?" he asked.
"Over here, she's dead," said Jenny. He walked over to where Holly's body was lying. All he could do was stand there in shock."Principal Thomas, are you ok?"
"Is she dead?" he asked.
"Yes, I tried to check her pulse but she doesn't have one," she replied.

“That looks like Holly Reuben.”
“It is!”
“Well, I have to make an announcement.”
Two minutes late, he had gotten on the p.a system and made an announcement.
“Would everyone please report to the auditorium?” he asked. Five minutes later, all of the students were in the auditorium.
“I’m afraid I have some terrible news. One of our students was just found murdered in the ladies room. I have just notified the authorities. I don’t really want to reveal who it is at this time,” he said.
“Who was it?!” shouted one of the students.
“Yeah, we have a right to know!” shouted another student.
“Well, if you must know, it’s. . .it’s. . .Holly . . .Reuben.”
“No!” shouted Paula. She was one of Holly’s best friends and now that she had been murdered, she didn’t know what to do.
Within that instant, she had fainted from the disturbing news. Jacob was sitting next to her. He tried to slap her so that she would wake up but it wasn’t working.
“I need some help please!” Everyone just stood there staring at him. “Don’t just stand there, someone help!”
Later that day, Paula was sitting in the nurses office because she wasn’t feeling well. Actually, she was on the verge of losing her mind.
“I just can’t believe something like this would happen,” she told the nurse.
“You have one nasty bump on your head. I probably would have fainted too if I found out one of my friends died.,” said the nurse.
“I just can’t believe this happened. None of this makes any sense.”
“I think you should go home for the rest of the day.”
“No, I want to stay here.”
“Why?”
“I’ll go nuts at home.”
Paula wasn’t about to leave the school by herself. She was terrified of being the next victim. There was a killer on the loose and she figured that the killer was looking for innocent victims. Next, Jacob had walked into the room.
“Are you ok?” he asked.
“Yes, I’m fine,” she replied.
“I’m afraid I have some more bad news.”
“What is it?”
“One of the students just found another dead body in the cafeteria.”
“Who was it this time?”
“Mary Ungar,.”
“Isn’t she an upperclassman?”.
“Yes, she’s one grade above us, a junior.”
“There’s a killer in this school and I’m terrified!”
Jacob walked over to her, put his arms around, and started to comfort her. She always knew that he was someone that she could confide in. Sometimes she would go to him with her problems and he always kept everything confidential.
Later that day, Jacob was walking home from school with Paula.
“Thanks for walking home with me,” she smiled.
“You’re welcome,” he replied as he smiled back. The two of them had been friends for a very long time also. They have been friends since the fourth grade, when Jacob had first

moved here. He had forgotten his lunch money, so she gave him her lunch money. That's a moment that they kind of always looked back on. "We've been through a lot together."

"I know, quite a bit." As they reached Paula's house, they stopped. She really didn't want to be alone but she didn't know how to ask him to stay with her for a while. Her parents were going to be out of town for a while, so she'd be there by herself for a while.

"Well, I guess this is your stop."

"Yeah, well, thanks for walking me home."

"It's no problem."

"Well, see you tomorrow." He started walking home as she waved goodbye.

Then Jacob started to walk. He was thinking of stopping at the coffee shop for a cup of coffee but he decided to just walk home. His house was about three blocks from Paula's house. As he was walking, he heard someone walking behind him. He turned to look and the person slowed down. The person was also wearing a black mask. Then he started to walk again and again, the person started to walk fast again. He turned around to look again and again, the person slowed down. Then he started walking again and the person started to walk faster. Then he turned around to look at the person again and again, the person slowed down. Every time he turned around to look, the person would slow down. Then he decided to speed up and as he sped up, the person walking behind him sped up. Whoever was following him, he didn't want the person to see where he lived, so he decided to walk to the coffee shop, which was right around the corner. As soon as he reached the coffee shop, he walked right in. There was no one else in the coffee shop.

"Jacob, what can I get for you today?" asked Nelson, the coffee shop owner.

"A cup of coffee."

"What's wrong Jacob? You look nervous."

"Someone is following me and two girls have just been murdered at my school, so I'm a little freaked out."

"Sounds like you had one hell of a day then.".

"Can you call the police for me?"

"Yeah, sure, the phone is in the back,."

Nelson had many boxes in the backroom, so he had a little trouble finding the phone.

"The phone's here somewhere Jacob." He started lifting up the boxes, searching for the phone.

Suddenly, he felt something go around his neck. It felt as if something was strangling him. He managed to look in the mirror and here, it was the strangler. He tried to pull himself away but the grip was too tight. "Help!" He tried shouting but his voice was too soft from the stranglers grip. He could see his life flashing before his eyes. He struggled and struggled, but the strangler wasn't letting go. Within a few seconds, his body grew lifeless and his body dropped onto the floor. Jacob heard the sound of his body hitting the floor.

"Nelson, are you ok?!" he shouted.

There was no answer though. He decided to walk into the backroom to see what was going on. As soon as he walked in the door, he saw Nelson's body lying there. He immediately ran out of the backroom and started running toward the door. As soon as he ran outside, he started running. By this time, there came the strangler, who was walking out the front door of the coffee shop. When Jacob had seen this, he knew that he had to run for his life. He tried running as fast as he could but kept tripping over his own two feet from being so nervous.

The strangler kept following him, starting to catch up with him. He started to run faster but as he did this, the strangler started to run faster also. The police station was only five-

hundred feet from where he was.

"If only I can make it to the station." He continued to run as fast as his feet would take him. He didn't know how much longer he could run but he was almost there. He only had about two-hundred more feet to go. He tried to increase his speed but he was too out of breath. The strangler was starting to catch up with him. "I can make it."

He was getting closer to the station. He was only about a hundred feet away. He was still tripping from being nervous but he knew that he couldn't stop. Sweat poured from his forehead as he got even closer to the station. He was nearly almost there because he only had about fifty more feet to go. He didn't know if he could run any faster but the strangler was catching up with him fast. Soon, he was nearly only ten feet from the police station. Right as he started walking towards the police station entrance, he felt a rope swing around his neck. Right there, in broad daylight, in front of a police station, he was being strangled and there was still no one around. He tried screaming for help but the rope was wrapped around his neck too tight. He kicked, jumped, and tried everything to get the strangler off of his neck but the strangler wasn't budging. Everything was starting to go black. He could still hear the birds tweeting and could still feel the wind blowing in his face. Spots started to appear before his eyes and his body grew week. The grip of the strangler's rope was so tight around his neck that it was turning blue rapidly. The more he had tried to struggle, the tighter he made the rope. Soon, he took his last breath and then his body grew helpless as he fell to the ground.

Later that night, Paula was sitting in her living room, watching game shows. The phone started to ring, so she picked it up.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hey, it's me, Mark."

"Oh, hi Mark."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing much, just sitting here watching some game shows."

"Did you hear about Jacob."

"No, what happened to him?"

"He got murdered today."

"No, tell me it's not true."

"I'm afraid it is."

"They need to catch that guy." She tried not to cry but a tear rolled down her cheek.

Unlike Holly, she never held her tears in.

"Are you crying?".

"Yeah, I'm sorry."

"Well, I got some news that will cheer you up." He started to laugh at her and this was making her angry.

"What is it?"

"I know who the person is that's strangling everyone."

"Who is it?"

"It's someone you know very well."

"Just tell me."

"It's me!" She dropped the phone and quickly picked it back up.

"No, it can't be!"She quickly jumped off of the sofa. This was totally unexpected. She had no idea that it would be one of her friends or why he was doing it.

"Why did you kill all of those people?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes."
"Do you really want to know?"
"Yes.".
"Well, you see Paula, I'm going to make everyone in that school pay for what they did to me," he said in an angry voice.
"What are you talking about?" she asked.
"Well, I already killed Jacob and the guy who owns the coffee shop but I had to kill that guy because when Jacob ran in there, he told him to call the police."
"But tell me why you're going to make everyone pay?".
"Oh, I think you know very well. Last year, when we were a freshman, you, Paula, Jacob, Brandy and everyone made fun of me."
"Well, the whole school did at first."
"Well, I'm going to make you and the whole school pay for that!" Next, he walked into the room, grabbed her by the throat and threw her back onto the sofa. Then he dropped the cell phone that he was on.
"It was only a joke."
"Well, sometimes jokes go too far. Now it's time to make you pay."
"Please, leave me alone!"
"Here's what I want you to do. I'm going to send you on a little mission and if you don't do it, you'll never have to worry about seeing the light of day again." He walked over to the sofa and grabbed a hold of her arm.
"What do you want me to do?" At that second, he pulled out a gun.
"I want you to go to school tomorrow, act like this never happened, and wear this mask." He quickly pulled a mask out of his pocket.
"Why do you want me to wear this mask?"
"Because you're going to take the wrap for me. I want you to go to school, wear this mask, and tell everyone that you are the killer."
"Oh, no I'm not."
"If you don't do this, I'll shoot you tonight! Now do it!" He placed the gun up to her head. She could feel the could steel clutched into her skin..
"Ok, I'll do it,."
"Good, that's the right answer and just to let you know, I'll be watching you tomorrow. I'll be watching you behind the bush."
He placed the gun back in his pocket and walked out of the house. She thought about calling the police but she had a bad feeling about doing that.
The next day ,she left for school fifteen minutes early, so she could get there before he did but as soon as she got there, he was hiding behind the bushes already.
"Good, you showed up. Now get to work," he said, pointing the gun at her.
She put the mask over her face and slowly started walking toward the school.
There were many students walking outside the school. Many of them were staring at her as she walked by. They were giving her strange faces. She didn't want to spend the rest of her life locked up but if she didn't do this, she would spend the rest of her life six feet under.. As she had got closer to the school, she became more nervous. As soon as she walked up to the front steps, Principal Thomas was walking out of the building.
"Excuse me, you're not aloud to wear those here," he said, pulling the mask off of her face.
"I have something to tell you," she said.
"Paula, what are you doing wearing that mask?"

“I’m. . .I’m. . .the. . .the-”
“You’re the what?” he interrupted.
“I’m. . .I’m. . .the. . .”
“What is it that you’re trying to tell me?”
“I. . .I’m. . .the killer. . .is hiding behind the bush.” she said, signally him with her eyes.
“The killer is behind the bush?”
“The one that has been strangling people.”
“Are you sure about this?” Sneakingly, he peeped over her head to see if he was hiding there.
“No, don’t look.”
It was too late though. Mark had seen him look and the next thing they knew, a shot was fired at them.
“Get down, Paula!” Principle Thomas shouted as he pulled her to the ground.
“He’s the killer!”
“Isn’t that Mark?”
“Yes, he’s the killer!” Her head was pounding and her mind was racing.
“Let’s get in the building.” He started guiding her up the steps, trying to avoid the bullets.
The next thing she knew, principal Thomas had been shot, falling to the ground. As soon as the students outside had seen this, they had seen that Mark was the one who was shooting the gun, so they started to run.
“Are you ok?” she asked
“Just get inside the building!” he shouted.
“But. . .”
“Get inside the building now!”
Without arguing, she quickly ran inside the building. Mark had started to run toward the school, still shooting his gun, trying to kill her. As soon as she went inside the building, she immediately closed the door and locked it. However, that didn’t stop him. He shot straight through the glass. She ran as fast as she could.
“What’s going on?” asked Jenny as she walked out of the ladies room.
“Run, Mark is the killer and he has a gun.” Suddenly, a bullet hit Jenny right in the back.
“Jenny!”
Mark jumped threw the glass of the front door and was now in the building. She continued to run as bullets flew.
“Get over here!” he demanded as she continued shooting at her. She wasn’t giving up though. She continued to run but eventually she ran passed the auditorium and decided to run in there. As soon as she got in there, she hid behind the fifth row. Soon, he would find her though.“Come out, come out wherever you are.” She tried to keep her body close to the ground but he saw her and started shooting again.
“Found you,” he said as he continued to laugh.
“No, found you,” said a police officer as he held his gun up.
“Well, if it isn’t the cops,” he said as he started pointing his gun toward the officer.
“Freeze!” shouted the officer.
“Goodbye, Mr. Officer,” he said, but right as he was about to pull the trigger, the officer had fired a bullet right into his chest, causing him to fall to the floor.
“Are you ok, miss?” asked the officer as he started to run over to where Paula was hiding.

“Yes, I’m fine.”

As the police escorted the strangler out of there, he just kept looking at Paula and laughing at her. As he was doing this, she just looked at him straight in the eye, and gave him an angry face.

Picture It
7

Maurice had just moved to the town of Lakeview with his parents. The house they had moved into was down the street from where his father had worked, so it was close to home. When they first moved in, Maurice had chosen the room in the attic because it had plenty of room for all of his stuff. As he was unpacking, he noticed that there was a trunk over in the corner of the attic.

He had decided to walk over to the trunk and see what's in it. Without much hesitation, he had walked over to the trunk.

"I wonder what's in here?" he asked himself.

He eagerly opened the trunk but what he found inside was most disappointing. It was mostly a bunch of worthless junk. He searched through the trunk but he mostly found clothes. When he had gotten to the bottom though, he found an old camera.

"I could use a good camera," he said while taking the camera out of the trunk.

He opened the camera and had seen that there was still film in there. The camera also had a strap on it, so he could easily put it around his neck. He closed the camera and placed it around his neck. Then he decided to go downstairs and show his parents the camera that he had found. When he had gotten downstairs, he quickly ran into the living room, where his parents were.

"Mom, dad, look what I found!" he shouted in excitement.

"Wow, look, a camera," his mother laughed.

"That's nice," replied his dad with a sarcastic remark.

"Want me to take a picture of you both?" Maurice asked excitedly.

"Not right now, I'm a mess, take one of your dad."

"Ok." He pushed the button and the camera flashed. "Wow, it works."

"I can see that. Now I have to get going to work," said his dad as he started to walk upstairs.

Maurice didn't really have much to do, due to the fact that he was in a new town, so he decided to go out and take some pictures of things. He quickly grabbed his coat and ran out the door.

While on his merry way as he was walking down the street, he noticed that there was a

statue of a horse on the corner of the street. He held his camera up and photographed it. He had then noticed that there was a coffee shop on that corner. He decided to walk in and try to meet some new people. As soon as he walked in the door, he had noticed that there were several people in there that was his age. He noticed that there was an empty table in the corner and decided to go sit down. As soon as he sat down, he placed his camera on the table. He was hoping that someone would come and greet him, but everyone seemed to be minding their own business.

He sat there for a couple minutes but he started to get bored, so he decided to leave. After he walked out the door, he took a picture of the coffee shop.

"Hey, what are you doing?" said a girl, who was walking out of the coffee shop.

"I'm taking a picture," he replied.

"Oh, well, my name is Alison." She held her hand out for him to shake it.

"My name is Maurice," he said, shaking her hand.

"So, why are you taking a picture of the coffee shop?"

"I just found this camera in the house we just moved into and I was just taking some pictures of things."

"Pictures are cool." She gave him a little smile.

"Listen, is there anything to do around here?"

"This coffee shop is the only hang out around here."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Hey, I know a better place, so let's go." She grabbed his hand and guided him to follow her. She started running quite fast and he was having difficulty keeping up.

"Slow down!"

"Come on!"

Soon, she led him into the woods. As they ran through the woods, he could see the sun's light breaking through the leaves at the top of the tree. The woods were very muddy and damp. He wasn't sure where she was leading him to but it was starting to creep him out.

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see."

Soon, they were deep in the woods. She must have made him run two miles. Eventually, they were running out of the woods when he had noticed that they were on top of a cliff. He also had noticed that he could see the whole town from there.

"This is neat, I can see the whole town."

"Isn't it beautiful here?"

"It is, it really is."

"I come up here whenever I have things bothering me. It's so relaxing here."

"Hey, let me take a picture of you."

"Sure," she smiled. He held up the camera in position and took her picture.

"I'll have to get this roll developed, so that you can see it."

"That would be nice."

"Yeah," he said as he looked at the camera.

"Let's lay down and look at the sky. I love to do that."

"Sure," he said as he laid back.

They both laid on the ground and glanced at the sky. As they laid there, he was feeling a bit tired. He could hardly keep his eyes open and within a couple minutes, he had fallen asleep. She was right though. It was very relaxing there.

When he awoke, he noticed that she was gone. He didn't really know how long that he had slept. The sun was also setting, so maybe she had decided to go home. He got up from and

brushed himself off. Then he decided to go home. He tried to find his way out of the woods. He had a little difficulty at first but eventually found the right path. When he finally had gotten out of the woods, he started walking towards home. As he was walking, he noticed that the high school was in the same neighborhood that he lived in.

"I should make a scrapbook," he said to himself.

He continued walking through town. He was almost home but decided to take a couple more pictures. Then he noticed that he was walking into a graveyard. He aimed the camera at it and snapped a picture. It wasn't a very big graveyard, so he was able to shoot the whole graveyard with the camera. As soon as he had gotten home, he didn't want to quit taking pictures, so he took a picture of his next door neighbor's house and then finally went home. As soon as he walked into the door, his mother ran over to him.

"Maurice, have you seen your father?" she asked.

"No, why?" he asked curiously.

"He hasn't come home yet and he was supposed to be home hours ago.".

"Maybe he stopped off somewhere."

"No, that's not like him and even if he would have, he would have called." It was getting late, so he decided to walk upstairs and go to bed

The next morning, when he woke up, he opened the window to check the weather. Then he noticed something very strange. His next door neighbor's house was gone.

"That's weird. . .did they move their house?" he asked himself. He closed his window and walked downstairs. Again, his mother ran over to him.

"Your father still hasn't come home yet. I'm going to go out and look for him. Get ready for school while I'm gone," she said as she walked out the door.

He walked back upstairs, put his clothes on, brushed his teeth, combed his hair, grabbed his camera, put it around his neck, walked back downstairs, and walked out the door. This would be his first day of school in that town and he was nervous. School was walking distance from where he lived. As he was walking to school, he noticed that the statue of the horse on the corner of the street was also gone.

"This is a weird day," he said to himself. That's not all that was gone. The coffee shop had also disappeared. As he walked further on, he noticed that the cemetery had disappeared too. "Could this camera be the reason?" He scratched his head. "No, couldn't be,"

He continued to walk to school. When he had finally got to school, he saw a crowd of people standing around in a circle passing out flyers. He walked over to them to see what was going on.

"Hello, my name is Derek. Have you seen this girl?" asked a guy, giving him a flyer.

"That's Alison," he replied.

"Do you know her?"

"Yes, I met her yesterday."

"She has been missing since last night. If you see her, let us know." Maurice had then walked away in a puzzled condition.

"I guess I was right. Every time I took a picture of something yesterday, it disappeared," he said as he scratched his head. When he walked into the school, he saw that there were flyers up everywhere about her disappearance. Then he took another gaze at his camera. "This is wicked."

He decided to walk to the principle's office to pick up his schedule. He looked and had seen that there was a sign that said "Principle's office, third floor." So, he walked up the steps to the third floor. When he had walked in there, he noticed that there were many

flyers hanging on the wall in there too.

"Can I help you?" asked the secretary.

"Yes, my name is Maurice Jasper. I'd like to pick up my schedule please." She searched through her pile and it didn't take long for her to find it.

"Here you go," she said, handing it to him.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

He looked at his schedule and noticed that his first period class was science. He didn't care for science that much but he was stuck with it. He started walking down the hallway and saw on his schedule that science class was in room three-twelve. He walked down the hallway, looking for it, but it didn't take long for him to find it. When he walked into the room, he took a seat, and sat down way in the back. All of the other students were already there and they were all chatting.

"Good morning, class," said Miss. Friedman as she walked into the classroom.

"That must be the science teacher," he thought to himself. Everyone was still talking though. There weren't very many students that liked her.

"Everyone, shut your mouths!" she shouted. The room grew silent really quick. "We have a new student today and his name is Maurice. Stand up and introduce yourself." He was a little shy and didn't know how to respond. Everyone was looking at him too. "Stand up, now!" she demanded.

He quickly jumped up.

"My name is Maurice and I'm originally from Pittsburgh."

"Very good, now you can sit down," she said, while pacing back and forth.

He was really nervous about being in a new school and seeing new faces made him even more nervous.

Later that day, while walking on his way home, he noticed that he had accidentally dropped his camera and the most unimaginable had happened. When the camera hit the ground, it took a picture of him.

"Uh-oh," he said to himself as worry started to fill his head.

It had already been proven that everything the camera took a picture of would disappear. He also realized that when things did disappear that he took a picture of, the things didn't disappear until the next day, so he realized that he had until the next day to figure a way out of this one. As he started walking toward home, he noticed that where the coffee shop had been, there was now police tape around there. "I guess if a coffee shop disappears, it is noticeable to people."

As soon as he got home, he saw a note on his door that read "Maurice, I'm still out looking for your father. I'll be home later, love mom."

"You're not going to find him," he said, walking into the house. Three hours had went by and it was now six o' clock. His mother still hadn't come home yet. He was getting worried but he was also getting worried about himself. By morning, he would have disappeared just like Alison did. This was a bad situation and he had to think of a plan fast. He walked upstairs and went into his bedroom. His room was quite cluttered because he still hadn't unpacked. He lied down on his bed and just stared at the ceiling for about a half an hour. After that, he had gotten back up and took a look at the camera. He took the camera off from around his neck. Before he could place it on his dresser, he accidentally dropped it and the camera came open causing the film to drop out. "I hope I didn't break it." All of a sudden, he finally had gotten an idea. "I wonder." Actually, he had come up with an idea that he thought was wonderful. "Maybe if I develop the film, it will bring everything back

and keep me from disappearing.

Without any hesitation, he quickly grabbed the camera, took the film out, placed it in an envelope, ran down stairs, and went out the door. He didn't really know his way around town but he knew he had to find a store that developed pictures and fast. As soon as he started running down the street, every store that he had passed up, he looked for one that developed pictures. Then, there it was, it was Lee's General Store and it said right on the door "Pictures within an hour." He quickly ran into the store and ran over to the counter.

"Can you develop these for me please," he asked, placing the envelope, with the film in it onto the counter.

"Sure, I can, son."

"How long will it take?"

"Well, can't you read the sign? It will take an hour."

"I'll wait then."

"Ok then," said Lee, taking the film into the developing room and shutting the door. He wasn't sure if he really could wait there for an hour but it was better than disappearing off of the face of the earth.

After waiting there for a few minutes, he was starting to get nervous. He had hoped that the film turned out ok. Soon, Lee walked out of the room.

"Here's your film."

"I hope this worked," he said to himself.

"What?" asked Lee.

"Nothing."

"That'll be ten dollars."

He handed him a ten dollar bill and left. He just stood there outside for a while, afraid to open up the envelope that contained the film but after a couple minutes, he opened the envelope. The pictures turned out good. Every picture that he had taken was there, plus there were a few pictures there from the person who owned the camera before.

"What are you doing?" asked Alison as she walked over to him.

"I'm glad you're back."

"Ok, I'm glad to see you too." She gave him a weird look but he didn't care. He was happy that she was back.

Then he had noticed that the statue was back in place too and the coffee shop was back where it had belonged also.

"Let's go for a walk."

"Sure."

They started to walk and on the way, he had noticed that the cemetery was back where it belonged too. Everything was back to normal but since that incident, he had placed the camera back in the trunk, locked it, and slid it back into the corner of the attic. They have both become good friends and spend a lot of time together now. She also introduced him to some people at the coffee shop and he made some good friends.

Walking Reflection
8

The night had been damp and windy. It had rained the entire day. Sometime earlier in the day, there had been a thunderstorm. It was the middle of October and the temperature was in the mid fifties. She had been studying all day for a history test. If she didn't score a good grade this time, she would probably fail the class. She had much trouble studying because she often had gotten headaches from studying too much. History hadn't been one of her favorite subjects. Tomorrow was Friday, the last day of the school week, so she was happy that the weekend was coming up.

"Honey, would you like a snack?" asked her mother, who was opening the door.

"No, that's ok."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure."

"Ok, let me know if you change your mind." said her mother as she closed the door.

She had been studying in her bedroom since she had gotten home from school. She decided to close her history book and lye down. She was feeling a bit tired from studying all day. It didn't take long before she had drifted off asleep.

The next day, when she had woke up, she didn't realize that she had slept the whole night.

"Oh my god!" she cried. "I didn't realize that I slept all night. I have that test today." She quickly jumped up out of bed, changed her clothes, grabbed her book bag, and ran downstairs.

"Would you like any breakfast!" shouted her mother from in the kitchen.

"No, I have to get to school!" She quickly ran out the front door.

Her parents had bought her a car when she turned sixteen, so she always drives to school. She quickly ran out to the car, jumped in, and started it up. As soon as she started it up, she drove off to school. When she arrived at school, she quickly grabbed her book bag from the backseat and stepped out of her car.

"Hi, Morgan," said Bobby Lee, who was walking up to her.

She had a crush on him since they were in the second grade but she was always too afraid to tell him.

"Hi, Bobby Lee."

"Are you nervous about the history test?" he asked.

"Yes, I accidentally fell asleep while I was studying."

"I didn't study at all," he laughed.

"I guess we'll see who gets the worse grade in class," she laughed.

"So, are you going to the football game tonight to see me play?"

"Yeah, I'll be there but right now, I have to go." She quickly ran off because she was in a hurry.

Bobby Lee was one of the best football players that the school had. There were many girls that wanted to go out with him but he never seemed to have a girlfriend for some reason.

As soon as she had went into the school, she quickly ran into her history class. Class didn't start for another five minutes but she wanted to study before class started. She opened up her book bag to get her history book out when all of a sudden, she realized that she had forgotten to put her history book in her book bag.

"I can't believe I forgot my history book," she said.

"It's ok, I never bring mine to school," said her friend April, who was sitting next to her.

"I didn't see you come in."

"Well, Morgan, have you asked him yet?"

"Asked who what?"

"You know what I'm taking about. Did you ask Bobby Lee out yet?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm just waiting for the right time."

"Don't wait too long."

"Why not?"

"He might find someone else."

She knew that April was wrong though. She had never seen him date any girls. She had always hoped that he would come up to her one day and ask her out but she wasn't sure if that moment would ever happen.

"Here he comes," she said to April as he walked into the room.

"Hi, Morgan. Hi, April," he said, sitting down behind them.

April just smiled at Morgan. She knew that April wanted her to say something to him but she just didn't feel ready yet. They were all juniors in high school and next year they would all graduate together, so she figured she had until then. She also had many doubts also. For example, what if she didn't tell him how she felt before they graduated and that he would go away to college after high school. That would have her torn to pieces.

"I hate tests, don't you, Morgan?" he asked with a smile on his face.

"I hate tests too." she said turning around.

"I have an idea. Lets all go to the movies together," April smiled.

"No," whispered April.

"Sounds like fun," he said, smiling at Morgan. All that she could do was blush.

"I'm going to kill you later," she whispered to April. After school, she had given her friend April a ride home.

"This is a nice car," said April.

"I've only been driving for a year but it seems really easy."

"I don't have my license but I have a fake I.D."

"That will only get you into halfway accommodation night clubs." She laughed at April.

As soon as she dropped April off, she immediately drove home. She was still tired from all of the studying that she had done the night before. As soon as she pulled into the driveway, she got out of the car and walked into the house. She noticed that her mother wasn't home. Her father didn't live there. Her parents had gotten a divorce when she was only five. As soon as she went into the house, she ran upstairs. She wasn't sure if she was going to go to the football game, even though she promised Bobby Lee that she was going to show up. She decided to lay down and take a nap.

Two hours later, she had awoke and noticed that the time was 5:15.

"Maybe I will go to the game," she said to herself after thinking it over.

She got out of bed, put on her coat, ran downstairs, and went out the door. She noticed that her mother still hadn't come home yet but that was no surprise. Her mother always worked late. She got in her car and drove off to the game. When she had arrived at the game, she noticed that there were a lot of people there. She got out of her car and started walking toward the bleachers to look for April.

"I'm over here!" shouted April, walking toward her.

"I was about to look for you," she smiled.

"Did the game start?"

"Yeah, about fifteen minutes ago and we're losing."

"Well, maybe we'll win."

"You just want them to win so that you can congratulate your prince." April had started to laugh and then Morgan started to laugh also.

"Well, maybe."

"I can see it in your eyes."

"Ok, that's enough, maybe it is so but he'll come around soon," she said, smiling as she watched the football team.

The ended up winning the game and after the game was over, she waited in front of the locker room for him to come out. She really did want to congratulate him. She waited there for about ten minutes before he came out but as soon as he came out, she had a smile on her face.

"Congratulations, Bobby lee," she smiled.

"Thanks Morgan," he replied, smiling back.

"Look, there's been something that I have been wanting to talk to you about."

"What is it, Morgan?"

"We've known each other for a long time and I want to ask you something." She felt quite nervous, being that she had never asked a boy out before.

"Bobby, we have to go, we don't want to be late for the party," said Bobby lee's friend, Charles, who was coming out of the locker room.

"I have to go. Can this wait?" asked Bobby Lee.

"Sure," she replied. He followed Charlie and they jumped into Bobby Lee's car and took off.

"It can't wait though," she said with a long sigh.

When she got home that night, she ran straight up to her room. Her mother was home but she didn't feel like talking to her, so she just flopped down on the bed. Then she heard a noise coming from outside her bedroom window. She jumped up off of the bed and walked over to the window. She let out a loud scream when she noticed a dead body that was hanging from the oak tree outside. It was a girl wearing a light blue dress, along with blue high heeled shoes. The weird thing was, the girl looked just like her. She quickly backed away from the window and started shaking.

"What's wrong?" asked her mother, running into the room.

"Outside my window, look!" Her mother had then ran over to the window to see what the commotion was about.

"I don't see anything." She had then ran back over to the window and when she looked out, the body was gone.

"It was there!".

"What was there?"

"Nothing, forget about it." She walked back over to the bed and lied down.

She figured that her mother wouldn't believe her but the body really was there when she looked out the window the first time.

"That's it honey, lay down and go to bed. I'll tuck you in." Her mother walked over to the bed and covered her up.

"I am feeling kind of tired."

"Try to get some rest." Her mother left the room and closed the door.

She had much trouble sleeping that night though. She wondered if what she had seen was real. The girl that was hanging from the tree had the same skin complexion, the same color hair as her, and the same color dress that she had in her closet.

The next morning, she walked over to her window again. She saw nothing this time. Since she didn't have school that day, she decided to wash her car. She walked downstairs, went to grab the bucket from under the sink in the kitchen, filled it with water, put some soap in it, grabbed a sponge, and went outside. As she was walking toward her car, she couldn't help but look at the tree. Something was creeping her out about that tree but she didn't know what. As she was looking at it, she noticed that there was a rope hanging from it. The rope had a loop at the end of it. The kind of loop that a persons head would fit through so that they can be hanged.

"I am not seeing this." She closed her eyes and tried to image that it wasn't there.

When she opened her eyes though, the rope was still there. Then she turned to look at her car when all of a sudden, there was a dead body in her car. The same one that she had seen last night hanging by the tree. She screamed again, dropping the bucket and spilling the water everywhere. She ran back into the house and locked the door.

"What is happening to me?"

Last night, she thought maybe it was just her imagination but she figured since she had

seen the dead body again, it couldn't have been her imagination. Fear filled her body as she quivered. She opened the front door and took a peak at her car. The dead body was gone. It seemed as if every time she took a second look, it was gone. She slowly walked out of the house and back over to the car. She looked inside and still didn't see any dead body.

"I think there's something wrong with me." She ran back into the house, and closed the door. She still felt quite tired, so she decided to go back to bed. She walked back upstairs and into her room. She closed the door and started walking toward the bed when all of a sudden, she had heard a noise coming from the closet. She slowly walked toward the closet. "Who's there?" There was no response though. She slowly turned the door knob and slowly opened the door but the door opened fast because as soon as she started opening the door, there popped out the dead body again. "It can't be me, it just can't be!, I can't be dead!" She started to scream. She slowly backed up and ran toward her door but it wouldn't open.

"Help!"

She walked over to the window, opened it, and climbed out it. Then she slid down the drain pipe and onto the front yard.. She quickly ran back into the house and picked up the phone to call April. The phone rang a couple times and then April picked it up.

"Hello," said April.

"April, there's something really creepy that's happening here," she said in a terrified voice.

"What's wrong, did lover boy shut you down?"

"Never mind that now, something really creepy is happening around this house.".

"Well, what's wrong?"

"This is kind of hard to explain but anyway, I keep seeing me."

"What do you mean you keep seeing you?"

"Well, last night I looked out my bedroom window and I saw a dead body hanging from the oak tree in front of my house. Then, today, I seen the same dead body in my car and just now in my closet. She looks just like me. Its like I'm dead or something," she said as she started to cry.

"Calm down, I'm coming right over."

She didn't really want April to come over to her house though. She hated when her friends saw her like this. She was always ashamed to cry in front of someone. It didn't take long before she had arrived there though.

"I'm here," said April, walking in the front door.

"I'm in the living room!" Shouted Morgan.

"Now, before you start telling me what's going on, I just want you to know that I don't think you are crazy one bit."

"I wish I could believe you but I'm having trouble believing that myself."

"Are you sure what you saw was real?"

"After seeing it three times, I'm positive."

"Maybe it's a ghost or something."

"I don't know what it is but it's the most terrifying thing that I have ever seen. Especially, when it fell out of my closet."

"I'm going to tell you something that I never told anyone before and I want you to keep it a secret."

"I promise."

"When I was fifteen, I saw a ghost in my backyard. My parents never believed me but I saw what I saw and I know what I saw and what I saw was real."

“Do you think maybe what I saw was a ghost then?”

“If it was though, why did it look like you?”.

“That’s a good point there. I mean this dead girl that I had seen looked just like me.”

“The only thing that I can say is, if this dead girl looks exactly like you, then who is she.”

After April left, she had given it some thought about what April had said. There had to be some connection between her and the dead girl. As far as she knew, she was a walking reflection of a dead girl. One thing was for certain, if she had seen the dead girl three times already, she was bound to see her again. She decided to lay down on the sofa and just think about things. There was a knock at the door. She walked over to the door slowly. She was a little scared to answer it at first but she slowly opened it. When she opened it, she saw that it was her neighbor, Katrina. She was the same age as her but went to a different school.

“Hi, Morgan,” she said.

“Come in,” said Morgan, opening the door the rest of the way.

“I heard some screaming over here. Is everything ok?”

“Yes, everything is fine.”

The truth was, everything wasn’t ok. Really, everything was a mess but she never felt comfortable talking with Katrina about her problems.

“I just seen April leaving your house. Don’t tell me that you still talk to her.” Katrina never did like April. She always thought of her as a piece of trash.

“What’s wrong with her?”

“The girl is a loser.”

“Well, she’s my best friend.” Morgan was starting to get angry with her.

“Why don’t you hang out with me tonight. I’m inviting a bunch of friends over. It will be fun.”

“I don’t know.”

“Come on, don’t be a stick in the mud.”

“Well, ok.”

“Good, now come by around six, ok?”

“Sure.”

Katrina had then walked out the door. She really didn’t want to go but she thought that maybe it would take her mind off of things. Then the phone rang. She walked over to the coffee table and picked up the phone.

“Hello,” she said.

“It’s me, April,” said the voice from the other end.

“Katrina just came over here and invited me over to her house tonight.”.

“I know she came over. I passed her up as I was leaving. She called me a bitch,” said April.

“I’m sorry, April.”

“It’s ok, if you want to be friends with that self -controlling, ignorant bitch, then that’s your business.”

“Well, she is a self-centered bitch.” They both started laughing. Morgan loved when they both laughed like that.

“I’m really worried about you though, Morgan.”

“I’ll be ok,” she said.

“Are you sure?”.

“Yes, I’m sure.”

“Well, call me if you need anything.”

“I will.”

"Bye.".
"Bye."
Later on that night, Morgan was in her bedroom getting ready to go over to Katrina's house. She wasn't really sure what to wear. She opened up her closet to take a look at her clothes. She was having a little trouble finding something to wear at first but then she saw that blue dress. That had always been her favorite dress but after seeing herself dead in it, she was kind of scared to wear it. She really didn't have much time to decide though, so she quickly took it out of the closet and slipped it on. Then she walked over to her dresser and put some lipstick on. Then she grabbed her coat, walked downstairs, and went out the door. Katrina's house was right next door to hers, so it didn't take her long to get there. As soon as she arrived at her house, she went up to the door and knocked. It didn't take long before Katrina opened the door. As soon as she opened the door, it looked as if it was more than just a few people hanging out. It looked like a party. There were dozens of people there.
"Glad you could make it, come in," said Katrina, smiling and signaling for her to come in.
Without hesitation, she followed Katrina into the house. As soon she was in there, Katrina had shut the door behind her.
"I have someone I'd like you to meet."
"Who is this?"
"This is Rick, have fun," said Katrina as she walked away..
"Hey baby, how's it going?" he asked while winking at her.
"Do I know you?"
"No, Katrina told me that you were looking for a boyfriend and trust me, I'm your guy," he said while winking again at her.
"Well, I hate to burst your bubble but I'm not looking for a guy."
"That's too bad." He got angry at her and walked away.
"This is nuts," she said as he started walking toward the front door.
"Hey, Morgan, come upstairs, I have something to show you," said Katrina, signaling her.
"What is it?"
"You'll see, come up."
"Ok but just for a couple minutes." She followed Katrina up the steps. She had only been in Katrina's house a handful of times. Her parents never really liked anyone, so they didn't let many people in their house. Katrina made her follow her into the bedroom. As soon as she walked in there, there was Rick sitting on bed. "What's going on here?" Katrina quickly shut the door and locked it.
"Alright, I know you have it," said Katrina patting her down.
The next thing she knew, she felt an object strike her over the head and knocking her out. She instantly fell to the floor.
"You didn't have to do that," said Rick, jumping off of the bed.
"We need some money, don't we?"
"Yes but if you wanted to rob her, you should have just pick pocketed her when she wasn't looking," he replied. She went through Morgan's pockets but didn't find much.
"There's only six bucks in here."
"It's better than nothing."
"What should we do with her body?"
"I have an idea." He walked over to the closet and took out a box.

“What are you going to do with that?”.

“Let’s put her body in it and we’ll take her outside until she wakes up.” Katrina had then checked her pulse but by surprise, she had none.

“She’s dead, Rick.”

“She is not.”

“Feel her pulse.”

“She’s dead, Katrina.”

“What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know. You’re the one that killed her, so why don’t you think of something?”

“I have an idea, we’ll put her in the box, take her downstairs, take her outside, grab some rope out of the garage, and hang her by the tree so it will look like suicide.”

“That’ll do, let’s go.” He started to pick up her lifeless body.

She walked over to help him. They picked her body up, placed it into the box, and closed it. After that, they opened up the door, and started to carry the box downstairs. A couple people were staring at them but not everyone. As soon as they got to the bottom of the steps, he walked over to open the front door. Then he walked back over to the box and helped her carry the box outside. As soon as they got outside, she kicked the door shut with her foot. They quickly walked over to the oak tree that stood in Morgan’s yard.

“Do you have the rope?” he asked.

“I have to go to the garage to get it. I’ll be right back.” She started walking back over to her house, so that she could get into the garage. April was walking by when she had noticed him standing there beside the oak tree.

“Who are you?” she asked.

“I’m a. . .a. . .friend of Morgan’s,” he stuttered nervously.

“Where is she? I tried calling her but she didn’t answer.”

“What are you doing here?” asked Katrina as she walked over toward the tree while carrying the rope.

“I’m looking for Morgan,” she replied.

“Well, Morgan isn’t here.” She quickly hid the rope behind her back.

“What are you doing talking to her,” Katrina whispered to Rick.

“I don’t know, she just walked over to me,” he whispered back.

“Well, get rid of her.”

“Well, what do you want me to do.”

“I’ll do it myself.”

“Is there a problem, Katrina?” asked April.

“No, can you come to the garage with me. Morgan is in there,” said Katrina, signaling her. She followed her over to the garage but as soon as she walked in there, she had noticed that Morgan wasn’t there.

“Morgan’s not here.”

Katrina immediately picked up a brick and hit April over the back of the head with it. She instantly fell to the ground. Katrina had then walked back outside and over to Rick.

“What did you do?” he asked.

“Don’t worry about it, I took care of her.”

“Let’s get this over with.” He started to pick up Morgan’s body.

She quickly ran over and helped him pick up the box. Then she took the rope, climbed a few inches up the tree, and tied the rope around a branch. Rick had then took the rope and tied a loop in it from where he was standing. He had then opened the box, took her body out, picked her body up, and then placed her head through the loop.

“Do you have her head in it,” she asked.
“Yes,” he replied.
“Is it in the rope tight?”
“Yes.” She had then slid down the tree and onto the ground.
“Let’s get out of here,” she said as she grabbed Rick by the hand. They took off running back into her house. At this time, April had awakened in the garage.
“When I get my hands on her, I’m going to kill her,” she said, walking out of the garage.
Then all of a sudden, she had seen Morgan’s body hanging from the tree. All she could do was stand there in shock, covering her mouth. Then she had seen Katrina and Rick running back out of the house. She quickly hid behind some bushes to see what they were up to.
“We shouldn’t have put her body there because when everyone leaves the party, they will see it. Let’s put her in her car,” said Katrina as she ran over to the tree.
“Are you sure no one can see us?” he asked.
“I don’t see anyone.”
“Let’s get busy.”
She had then pulled out a knife from her pocket and cut the rope causing her body to drop onto the ground. Then, they quickly picked up her body and ran over to Morgan’s car.
“Is her car unlocked?” he asked.
“How should I know? Try to open it,” she said. He placed his hand onto the door handle and the door opened right up.
“The stupid girl forgot to lock her door.”
“Well, consider us lucky then. Help me get her in there,” she said as she started to place her body in the front seat on the drivers side. As soon as they placed her body in the car, they slammed the car door shut.
“Let’s get out of here,” she said as she started to run.
“Wait!”
“What is it now, Rick?”
“We can’t leave her here.”
“Why not?”
“What if that girl comes back down this way again?”
“Do you mean April, the girl that was just here?”
“Yes.”
“You have a good point but I have an idea. Lets take her in her house and dump her in there.”
“That’s a good idea.”
They quickly opened the car door, took her body out of the car, and dragged her over to her house. Morgan hadn’t locked the door, so they were able to walk right in. As soon as they were in the house, she quickly shut the door.
“What now?” she asked.
“Let’s take her upstairs,” he said.
They slowly drug her body up the steps. It had seemed like her body was a lot heavier going up the steps but after a couple of minutes, they managed to make it to the top of the steps.
“Let’s take her body into her room.” They dragged her body into her bedroom.
“Let’s throw her body into the closet.” It didn’t take long for them to throw her body in there. After that, they closed the door.

“That ought to do it,” he said, sitting down on her bed to rest.
“This isn’t time to sit! We have to get out of here!”
“No, let’s stay and chat,” said April, walking in the room.
“What are you doing here?” asked Katrina.
“Well, I’m just getting ready to send you two murderers to jail.”
“Give me the phone,” said Katrina, yanking it out of her hand.
“You know what’s funny?”
“What?”
“Morgan kept seeing herself dead.”
“What are you talking about?”
“Well, she saw herself dead hanging from the oak tree. Then she seen herself dead in her car and then she seen herself dead in her closet, where her body rests now.”
“How could you possibly know all that. Did you see us trying to hide her body?” asked Rick.
“I saw the whole thing,” said a voice coming from behind Katrina.
She turned around to look and standing right there was a ghost of Morgan. Her face was very pale and her skin was a shade of purple. Also, there was a cold feeling coming off of her body.
“You’re supposed to be dead! See!” said Katrina, opening the closet door. Her body was still lying in the closer but it had looked as if the person standing next to them was a ghost.
“You killed me,” said Morgan, walking closer to her.
“You’re dead!” shouted Katrina.
“You’re a ghost, aren’t you?” asked April.
“You may want to leave, April,” Morgan said while opening the door for her.
April walked out of the room and closed the door behind her. Next, the only sound that she heard was Katrina and Rick screaming for mercy. She quickly ran back up the stairs and into Morgan’s room but when she opened the door, she had seen that Katrina and Rick’s body were lying on the floor, covered in blood. Morgan had finally got her revenge. When she had seen herself dead those past couple of days, it turned out that she was seeing herself in the future, where her body was going to be after she was murdered.

Sunny Meadow High

9

Raindrops fell from the skies that cover over the earth's dark soiled ground. Another boring day of school passed by for the many students at Sunny Meadow High. The day was Monday and that meant that it was the start of the week. For most students, that was the slowest day of the week. A day in the life of a teen is not easy. For most students, school is the main factor of stress. For sixteen year old Hillary Ross, life for her wasn't getting any better. Her grades were starting to fall, she was starting to feel discouraged in every school activity she became a part of, she didn't have many friends, and she was starting to lose interest in everything. One day she was sitting in the cafeteria by herself eating lunch when all of a sudden, a boy had come up to her that she had never seen before.

"Hi there," he said with a smile.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"My Name Is Derek Olsen, I just moved here."

"Well, as you can see, I'm eating alone and that's how I would like to keep it," she said angrily.

"Don't you have any friends?" he asked.

"Yes, I do but she's not here today."

"What's her name?"

"Jessica Marlon."
"I'd like to meet her."
"I'd like to learn how to dance but it's not going to happen, so beat it!".
"Sorry," he said as he walked away.
The truth was, her friend Jessica was sitting at another table because they had a falling out about a week earlier.
"Wait!"
"What?" he said as he turned around.
"If you're looking for a new friend, I guess I can be your friend."
"I'm happy you changed your mind."
"Well, if it isn't miss loser," said Melissa Stewart, walking over to the table.
"What do you want, Melissa?"
"What I want is for you to drop off of the face of the earth but I'm not that lucky.".
"Why don't you turn around and walk away," said Derek as he looked into her eyes.
"I'm sorry, I'll walk away," she said. She had then turned around and walked away.
"Wow, I can't believe she listened to you," she laughed..
"I have my ways," he smiled.
"Hey Hillary, Mrs. Kraft told me to pass out these flyers to everyone, so take one," said Nelda as she walked over to the table.
"What is it for?"
"It's an add for hand cream. How the hell should I know?" said Nelda angrily. She started to read the flyer.
"Oh, it says here that the school is starting up another club."
"Oh great, more useless money that the school can burn," said Nelda as she walked away.
"She's quite a character," said Derek.
"Yeah but she means well."
"What kind of club is it?" he asked.
"It says here that the new club they are trying to start is called the Exploration Society and down below, it says that its for people who like to go around different areas looking for historical places."
"That sounds interesting."
"Yeah, it does. I think I'll join. It says here that if you're interested, then go to the auditorium after school."
This would be the first school activity that she had ever became a part of that involved exploring different areas. All of the other school activities that she was apart of mostly involved being smart.
After school, Hillary walked straight to the auditorium. She was amazed when she had seen that there had been so many people there. There must have been fifty people in there, including her friend Jessica and the one person she hated the most, Melissa Stewart.
"Take a seat everyone," said Mrs. Kraft. Nelda was standing right beside her on the stage. Hillary quickly found a seat and sat down. "I want to thank everyone for coming. However, only a few of you have will be chosen."
"This is just like basketball try outs," Hillary said to herself.
"Well, I'll get right to the chase. Nelda and I have already chosen the one's that we'd like to have in our club. The following people have been chosen to join the Exploration Society and they are, Mark Givens, Harry Thompson, Jennifer Gates, Gary Burke, Jena Louis, Jessica Howard, Tiffany Carson, and Hillary Ross. That'll be all, I want to thank the rest of you for coming.

“I didn’t get picked! This is fixed!” shouted Melissa as she stormed out of the auditorium.

”Everybody whose name I called, please come up here!” Hillary quickly walked onto the stage where Mrs. Kraft was. Everybody else who had been picked had followed. “I just want you to know that we picked you for a reason,” said Mrs. Craft.

“Why have you picked us?” asked Hillary.

“Your parents were a member of our club when they went to this school and now, it’s your turn.”

“What exactly is this club about anyway,” asked Gary.

“What we do is go around different areas and explore historic areas.”

“Do we need a permission slip signed?” asked Tiffany.

“No, you don’t need any permission slip signed.”

“That’s weird,” said Jena.

“I think you are all going to enjoy being a member of this club,” Mrs. Kraft smiled.

“So if you know what’s right for you, you will keep your mouth shut,” said Nelda. Nelda was also a teacher at the school but often got quite smart with people.

“You mean we’re not a loud to tell anyone about this club?” asked Jessica.

“Absolutely not,” replied Mrs. Kraft.

“Why not?” asked Harry.

“You tell absolutely no one.”

“Ok, what’s going on here?” asked Jennifer.

“Ok, I’ll tell you all the truth. I’m not who you think I am,” said Mrs. Kraft.

“What do you mean?” asked Hillary.

“Yeah, I thought you were a teacher,” said Jena.

“The truth is, we are fighting a war between worlds.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Jessica.

“This group that you are all now a part of is a group of fighters and warriors.”

“I’m not sure I understand,” said Mark.

“Me neither,” said Jena.

“Ok, I’ll explain. There are many places where there are demons, the devils children, and spirits of the afterlife. They are trying to destroy the world and it’s up to you to change that.”

“Lady, you are nuts,” said Tiffany as she walked away.

“Yeah,” said Mark, walking away also.

“You’re loony,” said Jena as she followed hem.

“Wait!” shouted Mrs. Kraft. All three of them turned around.

“This may sound like something out of a movie but rest assure, it isn’t. When you see what I have to show you, you’ll believe me.”

“Ok lady, theoretically speaking, if what you’re saying is true, why haven’t our parents mentioned something about this before?” asked Hillary.

“Because none of you were ready yet.”

That next Monday, they had another meeting in the auditorium before school started. Hillary was the first one in the door because she was quite curious on what the club was about.

“I’m glad you made it,” said Mrs. Craft.

“Well, we’re ready to begin out journey I guess,” said Jessica.

“Before you begin, we must go over some rules first.”

“What kind of rules?” asked Mark.

“Rule Number one. . .never tell anyone about this organization. Second, if you suspect

anyone of being completely dangerous, report it to me and share it with the others as well. Next, if someone asks you at any time what this organization is about, tell them we explore old historic places. If you follow these rules, you will be ok."

"When do we start?" asked Harry.

"You begin today after school."

"Please, what could be so bad at school that we'd need to investigate?" asked Jena.

"You'd be surprised."

"Whatever," said Tiffany.

"I have to get to my classroom but for now, I want you to stay in her for your first period class, chat amongst yourselves, and work together as a team. I have already written a note to your teachers and had all of you excused from your first period class," said Mrs. Kraft as she started walking toward out the door. As soon as she closed the door, they all started to laugh.

"I don't even know why I came," said Jena.

"I'm glad I did. I hate first period math," said Harry.

"I'm still having trouble believing all of this garbage," said Hillary.

"If you're having trouble believing garbage, you shouldn't believe in yourself then," said Jessica.

"You're still mad at me?" asked Hillary.

"I sure as hell am. You lied to me, Hillary," said Jessica.

"I didn't lie to you," said Hillary angrily.

"What are you two talking about?" asked Mark.

"Well, Hillary here told me that she would pick me up from dance practice last week and she never showed up," said Jessica angrily.

"I'm sorry, I forgot," said Hillary.

"You didn't forget, you were more worried about hanging out with Becky Foster," said Jessica.

"Ok, maybe I didn't forget and wanted to hang out with her instead of you but please forgive me," Hillary begged.

"I'll forgive you," said Jessica smiling.

"Really?" asked Hillary.

"Yeah, when hell freezes over," said Jessica.

"You two fight more than my parents," said Tiffany.

"What's going on it here?" asked Derek as he walked into the room.

"Who are you?" asked Tiffany.

"My name is Derek. I already met Hillary," he replied.

"I feel sorry for you then," Jessica remarked.

"Alright, that's enough. I've seen sharks more friendly than you two," said Nelda as she walked in.

"You said it," said Harry.

"Who are you?" asked Nelda, who was looking at Derek.

"My name is Derek," he replied.

"Nice to meet you. Now get out of here," said Nelda as she pointed at the door.

"I guess I'll see you all later," he said as he walked out the door.

"I have a video that I want you to see," said Nelda.

"What kind of video is it?" asked Mark.

"It's a video of the president of the Exploration Society. He has a message for you," Nelda replied.

There was a VCR and Television set that set in the corner of the auditorium. She walked over to the VCR and put the tape in. Then she turned the Television on and pushed play on the VCR.

As soon as she put the tape in, the president had come on.

"Hello, my name is Herb Newman. I am the president of the Exploration Society. If you are watching this, then that means you have been chosen to join our organization. . .congratulations. You are all probably thinking that this is all a joke but let me assure you that it is far from that. If anything, you are all in danger. If you want to be a member of this organization, you must be serious about this. I'm going to show you some footage of what to expect on your journey," he said as the screen went black.

First, there came a scene of a cemetery and a women being axed to death by what appeared to be a spirit wearing all black. The women was screaming for her life.

"This is creepy," Tiffany said, trying to cover her eyes.

Next, there came a scene with lady walking in an alley and all of sudden, a man jumped out at her and started eating her to death. It appeared to be a zombie. It took bite after bite of her flesh as blood dripped into the zombies mouth. Third, there was a scene where a guy was playing golf when all of a sudden, what appeared to be a spirit dressed in white, jumped out and strangled him to death. His face was turning blue but nobody around him could see the spirit choking him.

The president of the Exploration Society had then come back on .

"What you just witnessed is what to expect. Your lives may be in danger, so if you want to drop out, now is the time but let me remind you, if you wish to stay, be afraid, be very afraid," he said giving a serious look. The tape went blank and Nelda shut off the VCR.

"I'm still having trouble following all of this," said Jena.

"Yeah, this doesn't sound like the kind of club I'd want to be in. I think I'd rather stick to the science club," said Harry.

"Well, if you want science, go to a museum," said Nelda.

"The stuff in that video was really disturbing," said Hillary.

"You said it Hillary," remarked Tiffany.

"We done talked about this last week. All of you agreed to do this," said Nelda.

"Ok, fine," said Mark.

"Mrs. Kraft has already typed up your first mission," said Nelda as she started passing out papers.

As soon as Hillary had received her copy, she automatically started to ready it.

"Now, as you can see on your paper, your first mission is to go to the Hickory cemetery," said Nelda.

"No way, I am not going to any cemetery," said Tiffany.

"It doesn't say on this paper what we have to do at the cemetery," said Hillary.

"That's because we don't type anything about our missions on the paper. We just type up where to go. If we typed up anything about our missions on the papers that we handed out to all of you, they might fall into the wrong hands and we can never let anyone know about our missions," said Nelda.

"By the way, where is Mrs. Craft?" asked Jessica.

"She hasn't showed up yet," replied Nelda.

"So, what exactly is our mission?" asked Mark

"Your mission is to go to the Hickory cemetery and look for a stone," said Nelda.

"You want us to go to the cemetery to look for a stone?" asked Jessica confusingly.

"Not just any kind of stone, but a magical stone," replied Nelda.

"This is beginning to sound like a fairytale," said Tiffany.
"Nelda, Hurry, Mrs. Kraft is lying in the hallway dead!" said Mrs. Roth.
Nelda quickly followed her out into the hallway. Her body was lying face down. Soon, everyone that was in the auditorium had ran out into the hallway also.
"Did you call for help?" asked Nelda.
"Yes, they're on their way," replied Mrs. Roth.
"Somebody killed her," said Nelda but she quickly covered her mouth.
"Who killed her?" asked Mrs. Roth.
"Mrs. Roth, if you will excuse me, I need to go with my students back into the auditorium and speak with them," said Nelda as she guided them back into the auditorium. Then she closed the door and made everyone sit down again.
"Alright, what's going on here?" asked Jena.
"This evil is closer than you think. We need your help," said Nelda.
"After seeing what had happened to Mrs. Kraft, count me in," said Hillary.
"This is nuts, I don't seen any point to this," said Harry.
"I'll be a sport. You can count me in too," said Tiffany.
"Me too," said Jessica.
"I'm in too," said Jena.
"I'm for it," said Mark.
"I'm in also," said Gary.
"What about you, Harry?" asked Nelda.
"Ok, I'm in I guess," he replied.
"Good, then it's settled," Nelda smiled.
The next day, Hillary was sitting at a table and eating her lunch by herself when Tiffany came over.
"Can I eat lunch with you?" Tiffany asked.
"Sure, be my guest," she replied. Mark and Harry also came over to sit down.
"This is the most people I've had sit with me in ages," said Hillary.
"It's kind of scary what had happened to Mrs. Kraft yesterday," said Tiffany.
"I think this school is haunted," said Mark.
"Get real," said Tiffany.
"Hi guys, can I sit here?" asked Derek. They all just paused, not knowing what to say.
"Sure," said Hillary.
"What were you guys talking about?" asked Derek.
"So, how about that football game the other night, Harry," said Mark.
"I like what you did with your hair, Hillary," said Tiffany.
"You guys talk about weird stuff," said Derek.
"Where are you from anyway? Aren't you a new student?" asked Tiffany.
"I'm from New Hampshire," he replied.
"What school did you go to before you came to this one?" asked Mark.
"Jamestown academy," he replied.
"That's interesting," said Harry.
Later on that day, Hillary was sitting in her seventh period history class when there was a knock at the door. The teacher, Mr. Humble, went over to answer the door.
"I need to see Hillary," said Tiffany who was standing at the door.
"Hillary, Tiffany needs to see you," said Mr. Humble.
She didn't hesitate to get up and walk toward the door. As soon as she got to the door, Tiffany walked out into the hallway and Hillary had followed her, closing the door behind

her.

"What's going on?" asked Hillary.

"We called New Hampshire and did a search for a Jamestown academy and the school doesn't exist," replied Tiffany.

"Derek lied then, so what?" asked Hillary confused.

"There's something strange about that boy, Hillary. I think he's one of them," replied Tiffany.

"One of what?" asked Hillary, still confused.

"You know, one of those people we're supposed to be fighting against," said Tiffany.

"Are you positive?" asked Hillary.

"Yes," replied Tiffany.

"Well, tomorrow we'll ask him," said Hillary.

The next day, Hillary was walking through the hallway outside of her classroom. She wasn't feeling very well, so she asked the teacher if she could use the restroom but she wasn't ready to return to class. All of a sudden, Derek walked up behind her.

"Hey there," he said.

"Hi Derek," she replied

"What are you doing out here?" he asked

"I wasn't feeling very well," she replied

"Oh," he said.

"Derek, I need to talk to you," she said ,giving him a straight face.

"What is it?" he asked.

"We did some research and found that there is no Jamestown Academy. Why did you lie?" she asked.

"Because I wanted you to think that I went to school before. The truth is I really am from New Hampshire but I dropped out of school three years ago and this is the first school I have been too since then. I didn't want you to think I was dumb," he replied.

"That's all? I thought you was one of those evil people or something," she said as she took a deep breath.

"What?" he asked confusingly.

"See, we're part of this club that looks for things of the supernatural," she said.

"What kind of club is that?" he asked.

"The kind that hunts for people like me," said Mr. Humble as she walked up to them.

"What?" she asked.

"I knew eventually that the school would form a group to hunt down people of my kind," said Mr. Humble as her face started to change form. Next, her teeth started to grow long and her skin started to grow hairy.

"What are you?" she asked.

"I am your worst nightmare," said Mr. Humble, evilly laughing at her.

"Run Derek!" she shouted pulling him as she started to run.

"What's going on here?" asked Derek as they were running.

"I'll explain later," she replied.

Then they ran on the second floor, so it was hard for them to find an exit. Mr. Humble was starting to catch up to them but they made a left at the end of the hallway and that made her fall.

"She fell," said Derek.

"Good, that gives us more time," she said. They continued to run through the hallway until they reached the end, which there was a door there that led into the auditorium.

“Where are we going to go now?” Mark asked.

“This door leads to the auditorium,” she said as she opened the door. As soon as they ran in there, she closed the door and locked it.

“We should be safe in here,” she said.

“Not exactly,” Derek said.

“Do you think she can get through this door?” she asked.

“She might not but now you have me to worry about,” Derek replied.

“What?” she asked. All of a sudden, his face started to grow grotesque and his eyes started to turn black.

“Oh no, you’re one of them!” she screamed.

“Now that we’re alone, no one will see when I kill you!” he shouted. She quickly started running. He started going after her. Her heart was pounding and sweat poured from her forehead. She continued to run, trying not to stop for anything. As soon as she reached the other door, she quickly ran out and slammed it shut. Then she ran down the hallway and saw that the front entrance to the school was right at the bottom of the steps. She didn’t hesitate but ran down the steps and ran out of the door. She was completely out of breath.

“There you are!” shouted Mr. Humble.

“Get away!” she screamed. She started to run down the street, trying not to pass out from being out of breath.

“Come back here!” he shouted as he ran out into the street after her. All of a sudden, a car was speeding around the corner and smacked right into him, causing him to fall to the ground. Then she paused and just stared. The person had then got out of the car. Then she realized that it was Jessica getting out of the car.

“You killed him!” shouted Hillary.

“Oh my, I’m a murderer!” Jessica screamed.

“No, you just saved me. He was one of those. . .those things Mrs. Kraft was talking about,” Hillary replied.

“One of those demons?” Jessica asked.

“Yes,” Hillary replied.

“You might have killed him but you don’t have me!” shouted Derek, grabbing Jessica from behind. Jessica had started to scream. Then a gunshot was fired and the next thing they knew, Derek had fallen to the ground. Hillary started to look around when she had noticed that Nelda was holding a gun.

“I got him for you,” she said, putting the gun down.

“Now I can honestly say that I believe in this stuff now,” said Hillary.

“Me too,” said Jessica.

“Thanks for saving me, Jessica,” said Hillary.

“Hey, don’t I get any appreciation?” asked Nelda.

“Yes, thank you also,” Jessica smiled.

Later on that day, they had told the others what had happened. The bad thing was, after they were both killed, their bodies disappeared, so there wasn’t any proof that it had ever happened. The rest of the Exploration Society soon will begin their mission to go out and save the world, so the journey begins.

Cabin In The Woods
10

The moon's light was breaking through the trees and the cold night air made it almost impossible to keep warm. Her name was Sandy and she had been running through the woods for about fifteen minutes. She wasn't sure who or what had been chasing her but whatever it was, it kept on her tail. Her teeth were chattering and her bones were cracking as she ran into the unknown. East, west, north, south, she had no idea which way was which. She could hear it catching up with her but she didn't stop for anything. She just kept on running for as long as her feet would let her. She could hear the sound of the sticks on the ground cracking as it was catching up to her. She tried to outrun it but it wasn't outsmarted by her.

"I can't run anymore," she said, collapsing onto the ground. All she could do was lay there, out of breath. She could hear it coming closer to her by the second. Her screams filled the night air but her fear gave her the strength to get back up and start running again. Earlier in the evening, she had taken a drive to Forest View Park. She was lying on the hood of her car and looking at the stars when she heard a noise. She get off of the hood and started walking around, trying to see where the noise was coming from. Then all of a sudden, this thing that was pitch black started coming toward her. It looked like a trail of black dust, only scarier. Then she started to run and eventually ran into the woods. Since then, she has been running from it. She wasn't sure what it was or who it was. She didn't know if it was a ghost, just a black cloud, or what. Then she thought that maybe she could confront it. Maybe it wasn't going to hurt her. She took a dead stop and turned around.

She decided to wait for it to come to her. She was a bit nervous but more fearful than anything. It came closer by the second and as it came closer, her heart pounded faster. Soon, it was in her view and she could see it approaching her. "Who are you?"

It didn't stop or speak though. Soon, it came up to her face. She could actually feel it breathing on her. She just stood there fearful and confused. She kept asking herself the question of what is it or who it was. Suddenly, it covered her body like a shell covers a peanut. She couldn't move or scream. It was as if it had complete control of her. She started coughing and couldn't catch her breath. Soon, her body grew week and within a few seconds, she dropped over. All the life had been sucked out of her body. She lied there, on the ground, with her eyes still open, but no life to her.

The next day, a hunter was walking through the woods. He hadn't caught anything all day but a cold. All of a sudden, he saw something lying on the ground about ten feet a head of him. He ran over to see what it was and here, it was the body of a dead girl. He immediately took out his cell phone and called for help. Within fifteen minutes, a police officer showed up, along with a paramedic but it was too late for the paramedic to do anything. The policeman radioed in for a coroner. As soon as the corner had arrived, he took one look at the body and pronounced her dead. They arranged an autopsy but when they did it, the couldn't find out how she had died. Her health was perfect.

Two weeks later, Brooke was sitting in the cafeteria at lunch, reading a novel. The day was Wednesday and she was waiting for her friend Eve but she hadn't come yet. She was always late though. They grew up together on the same street, in the same school, even the same house. Eve's parents lived next door to Brooke's parents and Eve's parents had died in a terrible car accident when she was only four. Since then, Brooke's Parents adopted her. They have been really good friends for years.

"Sorry I'm late," said Eve as she walked over to the table.

"Where were you this time?" Brooke asked.

"She was with me," said Levi as he walked over to the table also.

"We're dating," said Eve as she smiled at him.

"This is news," said Brooke, giving a fake smile. She didn't like when Eve dated anyone because when she did, she would spend all of her time with her boyfriend.

"Well, I'm going to go sit with Levi," said Eve as she walked away with him. This had happened many times before, so she was used to it. Later on that day, when Brooke got home, she walked upstairs, and dropped down on the bed. She felt exhausted after the long day at school. Eve had then walked into the room.

"Life is so wonderful," she said as she walked over to Brooke.

"Maybe for you," Brooke replied.

"And what exactly does that mean?"

"It means you're a twit."

"What's wrong with you?"

"I'm tired of you brushing me off for guys."

"Well, this one is difference."

"They are always different," Brooke joked. This was the first time that Brooke had ever said anything about Eve doing this.

"Besides, this never bothered you before."

"It always has bothered me. I just never said anything."

"Well, I'm going out with him tonight and you won't ruin my night," said Eve as she stormed out of the room. Brooke never admitted to it but she was sometimes jealous of Eve having more of a love life than her. Brooke was lucky if she got two dates a year. She

wasn't ugly or anything, its just she's a lot smarter than other girls and that seems to turn a lot of boys off.

Late on that day, Eve was in the car with Levi. He was taking her to Forest view park.

"Aren't we going to go out to dinner or somewhere like that?" she asked..

"I have somewhere better where we can be alone," he replied.

"Where are we going?"

"Forest View Park."

"You're so sly," she replied with a smile. As soon as they arrived there, he parked the car in the direction from where they could see the whole town.

"You can see everything from up here," he said in amazement.

"I'm kind of depressed tonight, Levi," she sighed.

"What's wrong?"

"It's Brooke, she's awfully mad at me. Every time I date a new guy, she gets jealous.".

"Brooke's just going to have to get over that," he said as he leaned in for a kiss. She quickly pulled away.

"Levi, you're not listening to me."

"Yes, I am," he said, leaning in for another kiss.

"You're impossible," she said, pushing him away. She quickly jumped out of the car.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going for a walk," she said, walking toward the woods.

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"No, just stay there, I'll be back. . .sometime tonight," she said, walking into the woods. The woods were very dark and the skies were cloudy. She felt a little scared being there by herself but after thinking it over, Levi wasn't the right guy for her. It seemed as if all that he was interested in was feeling her up. She heard a sound coming from a distance.

"Who's there?" she asked but there was no response. She started walking further into the woods. She could hear her heart pounding into her ears. She always had been afraid of the dark. Even when she was a little girl, she had to sleep with the lights on. Then she heard the sound coming closer. She started to pick up the pace and started walking faster. It had seemed as if the sound was growing louder by the minute. She continued walking though. She wasn't sure if someone was in the woods but she wasn't about to find out. She started walking even more faster but the sound seemed to be getting closer. At this point, she had started running. She wasn't a very fast runner but at this moment, she ran as fast as her feet would take her. The sound grew even more louder and this time, it sounded as if it were behind her. She turned around to get one glance and saw that something was behind her. It was dark and looked like dark black clouds.

"Oh my!" She started to pick up the pace. Her mind was racing with thoughts, very bad thoughts. She wasn't sure what was happening but all that was going through her mind was that she was going to die. That was her worst fear. Her body trembled and her mind was racing. She could feel herself running out of breath but she couldn't stop now. She tried to run faster but was running out of steam. She didn't know how much longer she could keep up. "Help me!" she screamed but there was no one around. The next thing she knew, it covered her and she couldn't see anything. "Help!" Soon, she couldn't see anything ahead of her and suddenly, she had just disappeared.

"Eve, are you here?" asked Levi as he walked into the woods. There was no sign of her though. He started walking further. "Are you here?" Then he felt someone tap his shoulder and he quickly turned around in fright.

"Where's Eve?" asked Brooke, standing behind him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.
"I need to talk to her," she replied.
"How did you know we were here?"
"Because this is where all of her other boyfriends took her. Now where is she?"
"We were sitting out there at Forest View Park and she just started walking into the woods."
"Do you mean to tell me that she is in these woods by herself?"
"Well, yeah."
"You are so pathetic. We need to find her," she said as she started walking. He immediately followed her. As they walked through the woods, the temperature seemed to be growing colder. She had forgotten to bring her coat but she was more worried about finding Eve than wearing a coat.
"What's that sound?" he asked. There was a sound coming from a distance.
"I don't know," she replied.
"It sounds like it's coming from behind us." She turned around to take a look but she didn't see anything.
"I hear something but I don't see anything," she said. Then all of a sudden, this black object with black clouds appeared. "What is that?"
"I don't know but let's get out of here!" He grabbed her by the hand and started pulling her in his direction. She quickly let go of his hand though and stopped running.
"What's wrong."
"I'm not going anywhere with you."
"Why not? There's something behind us."
"I don't like you, I never did like you!"
"Come back!" She just kept on walking though. Suddenly, the black object surrounded him and he couldn't see anything. He screamed and moaned horribly but she didn't hear him. Then all of sudden, he disappeared without a trace. Then it started to go after her. As soon as she heard it coming, she took off running.
"What are you?" she screamed as she started running again. That was the fastest that she had ever ran in her entire life. It started creeping up on her faster. She knew she couldn't stop and that she had to keep running. It made a screeching sound as it were coming closer to her. It was a sound like no other she had heard before. Suddenly, she felt something drip onto her hand, so she came to a dead stop. She looked and had seen that it was something red that was dripping onto her hand from the trees. She looked up and saw that there were dozens of dead bodies just hanging on the branches. Two of those dead bodies were Eve and Levi's. Her face turned pale as she screamed frightfully. The black object was coming closer to her, so she started running again. This time she knew that she had to run or she would end up like the dead bodies in the tree. The thought of dying had never crossed her mind before but this time, that's all it was on her mind. Soon, she was deep in the woods and she could hardly see anything in front of her. This wasn't a good time to think negative but it was hard for her not to. As she was running, she saw that there was a log cabin just a head of her. She decided to go and see if there were someone in there that could help her. She ran quickly over to the log cabin and when she got there, she immediately ran inside. Then she closed the door and locked it. The door had one of those locks that slide. The inside of the cabin looked empty. There were no other rooms, just one big empty room. There was a wooden chair and a log lying on the floor but that was it. Then she had seen that over in the corner of the room were steps. It had looked as if they led to a basement or something. Suddenly, there was a heavy pound at the door, so she quickly ran over to the

steps and started to run down them. When she had went into the basement, she saw that it was empty too but there was a door on the other side of the room though. She saw a light coming from the crack under the door. She quickly ran over to the door but hesitated to open it. Then she opened it slowly and what she saw next was shocking. On the other side of the door were the woods but it was daylight out.

"How could it be the day?" She walked outside and took a look at the cabin. It looked the same way it did when she first walked in. The sun's light was breaking through the trees.

"Who are you?" asked a voice from behind her. She turned around to look and had seen that there was a young girl standing there.

"Who are you?" asked Brooke.

"My name is Kawbeeb," the girl replied. The girl looked as if she were wearing buffalo skin for clothes and she carried a long stick.

"I'm a little confused."

"Why?"

"Because I was being chased by this black object, so I ran into the cabin, I found some steps that led to the basement, I ran down them, found a door, and it led back outside but instead of being nighttime, it's daytime."

"This cabin has a legend behind it."

"What kind of legend?"

"Legend has it that it can send you through time."

"That sounds like nonsense."

"Well, you don't look like you're one of our people. From where do you travel?"

"Forest view."

"This land here is Naomi Valley."

"No, this is Forest View."

"No, this is Naomi Valley."

"My school is even called Forest View High School. My parents even graduated from there in the nineteen-seventies."

"That's much impossible because the nineteen fifties hasn't even passed yet."

"They passed a long time ago."

"No, this is only the year Twelve-eighteen."

"Oh my."

"You're from the future, aren't you? And you traveled through time in that log cabin, didn't you? So, the legend is true!"

"Well, who do we have here?" asked a man, who was standing behind Kawbeeb.

"She traveled through time from that log cabin," said Kawbeeb.

"Well, I think she's a trespasser! Off with her head!" the man shouted as a whole gang of ancients came up behind him riding on horses. They grabbed her and tied her up, dragging her onto the ground. Then they tied her to the back of a horse and made her follow them, while having her hands tied to the horse.

"My name is Kishab," said the man as he laughed at her.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"You're going to make a much devoured dinner for us."

"You mean you're going to eat me?"

"Every single part of you," he replied. She was in an even worse situation now. She had to think of a way out of it and fast.

"Sorry but we are starving," said Kawbeeb.

"Just tell me one thing before you kill me."

"What?" asked Kishab.

"Have you seen a black object that looks like a cloud?" asked Brooke.

"Yes, that is Hoster," replied Kishab.

"Who?" Brooke asked with a confused look on her face.

"It's Hoster! He's an evil unwanted spirit that floats around the woods at night. He destroyed all of our crops and our homes. Legend has it, one day he was hunting in these woods and he accidentally fell from a tree. That's how he died," said Kishab.

"If he catches you, does he kill you?" Brooke asked.

"Yes, most definitely," replied Kishab. Within a couple minutes, they arrived at a little village, where the rest of the villagers were. They were all sitting outside there houses that were made of buffalo skin and sticks, waiting for the dinner that Kishab and his men caught.

"You will be most tasty," said Kishab. They untied her and threw her down onto the ground.

"Let's eat," said Kawbeeb, holding her spear up, wanting to take the first poke. Brooke immediately jumped up and started running.

"After her!" shouted Kishab. They started throwing their spears at her but with her quickness, she managed to dodge the spears. She ran as fast as she could. She knew that she had to get back to the cabin. They were catching up to her though. She started to run faster but they were close enough to see her. Her forehead was covered in sweat and it was seeping down into her eyes. She wasn't sure where to go but looking for the cabin was the first thing on her mind. She picked up the pace and started to run faster. Her mind was racing with bad thoughts but she knew that she had to keep running. "Kill her!" She continued to run and wasn't stopping for anything. She could feel her heart pounding and her vision was starting to get blurry from being out in the hot heat. Within a couple seconds, the cabin was in her sight. She quickly started running toward it. She was only about a hundred feet away. "Kill her you fools!" He was pointing his spear at her. Her feet were feeling tired from running but she knew that she couldn't stop. She was only about thirty feet away from the cabin now. They were getting closer to her though, so she knew she didn't have much time. Soon, she was only fifteen feet away. She tried to jog the last few feet but they were almost behind her by this time. She quickly ran back inside the cabin and closed the door. She noticed that there were no lock on the door. She took a look around the room and had seen that the steps were still there. She quickly ran back up them but as soon as she started running up the steps, Kishab and his men came through the door. She didn't stop though. As soon as she had reached the top of the stairs, she started running towards the door. She felt very tired but knew if she had stopped that she would not make it. As soon as she reached the door, she opened it and ran back outside. She had then noticed that it was nighttime again and it looked as if she were back in her time. Then she heard that sound that the black object was making earlier. She had then remembered that Kishab told her that it's name was Hoster. She quickly started running again. She could hear it coming closer to her. She didn't know how much time she had but knew if she didn't hurry that she'd end up like the dead bodies that she had seen in the tree earlier. The sound grew louder and it started screeching louder. This was a very confusing time because she wasn't sure what had happened when she first ran inside the log cabin and she never really believed in time travel. Suddenly, she turned around to look behind her and saw that the black object was right behind her. It couldn't have been anymore than ten feet away. She started to run faster than she ever ran before, trying not to let it catch up but no matter how fast she had ran, it seemed to always catch up. The next thing she knew, she

tripped over branch that was laying in her path and ended up falling on top of a flower bed. She quickly got up and realized that she was finally out of the woods and in someone's back yard. She turned around and took one last look at the woods before she headed off.

She quickly ran out of yard and on to the street. Everything looked different to her though. All of the cars looked as if they were nineteen forties and fifty's models. Every yard had grass that was so green, that there wasn't one brown spot on it. She walked over to the newspaper machine to look at the date and it said Nineteen-fifty-six.

"I have to be dreaming," she said to herself. She had then remembered once again what Kawbeeb had told her about time traveling. "I must be in the wrong year." Suddenly, the sun was starting to come up and soon, the streets were sunny. She stood there in the middle of the street just thinking when all of a sudden, a bus came from around the corner and hit her, knocking her to the ground. Everything went black until suddenly she had awakened.

"I'm glad you're awake," said a voice. She wasn't sure who it was because her eyes were still closed but as soon as she was able to open them all of the way, she had seen that it was Eve standing over her.

"What happened?" asked Brooke.

"I don't know, the police found you lying in the middle of the street. They thought you were dead," replied Eve.

"Wait a minute, what are you still doing alive?"

"What are you talking about? I have a date with Levi tonight. We're going up to Forest View Park."

"I understand now. I went to the woods looking for you. I saw you and Levi's dead body in the trees, so I ran, found a cabin, walked in, found another door that led to another time period, so it was as if I time traveled. Then when I ran back into the cabin, I ended up in another time period, got hit by a bus and now I'm back in my own time period. This must still be Wednesday, so that means I still have time to save you."

"Of course it's Wednesday, it's Wednesday morning actually."

"I have an idea. Why don't we go somewhere tonight."

"And break my date with Levi?"

"Yes, please." The truth was, she didn't want her going to Forest View Park because the woods are next to that place.

"Ok, sure, I can go out on a date with Levi anytime." It was a good turn out. Two weeks later, Eve caught Levi cheating on her anyway, so she broke up with him and never went to Forest View Park. Since then, Brooke and Eve continued to be good friends. As for Hoster, he's still out there in the woods somewhere.

The Many Murders Of Raymond Gulch
11

There stood Sarah at her window watching the rain fall. She has two brothers and two sisters. Her mother had her when she was twenty-five. Her father has always kept to himself. He never really says much to the family or spends much time with them. Sarah's parents are still together but by the way they act, it always seems as if they're divorced. Her oldest brother's name is Michael. He is twenty-two. Her second oldest brother is Timothy, who is twenty. Her sisters are younger than she is. Her sister Maggie is only fifteen, her sister Francine is sixteen, and Sarah is seventeen. Her parent's names are Mildred and Raymond. Everybody that lives in the house has their own room. Even her parents have separate rooms. Her parents don't get along too well. Sarah didn't get along with her parents either. As a matter of fact, her father is abusive. He's abused her since she was five. Her parents weren't the wealthiest people but they always managed to put food on the table.

Sarah walked over to her bed and sat down. She had skipped school for the last three days. She hated school with a passion. Her favorite class was lunch, if that's even considered a class. As she was sitting there on the bed, she suddenly heard a really loud sound.

"What is that?" she asked herself.

"Sarah, hide!" shouted Maggie as she ran into the room.

"What was that?"

"Dad's gone nuts! He just killed Timothy and now he's on his way up the steps to kill us."

"Don't be ridiculous." She didn't believe her but being curious, she walked over to the door, opened it just a little, and peeped her head through the crack. It turned out that she was telling the truth because her father was walking up the stairs, carrying a shotgun and he was almost to the top of the stairs. She quickly shut the door quietly and locked it.

"What are we going to do?" asked Maggie.

"I can't believe this is happening," she said as she started to hyperventilate.

"We have to do something." Next, there was a pound at the door.

"Open the door! ," shouted Raymond.

"Get away from us!" shouted Maggie. Suddenly, there was another boom, followed by a scream. To Sarah, it sounded like their mother's voice.

"Your arrogant woman of a mother just tried to take the gun from me and I shot her. You little are next!"

"I have an idea," whispered Sarah.

"What is it?" whispered Maggie.

"Let's climb out the window."

"It won't do you any good because I nailed all the windows shut this morning!" he shouted. Sarah walked over to the window and sure enough, it wouldn't open.

"How could you do this?" asked Maggie.

"This family of mine is dead weight. Every single one of you costs me so much money and I work hard every day to support you. I'm tired of it!" he shouted.

"You're a parent. That's your job!" shouted Maggie.

"No, I want to be free again, just like I was before I got married and had kids!"

"You're nuts," said Sarah.

"And you're dead!" he shouted, pounding on the door once again. The next thing they knew, the door flew open and he raised the gun over his shoulder.

"Which one of you will die first?" He pointed the gun at Sarah and then at Maggie. Then he pointed it at Sarah again and then back at Maggie again. "I'm having such a hard time choosing."

"Why don't you just kill us both and get it over with?" Maggie said, being frightened.

"That would take all of the fun out of it." Suddenly, someone had hit him over the head with a vase, causing him to fall to the floor. They realized that it was Michael.

"Run!" shouted Michael. The two girls stepped over him and ran out of the bedroom but before Michael could run, Raymond had shot him in the back. The two girls were half way down the steps when they heard the gun fire. When they turned to look, they had seen blood dripping from his mouth and watched as he fell to the floor.

"Michael!" Sarah shouted but soon, Raymond had walked out of her bedroom and pointed the gun at her. She quickly ran. He fired the gun but he had missed her. Suddenly, he saw Maggie fall down the steps. Then a puddle of blood came from the spot she was laying

"You killed her!" Sarah shouted.

"You're next!" He reloaded his gun, giving them both an angry look. She quickly ran to the bottom of the steps and jumped over Maggie's lifeless body. Without hesitating, she ran to the front door but it was locked. She looked at the door and saw that her father had put a lock on from the inside of the door that you needed a key to open. "You're not getting out of this house," He slowly walked down the steps. She quickly ran toward the kitchen but tripped over the rug in the hallway. Before she could get up, he had fired another shot.

This time she was hit. The bullet hit her in the arm. Without hesitating, she quickly got up and ran into the kitchen. She closed the door and placed a kitchen chair in front of it. He tried to open the door but the chair stopped him.

"Let me in!" She quickly ran to the basement door and opened it. The basement looked dark from where she was standing at the top of the basement stairs but all she was worried about was getting away from her father. She quickly ran down the steps, shutting the door behind her. This door didn't have a lock on it, so she didn't have much protection. She raced over to the first window she had seen and tried to open it but like her bedroom windows, it was also nailed shut. She quickly ran over to the next window but it was nailed shut as well.

Soon, the door at the top of the steps flew open.

"I know you're down here." She didn't have much time to think but she knew that she had to think of something fast. She had then realized that the window on the other side of the basement looked large enough to crawl out, that's if she could find something to shatter the glass. Then she saw a crowbar lying on the floor. She quickly picked it up and ran over to the window. Without hesitation, she threw the crowbar at the window causing the glass to shatter into a million pieces. As soon as the glass had shattered, her father quickly started running down the steps. As soon as she heard his footsteps, she quickly started to climb out of the window. At first, she had gotten stuck and soon, her father was already at the bottom of the steps.

"You're not getting out of here!" he shouted as he pointed his gun toward her feet that were hanging from the window. She quickly pulled herself out of the window and as soon as she did this, he fired the gun once again. This time she was hit in the leg but she managed to make it outside. As soon as she hit the ground, he walked over to the window. "Go ahead, scream, run, and get help you little bitch." He held his gun up to the window.

He had taken another shot but she managed to roll over causing him to miss. She quickly jumped up and started running. She wasn't sure where she was going to run to but she knew she had to get help.

"Help!" she screamed ,running down the street. Soon, all of the neighbors had walked outside, onto their porches to see what the screaming was about.

"What's wrong?" asked Johnny Carfield, her next door neighbor.

"Help me, please!"

"What's wrong?"

"My dad is trying to kill me."

"Well, come in my house and I'll call the police." Once they had gotten inside, he closed the door and locked it.

"He killed half of my brothers, sisters, and my mother!" He picked up the phone and dialed a number. She looked at the numbers he was dialing and had seen that he was dialing her home phone number.

"Hello, Raymond, she's here."

"Why are you calling him?" she asked.

"Your father and I have a deal. We were both sick of our lives and decided to kill our families. I already killed mine, see!" he shouted, opening the living room closet. There in the closet ,lied his family's dead corpses.

"I can't believe this!"

"I promised your father if one of his family members got away while he was trying to kill then, that I would finish the job for him. He also promised me the same." He walked over to his gun cabinet. She quickly ran over to the front door and opened it but before she

could run out, she felt something bust her in the nose. Then she realized that her father was standing in the door holding the gun. He had busted her in the nose with the other end of the gun.

"Good to see you," said Johnny.

"Always a pleasure," said Raymond.

"What are we going to do with her?"

"Kill her of course." Raymond quickly pointed the gun at his daughter, not giving a second thought. She quickly jumped up and without realizing what she was doing, she accidentally kicked the gun out of his hand. She tried to run but Johnny had grabbed a hold of her.

"Don't make it hard for us to kill you!" shouted Raymond.

"Leave me alone!" She quickly elbowed him in the stomach ,causing him to drop to the floor in pain. She noticed that there were a set of stairs. She quickly ran up the stairs. When she reached the top, she had noticed that there was a hallway and at the end of the hallway, she could see a bedroom. She quickly ran down the hallway and into the bedroom. The she quickly closed the door and locked it. She was terrified because she could hear them moving downstairs from where she was standing. Then she heard footsteps coming up the stairs. She noticed that the door had a peephole, so she bent down and looked through it. She had seen that they were both coming right toward the door.

"Let us in!" shouted Raymond, pounding on the door.

"You're dead," said Johnny.

"Just wait until Francine comes home. I wasn't able to kill her yet but when she comes home, I'll show her what's coming to her too!" Raymond shouted.

They both started to pound on the door. She quickly backed away from the door and fell onto the bed. She had then noticed that there were two windows in the room. There was one to the right of her and there was one to the left. She quickly walked over to the one on the left. She wasn't sure if the windows had been nailed shut because her father bolted the windows in their house and since Johnny had also killed his family, he might have nailed the windows shut there too. As soon as she tried to open it, it had raised right up, so it wasn't nailed shut after all.

She peeped her head out the window to see if there was a drain pipe or something else to hold onto but there was nothing like that.

"I heard her open the window. . .she's escaping," said Raymond. As soon as she heard him say this, she quickly climbed out of the window. She was hanging onto the ledge of the window. Suddenly, she heard the bedroom door open, so she knew that she had to jump or die. Without giving it much thought, she let go of the window seal and fell into a pile of bushes. She had scratched her back up quite a bit but she could still run, so that's all that mattered to her. She quickly threw her body from the bushes and started to run again. It didn't take long before Raymond ran outside from the front door and started coming after her again.

"Leave me alone," she screamed. He didn't have his gun in his hand though. Probably because he didn't want the neighbors to see him chasing after her with it.

"Don't make this hard!" he shouted. She wasn't sure where to go or what to do. All that she knew was that she had to get away from him and fast. The neighbors weren't outside anymore but even if they had been, she was much too afraid to trust them because what Johnny had did to her. Then she noticed that there was a police officer sitting in his police car just up a head. She quickly ran over to the car to get the police officer's attention.

"Help me, help me!"

“What is it Miss?” he asked.
“My father just murdered my whole family and now he’s trying to kill me!”
“It’s ok, Miss.”
“There you are,” said Raymond, walking up behind her.
“That’s him!’.
“It’s ok, officer, what had happened was I grounded her earlier and she got mad at me, so she decided to run away from home,” Raymond smiled.
“That’s not what happened officer,” she said, trying to catch her breath.
“Well, I think it was wrong for you to run away. You need to go with your father at once,” the officer ordered.
“But-“
“No buts,” the officer interrupted. Raymond automatically grabbed her hand and started to pull her in the direction of their house.
“Have a good day, officer,” said Raymond, walking away.
“You too,” said the officer, smiling.
“You thought you could be quite foxy! Well, I’m not done with you yet,” he whispered to her.
“Why don’t you just kill me now, right in front of the police?”
“Don’t be a wise acre.” It didn’t take long before they were back at the house again. He forced her into the house and once they were in there, he closed the door, locking it.
“How could you do something like this?” she asked.
“I’m going to enjoy this!”
“Where’s your shot gun?”
“I don’t need a big gun to kill you. This will do fine!” He took out a small handgun from his pocket and pointed it at her head, not giving a second thought. This was it. She was trapped with no way out. She had run out of ideas. Even if she had managed to escape, there would be no way out of the house and he would just catch her again.
“Just get it over with!” she cried.
“This is going to give me great pleasure.” He held the gun up to her head. Then all of a sudden she had gotten an idea. She quickly turned around and looked him in the eye. “What are you staring at?”
Without hesitation, she quickly pushed him, causing him to drop his gun, trip over his own feet and fall onto the floor. She quickly picked the gun up.
“Don’t move!” she shouted.
“What are you going to do? Shoot me? ”He laughed at her, not caring that she had the gun.
“Give me the key!”
“You won’t get far.”
“Just give me the key!” He tossed the key over to her feet, still laughing at her.
“Get it yourself!”
She quickly bent down to pick up the key when all of a sudden, he started to come after her. She quickly fired the gun. She shot him in the arm. This gave her a little time, so she ran to the door and unlocked it. Then she opened it and ran outside. She knew that going to the police wasn’t a good idea because they would just take her father’s side again. She had then realized that the key he had given her was on a key ring and on that key ring were the car keys. It looked as if it were the keys to her mother’s car. She quickly ran over to the car. She quickly opened the car door and got in. Then she closed the door, put the keys in the ignition, and started it up. Blood was gushing from her wounded arm and her wounded

leg. She wasn't feeling too well either. Her father had then ran out of the house but as soon as she saw him coming toward the car, she put the car into drive and drove off. She wasn't sure where to drive to but she knew that she had to go somewhere. She decided to drive down Route eight. It was mostly a back road but it would give her time to get away, so that she could come up with a plan. As she pulled onto that road, she drove as fast as she could go. She had then noticed in her rear view mirror that her father was driving behind her in his car. He immediately slammed into the back of the car.

"Leave me alone!" He slammed his car into her car once again. Then the back window shattered. She turned to look and had seen that he was shooting at her.

"Pull over!" he shouted, firing the gun once again. This time, it had shattered her driver's side mirror. All she could do was panic. She had driven down a back road, where no one was around to help her. The road she was on went on for miles without any houses, buildings, or people. She looked at the gas gage and it was on a quarter of a tank. She knew it wouldn't be long before she had run out of gas. She knew that her mother's car wasn't very good on gas either. After a couple of minutes, he went left of center and pulled beside her. "Pull over!"

Her body was shaking and she was having a hard time steering with her nervous hands. He pointed the gun at the driver's side window but she quickly pushed her foot down on the gas pedal, causing the car to speed up. He fired the gun again. This time hitting the front tire, causing it to go flat. She was having much trouble controlling the car now. Then she looked over and saw that he was out of bullets and reloading the gun.

"Now, it's my turn," she said. She slammed the car into his, causing him to fly off of the road and into a ditch. Then she quickly stopped her car and looked back. She saw him trying to get out of the ditch but his car wouldn't move. Then she placed her car in reverse and drove backwards. She drove up next to his car. She had seen that he was also stuck in his car because the air bag had popped open and he couldn't move.

"I'm going to get out of this car and I'm going to kill you!" he said.

"Now, that would be one hell of a trick!" she said as she pushed the cigarette lighter in and opened her car door. Then she walked over to the trunk of the car she was driving and opened it. Inside was a gas can. She took it out, shut the trunk, and walked over to his car.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"I'm going to play God," she said, laughing evilly at him.

She popped the lid off of the gas can and started to pour gasoline over his car. She poured it on the roof, the hood, the trunk, and even poured some inside of the car. Then she walked back over to the car she was driving and took out the cigarette lighter. Then she walked back over to his car.

"What are you doing?" he asked impatiently.

"I'm avenging my mother's death," she said as she threw the lighter on top of the car. At that moment, the whole car went up in flames. He screamed at the top of his lungs as he and his car burned. They both had burned like the wood in a fire. Then she walked away from his car, got back into the car she was driving, and drove back to her house. She wasn't sure if she wanted to call the police or not. After all, they might say that she killed her father on purpose and not for self-defense. Suddenly, Johnny had busted through the door.

"Where's Raymond?" he asked.

"I killed him," she replied.

"You killed him?"

"Yes, he's dead."

"Well, your time is coming now," he said, pulling a knife out of his pocket. She quickly bolted for the stairs but he managed to grab a hold of the back of her shirt to stop her.

"Leave me alone!"

"You thought you could outsmart your dad but you won't outsmart me." All she wanted to do was close her eyes and wish that this were all a bad dream. Suddenly, the door bell had rang and Johnny had gotten distracted and as soon as this happened, she managed to escape from his hands and run up the stairs.

"Get back here!" She ran up the steps, tripped over Maggie's lifeless body but quickly got back up and finished running up the steps as fast as she could. As soon as she had reached the top, she ran into her bedroom, closed the door and locked it. Now she was back where she started from and she wasn't making things any easier for herself. "Open this door now!"

"You better answer the door. It might be someone for you," she laughed.

"Whoever it is, they can wait."

"Maybe it's the police," she laughed. Although, she was hoping and praying for a miracle that it was the police.

"If it is, I bet they'll just love the story that I'm going to tell them!"

"What are you talking about?"

"The gun that your father used has your finger prints all over it and plus, if you killed your father like you said you did, the police will find all the evidence linking back to you and trust me, I'll tell them that I saw you do it."

"You wouldn't!"

"Oh, but I would." She was in a bad situation. Johnny was going to pin all of the murders on her. The doorbell had then rang again. This time, it was followed by a loud knock. She heard Johnny walking down the steps. She figured he was probably going to see who was at the door. This had then given her some time. She quickly opened her bedroom door and slowly walked down the hallway, so that he wouldn't hear that she was out of the bedroom. She slowly walked down the stairs, taking small steps. She was anxious to see who was at the door. Maybe it was someone who could help her. When she had gotten to the bottom of the stairs, she peeped her head around the corner to see who was at the door. To her surprise, it was her father. He was in the living room talking to Johnny.

"She tried to kill me," said Raymond.

"She's upstairs right now. She won't get out of this house," Johnny laughed.

"Did you bury the bodies?"

"Yes, I buried both your family's bodies and my family's bodies.".

"Where did you bury them?"

"Down by the river, no one will ever find them."

"Good, now let's go take care of Sarah," said Raymond as they started walking toward the steps. She quickly ran up the stairs, trying to take quiet steps. She didn't want to run back into her bedroom because that's where they would look for her. Then she decided to run into Maggie's room. As soon as she got in there, she closed the door quietly. She could hear them walking up the stairs fast paced. She locked the door and walked over to the bed. As soon as she sat down on the bed, she felt something wet touch her hand. She turned to look and saw that she was sitting in a puddle of blood. She immediately screamed. Then she realized that she screamed too loud. It didn't take long before Raymond and Johnny walked over to the door.

"Open up, we know you're in there!" shouted Raymond.

"How did you survive that explosion?" She asked.

“I managed to get out of the car and roll on the ground until I put out the fire.” She had then stood up and started pacing around the room. “And just so you know, your finger prints are all over the gun, so we’ll take it to the police,” he said. What happened next was unpredictable. She had heard Francine’s car pull up.

“Your sister’s home, we’ll tend to you later,” said Raymond. She could hear them both walking back down the stairs. If she didn’t do something, they were going to kill Francine next. She quickly unlocked the door and walked out of the bedroom. She could hear them talking downstairs.

“What are you doing with that gun?” asked Francine.

“Everyone is dead and you’re next.”

“No, no, please no!” Sarah walked into Michael’s room to grab a baseball bat and then quickly ran down the stairs.

“Say goodbye, Francine,” said Raymond, pointing the gun at her head.

“Leave her alone!” shouted Sarah as she ran out and hit him over the back of the head. Johnny was nowhere to be seen. From the impact of the hit, it had knocked Raymond out cold.

“We need to go,” said Sarah.

“Oh my, what happened to your arm and your leg?” asked Francine.

“Dad shot me.”.

“Just tell me one thing though.”

“What is it?”.

“Is it true? Is everyone dead?”

“Yes, Francine.”

“And you’re next,” said Johnny, walking out of the kitchen.

“He’s in on it too?” asked Francine.

“Yeah, the creep is,” said Sarah. He pointed the shotgun at both of them.

“You two are dead!”

“Ready. . .one, two, three!” shouted Sarah as she and Francine both kicked the gun out of his hand. After that, they both kicked him in his groin, causing him to fall to the floor in pain.

“Come on, let’s go,” said Sarah as the both started walking toward the front door.

“Should we call the police?”

“No, I have a better idea. . .stay here.”. She walked into the kitchen and walked over to the stove. She had then turned on all of the burners. The stove was a gas range. Then she walked over to the kitchen table, grabbed a newspaper and took the cigarette lighter out of her pocket. She lit the newspaper on fire and threw it onto the kitchen floor. She quickly ran out of the kitchen, grabbed Francine’s hand and pulled her out of the house.

“What did you do?” asked Francine.

“I lit up all of the burners on the stove and set the newspaper on fire.”

“You mean you’re going to blow up the house?”

“Yes, now let’s get out of here.” Sarah walked over to Francine’s car. Francine had then walked over to the car and they both got in.

“We’ll figure out something.” Francine started the car and they drove away. As they were driving away, Sarah looked back to see if the house had blown up. Nothing happened for a couple of minutes but then it happened. It blew into pieces, causing a loud vibration.

“I know where they hid the bodies,” said Sarah.

“Where?”

“Down by the river.”

"Well, we'll take a drive there and see if we can find anything. From there, we'll try to figure out what to do." She knew exactly where Sarah was talking about because their father had often gone fishing in that spot. It didn't take long before they had gotten there. Francine stopped the car but Sarah was the first one to get out. She had seen right away where the dirt was covering up their dead bodies. Johnny hadn't buried them very well.

"This is all very hard to believe," said Francine, stepping out of the car.

"Both of them are very sick people for killing their families like this."

"Someone is bound to find these bodies."

"It's such shame, isn't it," said Raymond, walking up to them.

"How can you still be alive?" asked Sarah.

"Wouldn't you like to know!"

"And by the way, where's Johnny?" asked Sarah.

"He was killed in the explosion but I'm not," he said as he pulled a hand gun out of his pocket. Both of the girls knew that they were trapped. There was nowhere to run, except the river. "You both have what is coming to you!"

"Just get it over with," said Francine.

"I'm going to make you suffer. First, I'm going to shoot you in the foot. Second, I'm going to shoot you in the arm. Third, I'm going to shoot you in the stomach. Fourth, I'm going to shoot you in the other foot and by the time I get done with you, you'll be in so much pain that you'll wish I shot you dead right then and there!"

"I don't feel so well," said Sarah.

"She's bleeding to death. Soon, I won't even have to shoot her. She'll die of bleeding to death!".

"I think you're sick," said Francine.

"Oh yeah?" He had then fired a bullet right into her foot.

"Ah, you shot me!" Francine cried.

"And there's plenty more where that came from!" Suddenly, Sarah had fallen onto the ground. "What's wrong?" asked Francine.

"I think I lost too much blood. I think I'm dying."

"Please don't die on me!"

"Oh, please do," he laughed. Next, Sarah had become unconscious. Francine shook her and tried to make her regain consciousness but it wasn't working. Then she felt her pulse and it seemed to be dropping.

"I guess I only have to kill you now!" He pointed the gun at Francine's head.

"You're forgetting one thing."

"What's that?"

"This!" she shouted, slapping the gun out of his hand. Then she kicked him in the stomach, causing him to fall to the ground. Then she picked Sarah up and carried her over to the car. She put her in the back seat and then got in the car. She placed the key in the ignition, then drove off. Raymond had then jumped into his car and started to follow her. She wasn't sure if Sarah was going to make it or not but all that she knew was that she needed to find help somewhere. It didn't take long before Raymond had caught up to her and when he did, he started to run into her car.

"This is going to be fun!" he shouted. She tried to speed up to get away from him but he managed to keep up with her. She looked in the back seat to check on Sarah and had seen that she was still unconscious. As soon as Francine had seen the road that led back to town, she turned onto it. It didn't take long before she was back in town again. She stopped in front of the hospital. She had then got out of the car, opened the back door, and carried

Sarah into the hospital. Raymond had then driven right behind Francine's car.

"I need help," said Francine as she carried Sarah up to the receptionist.

"I'll send a doctor right away. You look like you need help too. I'll send someone down for you too." It didn't take long before a doctor had come out and put Sarah onto a bed. The doctor had then wheeled Sarah into an examination room.

"Don't move," said Raymond as he walked into the hospital, carrying the gun.

"It's too late, she's getting medical help already," said Francine.

"Put down the gun!" shouted the security guard.

"You can't make me you rent-a-cop!"

"But I will!" shouted a police officer, pointing his gun at Raymond as he walked into the hospital.

"I'm not dropping my gun!"

"Drop it now!" Raymond aimed the gun at the police officer but before he could pull the trigger, the officer had shot him in the chest. He immediately fell to the floor.

"You shot me," said Raymond as he held his chest.

"I'm going to call for backup," said the officer. Raymond was then treated at the hospital for his wound in the chest. Then he was taken to jail. Sarah had to have a blood transfusion and had to have the bullets surgically removed from her. A week later, she was still in the hospital but getting better. Francine had stayed with her the whole time.

"I'm glad that's all over with," said Francine.

"I am too," said Sarah.

"He's going to be put away for a long time."

"I know."

"So, how does your arm and your leg feel?"

"I'm still in a lot of pain." Four days later, Sarah was released. She and Francine were sent to separate foster homes. They wrote to each other once a week and eventually were able to visit each other.

Behind The Counter

12

He had been working since Eight-thirty this morning. The time now was twelve. He had to work until four. His name is Morton and he works as a cashier at Best Value Department Stores. It wasn't a very exciting job but he had to save up for college because he only had one more year of school before it was time for him to graduate.

"Sir, I don't have all day. Ring up my merchandise please," said a man, who was standing in front of his register.

"Sorry sir." If the manager, Mr. Simons, had seen that, he would have done been canned. The manager was a strict man that only wore business suites and drank coffee all day long. Soon, it was time for Morton's break and he was happy he was getting one. As soon as four comes around, he wants to go home and go to bed. He ringed his items up, handed him his change and went on to the next customer. The next customer was an old lady, probably in her seventies. Her items came to forty dollars. She handed him a fifty and he gave her ten dollars back in change. There were no more customers after that. The department store that he had worked in sold both groceries and non-grocery items.

"Morton, break time!" shouted Mr. Simons, walking by. He quickly logged out on his register and walked outside. It was a hot summer day and he hated being inside for the summers. Last year, at this time, he had been outside enjoying his summer vacation.

"Nice day," said Linda, walking up to him.

"Are you on your break too?"

"No, Mr. Simons sent me out here to empty the garbage cans and take the trash into the compactor room."

"Ha, that sounds nice." After she emptied all of the trash cans, she walked back into the building. She hated the job as much as Morton did. The trash compactor room was small and it didn't smell so good either. When you were using the trash compactor, you had to

shut the door, so you stayed in that small room with that bad smell.

"I hope I'm not in here long," she said to herself, walking into the trash compactor room. She had three bags of trash from the garbage cans that were outside. She hit the button to turn on the compactor and threw all three trash bags inside. It was basically a hole in the wall that you threw the trash into. She walked over to the hole and looked down to see the trash being compacted. She could see the sharp silver blades grinding into the trash. Suddenly, the door had locked. She ran over to it and tried to open it but it wouldn't open. "Help me. I'm locked in the trash room!" she screamed. No one had heard her though. The lights had started flickering off and on also. Then she felt a cold breeze blowing over her. "Somebody help, I'm locked in here!" Suddenly, she felt herself get pushed into the hole in the wall that led to the compactor. She tried to grab onto something but there was nothing to grab on to. Within two seconds, her body fell into the compactor. Her bones started to grind into the machine as her blood spilled. She screamed a high pitch scream. "Help!" Her very body was being ripped apart and before long, that was it. She lost her life. The door had then flew open, the lights came back on, and the compactor had stopped. Mr. Simons had run into the room and looked in the hole and saw her body laying there with blood spilling onto the blades.

It was time for Morton to go back to work because his break was over. He walked back into the store and clocked in.

"Have you seen Linda?" asked Mr. Simons as Morton walked in the door.

"The last I saw of her, she was emptying the garbage cans and said that she was going into the compactor room."

"Well, go see if she's in there, now!"

"Sure." He walked into the trash compactor room. The lights were already turned on. "Are you in here?" There was no response though. He had then noticed that there was blood dripping from the hole. "What happened here?" He walked over to the hole and he had seen Linda's body mangled. His face turned ten shades of white and then, he passed out.

Fifteen Minutes later, he came to and when he awoke, there were Mr. Simons standing over him.

"It's about time you wake up, boy. It's time to go back to work," he said.

"What about Linda?"

"The girl fell into the compactor but that doesn't mean you should stop working."

"Is that all it's important to you is earning a dollar?"

"Of course, now get back to work," he said as he walked away. Morton still felt bad for what happened to Linda but if he didn't go back to work, he would get fired anyway, so he walked back to his register. He wasn't even sure if Mr. Simons had even contacted the police because he was the type of man that was only worried about business and if anyone found out about what had happened, it might hurt his business, so he would do everything in his power to cover up something like that. Business was going quite slow that day and all Morton wanted to do was go home but he still had a few more hours to go.

"Hi Morton," said William, walking up to his register.

"Did you hear about Linda?"

"No, is something wrong with her?"

"She fell in the trash compactor."

"That's a good one."

"It's no joke, it really happened. I've been here since eight and I haven't seen any police or an ambulance."

“Mr. Simons could be ignorant enough to not call for help. Besides, I just talked to Mr. Simons five minutes ago and he told me that he sent Linda home for the day.”

“Then he is that sick.” Morton walked away from his register

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to go give him a piece of my mind.” Morton started marching toward Mr. Simons Office. As soon as he got to the door, he marched right in. Mr. Simons was on the phone.

“What do you want, boy?” asked Mr. Simons.

“What did you do with her?”

“What did I do with who?”

“What did you do with Linda?”

“It’s none of your business.”

“I’ll make it my business when I turn you into the police for not calling them when it happened.”

“I’ll call you back,” said Mr. Simons, hanging up the phone. Morton had then walked over to his desk and gave him an evil look. “Listen here boy. This is a place of business and if something bad happens, it’s bad for business.”

“So, you didn’t even call the police?”.

“Kid, I didn’t tell anyone and I don’t want you to either.”.

“Well, I’m going to call the police and do the right thing.” Right as he was about to walk out the door, Mr. Simons hit him over the head with a golf club and knocked him out cold. When he awoke, he found himself in the walk-in freezer that is located in the deli. “What am I doing here?” He had then noticed that there was meat hanging over him and a lot of it. He stood up and walked over to the door. He tried to open it but it was locked. He had then noticed something really bizarre. That wasn’t meat hanging, which but corpses. From the terrified looks in their eyes, it had looked as if they had died a quite painful death. Some of them were bald and others had no skin on their face. One lady didn’t have any hands or feet. They look like they had been cut off. Then this man didn’t have any arms or legs at all. He didn’t even have a pelvis. All he had was a stomach and a head. Morton was about ready to throw up. His face turned so white that he could pass for a ghost.

“I see you have met my money makers,” said Mr. Simons, opening the door..

“You are one sick man.”

“Everyone always said that I had the best cut of meats. They just don’t know that it comes from human bodies.”

“No one can tell the difference?”

“No one at all and they all fall for it because you see, every time someone walks in the store that I think would look like they are a good cut of meat, I tell them to go into the backroom, so that I can give them a special discount and then when they fall for that and follow me, I kill them.”

“You are twisted.”

“It’s a shame that you won’t be around long enough to tell either.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Morton.

“Jake, the butcher, is preparing the meat grinder. We’re going to get some of the tender meat off of your bones.”

“Somebody help!”

“You can scream all you want but no one will hear you.”

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s two in the morning. The store is closed now.”

"Tell me one thing before you kill me?"
"What?"
"Did you kill Linda?"
"She was a nice cut of meat."
"So, you pushed her into the trash compactor?"
"She wouldn't go back into the deli with me, so I had to do something."
"You are one sick man."
"The meat grinder is ready."
"Let's go, boy!" He grabbed Morton by his shirt and started pulling him. He was terrified. In just a couple of minutes, he was going to face his death. As soon as he pulled him into the deli, he noticed that the meat grinder was running. It was big enough to fit a human body in.
"I'm not going in there!"
"Jack, grab him." Morton kicked Mr. Simons in the leg and jumped onto the table. Jack tried to grab him but missed. Morton started to run toward the door but this time Mr. Simons grabbed him and started to pull him back toward the grinder.
"Don't try to outsmart us, boy," said Mr. Simons.
"Let me go!"
"You're going to be a good cut of meat," said Jack. Morton had then got an idea. He remembered earlier that day, he had put a fishing knife in his pocket because he was going to go fishing after work. He slowly reached into his pocket.
"What are you doing boy?" asked Mr. Simons. He quickly pulled the knife out and stabbed Mr. Morton in his right shoulder. Then he pushed him into Jack, knocking them both onto the floor. Then he took off running towards the door. As soon as he got to the door, he closed it. The department store was quite large, so it would be easy for him to hide if they would start coming after him. The first thing he did was run to the front door of the store. Unfortunately, they were locked. He heard Mr. Morton and Jack running through the store, so he knew that he didn't have much time.
"You can't get out of this store, boy!" shouted Mr. Simons. Morton had then remembered that earlier that week, the fire escape door had been open most of the week because they were working on the roof. It was located in the clothing section. He quickly ran into the clothing section. There weren't many lights on in the store, so he had a hard time finding his way around. When he had finally reached the clothing section, he immediately ran over to the fire escape. Just as he predicted, it was open. He quickly climbed the ladder. Jack had spotted him.
"There he is!" shouted jack. He quickly climbed the ladder faster, trying not to fall. Finally, he reached the roof. Then he closed the door and started to run. It didn't take long before the door had swung open As soon as they reached the roof, they spotted him.
"There's nowhere to go," said Mr. Simons.
"That's right, so you might as well just come with us," said Jack.
"No, come with me," said a man standing behind them. They both looked to see who it was and it was a man dressed in a black suite.
"Who are you?" asked Mr. Simons.
"I'm with the police. You are both under arrest," said the man.
"For what?" asked Jack.
"We have been investigated this store for months now. We have men that are still searching the store. We found several corpses, much evidence in the meat grinder, and who knows what else we will find," replied the man. A week later, they were both found and

convicted of several murders. They were both sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole. The owner of the store gave Morton a promotion but he turned it down and quit. There were too many bad memories in that store. The next year, he went to college and found a better job. He is now working in a bank until he finishes college.

Correctional Institute For Witches
13

It was a cold and quiet night. Four girls sat in a dark room chanting. They had been practicing witchcraft for several months. All of them had wore black clothes, painted their nails black, and they all wore a pentacle around their neck. The leader of the group was Beatrice McCarthy. She knew more witchcraft than any of them. On several occasions she had made contact with spirits from the other side. Then there's Audrey Jasper. She recently moved from Kansas. Her first day of school here, the other three had introduced themselves and they have became friends. Next, there's Sarah Paterson, the wise one of the

group. She always thinks twice before making a decision. Finally, there's Tabitha Morris, a girl who was abandoned since she was five. She has been living with foster parents her whole life. She gets into all sorts of trouble, so she ends up bouncing from home to home.

"Who are we going to contact tonight?" asked Sarah.

"How about Elvis?" asked Tabitha.

"Let's contact Elda Hansen," replied Tabitha.

"Who?" asked Audrey.

"Elda Hansen," replied Beatrice.

"Who's that?" asked Audrey.

"She was a girl that used to live in this town. She was one of the greatest witches around here. Rumor has it that one day she was doing a spell and her powers were so great that she killed herself by accident," said Beatrice.

"You're making that up," said Audrey.

"She is not. That really happened," said Tabitha.

"I don't think this is a good idea," said Sarah.

"A word to the wise. . .shut up Sarah!" shouted Audrey.

"Ok, that's enough, are we going to do this?" asked Beatrice.

"Ok, I'm in," said Tabitha.

"Me too," said Audrey.

"Sarah?" asked Beatrice.

"I guess," replied Sarah.

"Good, now everyone, close your eyes, hold hands, and concentrate," said Beatrice. The group closed their eyes and held hands. Audrey had only lived in this town for a month and she had never tried to contact the dead before.

"Concentrate," said Beatrice. The group focused all of their energy on contacting Elda. "We call fourth the great Elda Hansen. Come fourth, we call upon you," said Beatrice. The group sat there chanting over and over again but nothing was happening. "Call fourth I say," she said again. They continued to chant and chant but still, nothing was happening. After fifteen minutes they had all given up.

"It's not use," said Tabitha.

"We'll just try again tomorrow," said Beatrice.

"This sounds like a hoax," said Audrey.

"Did you hear what she said girls?" remarked Beatrice.

"Yeah, she called this a hoax," replied Tabitha.

"Well, someday you won't think this is a hoax," said Beatrice.

"Yeah, one day something will happen and you'll think differently," said Sarah.

This was the first time that Audrey had ever been to a sleep over at Beatrice's house. Sarah and Tabitha slept over at Beatrice's house all of the time. Tonight, however, Beatrice's parents weren't home, so Beatrice took advantage of that.

"My parents aren't home, so we can make as much noise as we want," said Beatrice.

"So, what's your point?" asked Audrey.

"My point is, my parents don't know about me being a witch, so this is the only time that I have to do these things," said Beatrice.

"I have an idea, let's try to levitate," said Tabitha.

"There's an idea," said Beatrice.

"Levitate?" asked Audrey.

"It's something that we do every once in a while. It feels just like flying," said Beatrice.

"Let's close our eyes," said Sarah. They all closed their eyes. Audrey hesitated at first but

eventually closed her eyes.

"Concentrate, girls," said Beatrice. Audrey tried to focus as hard as she could, although she had a hard time believing that she would actually be able to levitate. Suddenly, she began to feel weightless.

"What's going on?" asked Audrey fearfully.

"We're levitating," replied Beatrice. Audrey opened her eyes and had seen that she was actually levitating.

"I can't believe it. I'm actually flying," said Audrey. Suddenly, the door flew open and there were Beatrice's parents, along with Sarah's parents standing there. Their mouths dropped in a state of shock. The group all had their eyes closed, except for Audrey.

"Beatrice, your parents are home," said Audrey.

"What?" asked Beatrice as she opened her eyes. She had then realized that they had been watching her levitate the whole time. She was much to shocked to say anything.

"We're calling all of your parents," said her mother.

The next day, Tabitha was sitting outside the school, waiting for the morning bell to ring. Beatrice walked up to her.

"Hey, Bea!".

"Hi, Sarah."

"So, how much trouble are you in?"

"My parents were more in shock than anything. Anyway, they were searching through the phone book last night and found a listing for a correctional institute."

"What's that?"

"It's an institute where they are supposed to reform you from being a witch and make you normal again."

"That's terrible."

"Well, you're not the only one that's being sent there," said Audrey, walking up to them

"How did your parents find out?" asked Beatrice.

"Your parents called mine, remember?" asked Audrey.

"What about Sarah? Has anyone heard from her?" asked Tabitha.

"Oh yeah, she called me earlier this morning. Today, her parents were sending her to the same place mine are sending me," said Beatrice.

"Your parents aren't sending you away Tabitha?" asked Audrey.

"No, I have foster parents, remember?" asked Tabitha.

"Oh, that's right," replied Audrey.

"And besides, my foster parents could care less what happens to me," said Tabitha.

"When are you being sent away, Audrey?" asked Beatrice.

"Tomorrow," replied Audrey.

"What about you, Beatrice?" asked Audrey.

"Tomorrow also," replied Beatrice. Audrey's parents had a hard time swallowing the fact that she had been practicing witchcraft but after Beatrice's parents had called last night, they walked into Audrey's room and found many different books on witchcraft, so they were concerned.

The next day, Audrey's parents were driving her to the correctional institute. As they were driving in the car, her parents were trying to have a conversation with her.

"This is for your own good," said her mother

"When your friend's mother called us and told us you were practicing witchcraft, we were a little concerned," said her father.

"I'm ok, really," said Audrey.

“Well, that’s not good enough for us,” said her mother.

“You need help, Audrey,” said her father. As soon as they had arrived, her mother opened the car door for her. She slowly stepped out of the car.

“We just want you to live a normal life,” said her mother as she gave her a hug. Then she got back in the car and they drove away. She slowly walked towards the building hesitantly. She was more nervous than anything. As soon as she walked in, a lady walked over to her.

“My name is Patricia Krause and I’m the director of this facility,” the lady said.

“So, what do you do here?” asked Audrey.

“Well, before I start, I just want to tell you that we know all about you girls and your witchcraft, so don’t try to pull any stunts or cast any spells here because we won’t go for it,” said Patricia.

“Look lady, I don’t need your–

“Just a minute young lady. Don’t you sass me. Hey Harold!” Interrupted Patricia.

“Yes,” said Harold running over.

“Take this sassy girl to her room,” said Patricia.

“No problem,” said Harold as he grabbed onto Audrey’s shoulder to lead her. They walked upstairs and walked over to the first door on the left. “This is your room,” he said as he opened the door. The room had only one window and the walls were painted white. There were also two beds in the room, so she figured that she would be sharing a room with someone else. There was also a bathroom to the left of the room.

“I have a question,” she said.

“Hurry up, I don’t have all day,” he said impatiently.

“Are there any boys in this facility?”

“Over in the other building but don’t get any ideas. If you want to go and have a midnight affair, you’re wasting your time because this place has camera’s and you will get caught.”

“Ok, thanks, that’s all I wanted to know.”. He walked out of the room and closed the door.

“They’re pretty rude here, aren’t they?” said a girl, walking out of the bedroom.

“You’re telling me.”

“Hi, I’m Katrina.”

“Hi, I’m Audrey.” The girl was wearing a white shirt and a white pair of pants. Her hair was dyed black and her skin looked quite pale.

“What’s with the white clothes?”

“That’s all we are aloud to wear here. They say it’s replenishing to the soul.”

“What about black?”

“Well, that outfit you’re wearing now, they’ll make you change it soon. They say black is the devils clothes. There’s a pair of clothes in the closest, just like what I’m wearing now.”

“How long do they keep us here for?”

“For as long as you need. I’ve been here for two years.”

“I can see this is a long time institution.”

“Let me just say, you won’t be checking out anytime soon.” Patricia walked into the room, giving both girls a dirty look.

“There’s a meeting downstairs in the lobby, so get moving!” she said, closing the door. They both walked downstairs. There were two empty chairs over in the corner, so they decided to sit there.

“You girls were sent here because you practice the devil’s work. We’re here to change all

of that. For you new girls, there are white outfits hanging in the closet for you. I want all of you that are dressed in black to get into those white outfits as soon as the meeting is over with," said Patricia in an uproar.

"You're going to hate it hear," whispered Katrina.

"I think I already do," said Audrey.

"It gets worse, much worse."

"What do you mean?"

"First, they'll make you strip all of your clothes off to search you. Then they'll check you from head to toe. Next, they'll throw all of your clothes away and make you wear those white outfits. The only color you're aloud wearing here is white. That means you're only aloud to wear white shoes, white shirts, white pants, white socks, and even white hats, if you prefer to wear one."

"That sounds horrible."

"It is, come with me," said Patricia.

"Where?" asked Audrey.

"We have to strip search you and get you out of those horrifying clothes." Audrey followed her into a room, which had many bright lights. As soon as they got in there, Patricia closed the door. "Take off everything, including your jewelry." Audrey proceeded to take off her clothes. First, she took off her shirt, which was completely black. The, she took off her skirt, which was also black. Actually, it was more black leather than anything. Next, she took off her shoes and slid off her panty hose, which were also black. She had four earrings in each ear. She took those out also. Then she took out her tongue ring. Now, she looked like an average person. "Now, you don't look so hot without your devil's clothes, do you?".

"I guess not." This was the first time that she had ever went without wearing black clothing, so this would be a different experience for her.

"The only outfit that you are permitted to wear here is the one that is in your closet. There's also an extra one in there too, in case that one gets dirty. If that should happen, it's your responsibility to wash it. Also, you'll find two pairs of clean socks at the bottom of your closet," said Patricia. She sounded quite strict and Audrey hated that already. "You may go now."

"I can't go out there in just a bra and underwear."

"Yes you can and you will. You're not putting these ignorant things back on, so move!"

Audrey walked out of the room and back into the main lobby. She was terrified that the other girls would laugh at her but no one paid any attention.

"Isn't she horrible?" said Katrina.

"This is embarrassing."

"Not to worry, no one here will laugh at you because we've all had it done to us.".

"Audrey, this is a surprise and you're naked," said Beatrice, walking into the room and laughing.

"I take it you haven't been stripped yet?" asked Audrey.

"No, I just got here."

"This is Katrina."

"Please to meet you, Katrina," said Beatrice politely.

"Likewise," said Katrina.

"So, they make you run around naked here?" asked Beatrice.

"No, they strip searched me, took my clothes, and wanted me to go to my room half naked to get the outfit that I'm supposed to wear," replied Audrey.

“This sounds like hell,” said Beatrice.

“It gets worse,” said Katrina.

“Well, I better go and check in,” said Beatrice, walking away.

“I think I’m going to the room to get dressed,” said Audrey. She walked upstairs to go back to her room. She opened the closet and took out her outfit. First, she slipped on the pants. Then she put on the shirt. Next, she put on the socks, which were on the bottom of the closet next to the shoes. Finally, she put on the shoes. “This is in style?” Beatrice walked into the room with Katrina.

“Katrina showed me where your room was,” said Beatrice.

“This place is an imitation of hell,” said Audrey.

“I know, they just got done strip searching me. I think that Patricia has a crush on me,” said Beatrice. They all started to laugh.

“By the way, have you seen Sarah?” asked Audrey.

“She was supposed to come here yesterday but I haven’t seen her yet,” said Beatrice.

“Do you mean the new girl that came yesterday?” asked Katrina.

“You seen her?” asked Audrey.

“Yeah, she flipped out downstairs, so they sedated her and put her in restraint,” replied Katrina.

“What’s that?” asked Beatrice.

“Well, it’s this room they lock you in when you act up,” replied Katrina.

“Which room did they take her?” asked Audrey.

“Room one-fifteen,” replied Katrina.

“We have to get her out of there. She’s the type of person that will go nuts being locked in a room,” said Beatrice.

“Well, let’s go,” said Audrey, walking toward the door.

“Wait, you can’t do that! You’ll get caught and they’ll punish you,” said Katrina.

“Well, we’re not going to go for this kind of thing. Come on, Audrey,” said Beatrice as she opened the door. Katrina stayed behind. She was afraid of getting caught if she went with them. Audrey and Beatrice crept down the stairs quietly.

“Do you know where room fifteen is?” asked Beatrice.

“I haven’t a clue,” replied Audrey.

“Well, we’ll have to search every room.” As soon as they got to the bottom of the stairs, Audrey had noticed that the rooms all had numbers on them.

“No we won’t, look! The rooms have numbers on them,” said Audrey. It didn’t take long before they found room one-fifteen. There was a tiny window in the middle of the door. Beatrice peeped her head in and saw Sarah lying on a bed in a straight jacket. The room was white and had patted mattresses for walls. Audrey tried to open the door but it was locked. Beatrice had then ran over to the fire alarm and pulled it. “What are you, nuts?” asked Audrey.

“Just watch,” replied Beatrice. Soon, everyone was running out of the building.

“Smooth, Beatrice.”

“I know.”

“Look, I think those are the keys hanging up,” said Audrey, pointing to a key rack on the wall. Beatrice quickly ran over and grabbed the keys. Then she ran back over to the room Sarah was in and tried every key. None of them would fit until she got to the last one. That one unlocked the door. They both quickly ran into the room. Beatrice quickly took the straight jacket off of Sarah. She looked as though she was in a deep trance.

“Sarah, are you ok?” asked Audrey.

“Sarah, snap out of it,” said Beatrice as she slapped her. She had then snapped out of it and noticed Beatrice and Audrey were standing there.

“Please help me, this place is horrible,” said Sarah.

“Let’s take her up to my room,” said Audrey.

“Why?” asked Beatrice.

“So that we can hide her until we figure a way out of this,” replied Audrey. They quickly ran out into the hallway and closed the door. They carefully started to run. As soon as they got to the stairs, they ran up them as fast as they could. When they got to Audrey’s room, Audrey quickly closed the door. Beatrice guarded the door and made sure no one was coming but Patricia was on her way up the stairs.

“Quick, hide in the closet Sarah,” said Beatrice. She quickly hid in the closet and closed the closet door.

“The next time a fire alarm goes off, you need to go outside. It was a false alarm, so everyone is coming back in the building but next time you better go outside!” shouted Patricia as she stormed out of the room.

Later that night, Audrey opened the closet door to give Sarah a blanket, so that when she went to sleep, she wouldn’t get cold. Katrina didn’t know that Sarah was in the room until she opened the closet door.

“What is she doing here?” asked Katrina.

“We saved her. She doesn’t deserve this,” said Audrey. Katrina didn’t say much but lied down and went to sleep. Audrey had trouble sleeping that night. It was a new place to her but she just didn’t feel comfortable in that horrible place.

The next day, Audrey felt a tap on her shoulder and when she woke up, she saw Patricia standing over her, along with Harold.

“We found Sarah in your closet,” said Patricia.

“What are you talking about?” asked Audrey, trying to act as if she didn’t know anything about it.

“We saw everything on camera. You and Beatrice are both in trouble,” said Patricia.

“Lay off lady or I’ll. . .” Audrey just paused.

“You’ll what?” Harold laughed.

“I’ll do this,” said Audrey, using her witchcraft by waving her hands and knocking Harold to the floor.

“That’s it young lady. You’re going to be restrained for using your witchcraft,” said Patricia grabbing her phone out of the pocket to call security. All she did was push a bottom on the phone and within five seconds, there must have been five security guards come into the room.

“Guards, take Audrey down to room one-sixteen. The one next to Sarah,” demanded Patricia.

“Where Is Sarah?” asked Audrey.

“We just took back down to be restrained again!” The guards had then grabbed Audrey, put a straight jacket on her, put an injection in her, and took her down to room one-sixteen. It didn’t take long before she fell asleep. When she awoke, she had noticed that she was still in a straight jacket and in a room by herself. “Oh no, I can’t move, help!” she screamed. She was terrified. This was the first time that something like this had ever happened to her. “Help, Help!

“Scream all you want. You’re not getting out!” shouted Patricia from down the hallway.

“I wish I could get out of here.” Sweat was pouring from her forehead drop by drop. “Wait a minute! I’m a witch, so I could get out of here if I wanted to.” She had then

remembered what Beatrice had taught her about concentration on spell casting. All she focused on was getting the straight jacket off. Her head was starting to hurt from focusing so much but she didn't give up. She tried focusing harder and with luck, she managed to rip the straight jacket off. "I'm finally out but not free. . .at least, not yet." She walked over to the door and peeped her head out the window. She saw Patricia walking the other direction, so that gave her time to find a way out. She looked at the doorknob and focused on turning it. She knew it was locked but with some luck, maybe she would be able to turn the handle and open the door. She was quite wore out from getting out of the straight jacket, that she didn't know if she would have enough strength to open the door but she tried. She used what energy she had left to focus on opening the door. Within a minute, the door had opened. "It worked." She quickly opened the door the rest of the way and slowly walked into the hallway. Room one-fifteen was right next to hers, so she slowly crept to the next room. She focused on opening her door with her mind, just like she did hers. It didn't take much to open Sarah's door. Probably because she was getting practice in on her witchcraft. She quickly ran into the room and waved her hands causing Sarah's straight jacket to rip off, just like hers did.

"We have to get out of here," said Sarah.

"We don't have much time, let's go," said Audrey, grabbing Sarah by the hand and running out the door with her.

"Beatrice is in the next room," said Sarah. Audrey quickly ran over to that room, used her witchcraft to open the door and ran in. She focused her energy on ripping the straight jacket off. As soon as it ripped off, she grabbed Beatrice by the hand and ran out of the room with her.

"They started running towards the front door but before they could make it, the front doors closed and locked automatically.

"Well, what have we here?" said Patricia, walking down the stairs. Audrey and Sarah stood there terrified. Beatrice just gave her an evil look.

"We'll leaving," said Audrey.

"I highly doubt that!"

"If you know what's good for you, you'll let us be," said Beatrice. Patricia had then pulled out her cell phone and pushed the button that called the security guards.

"We're not afraid of you," said Audrey.

"Girls, do your thing," said Beatrice. They held hands and focused all of their energy on their spells. The other girls were just watching.

"Guards, hurry!" Suddenly, the front doors had swung open and dead leaves started to blow in from outside. The lobby started to light up with lighting as thunder roared. The lobby windows had then shattered, along with the glass vases that were on the end tables.

"Come forth, we contact you," chanted Beatrice.

"Come forth, we say," chanted Audrey. Next, the unimaginable happened. There was a dark cloud of smoke and Elda Hansen appeared right in front of Patricia. She was a dark haired girl with red eyes and an evil grin. She snapped her fingers and within two seconds, Patricia and the security guards that were running into the room had caught on fire from the snap of her fingers.

"Burn in hell, you witches!" screamed Patricia as she fell to the floor in much pain. It didn't take long before her and the security guards burned into ashes. Elda had then disappeared and the lightning, along with the thunder, had went away. The leaves had also stopped blowing.

"We did it, girls," said Beatrice with a happy face.

"What a relief," said Sarah.

"Let's get out of these clothes," said Audrey. Audrey knew right where the clothes were. She led the others into the room where they strip you. She grabbed her clothes, along with Beatrice's and Sarah's, out of the cabinet. Audrey took off those hideous clothes. Then she put her skirt on, along with her panty hose and shoes. Then, she put her shirt back on. Finally, she put her jewelry back in. Beatrice and Sarah put their clothes back on too. After that, they walked out of the room, ran into the lobby, and ran out the front doors. All of the other girls that were in that institution had followed too. Audrey hitchhiked home. When she had finally arrived home, she had told her parents that the place shut down because of a gas leak. They believed her. Her parents felt bad for sending her there in the first place anyway. Beatrice and Sarah came up with the same excuse, so that they wouldn't get in trouble either. Their parents believed them. The next day they were all back in school and Tabitha was happy to see them. She felt kind of lonely when they were sent away anyway. They still practice their witchcraft but now they do it at Tabitha's house because her foster parents don't watch them as much as their parents do. So now, everything is back to normal again.

The Day We Met

14

The temperature was eighty-six degrees and it was a summer day. The city's grass was dry and brown. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. A young man walks into a bank, carrying a duffle bag. He was wearing a brown shirt and a pair of blue jeans. He walked up to the bank teller and just smiled.

"Can I help you?" asked the teller.

"Yes you can," he replied. He looked her in the eyes and placed the bag onto the counter.

"What can I do for you today?"

"Well, fill the bag!"

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me, fill the bag!" She gave him a weird look. She wasn't sure if the bank was being robbed or not.

"Are you robbing this bank?"

"What's it look like?" he asked, pulling a gun out of his pocket. She had a terrified look on her face.

"I'll fill it up," she said as she started to place money into the bag.

"Hurry up!"

"I'm hurrying," she said as she put as much money in the bag as she could. There was a

siren coming from down the street, so he quickly grabbed the bag from her and ran out the door. He knew that the police were coming and that they weren't far from him, so he started to run the opposite direction that he heard the siren coming from. It was hard for him to run fast because the money was weighing him down. Some of it was even flying out of the bag. He ran to the other side of the street, where the movie theater was. He quickly ran into the theater and walked up to the cashier. He bought a ticket and quickly ran into the theater. He ran down to the center row and sat in the middle of the row. The movie that was playing was some comedy. He wasn't really sure what the name of the movie was. Then he heard the theater doors open and when he turned to look, he had seen that it was the police. They were walking down the isles on the left. He quickly got on the floor and crawled on the floor, onto the isle on the right. Then he quickly crawled to the front of the theater were the emergency exit was. Then he jumped up and opened the emergency exit, running out the door.

"Hey, stop right there!" shouted one of the policemen. He noticed that he was in the back alley but he didn't have time to decided which way to go, so he decided to take a right. It was becoming even more difficult to run because the heavy bag was wearing him down really easy. As soon as he got to the corner where the street was, he ran around the corner, bumping into some girl causing her to fall to the ground.

"I'm so sorry."

"It's ok," she said as she stood back up. Then he accidentally dropped the bag and some of the money fell out of it. He was quite embarrassed.

"That's not. . .mine."

"The police are chasing you, aren't they?"

"Yes. . .well, kind of."

"Quick, hide in here." She pointed to the store that they were standing in front of. He quickly ran into the store. The police had then ran around the corner to where she was standing.

"Miss, have you seen a guy carrying a large amount of money?" asked the officer.

"No."

"What about these bills?" Do you know where these came from?" he asked, picking them up from the ground.

"Come to think of it, I did see a boy running down that way," she said, pointing toward the other side of the street."

"Thank you," said the officer as he took off running. The girl had then walked into the store where he was hiding.

"You didn't have to do that. You could have just turned me in right then and there," he said.

"Well, normally I would have but you seem like the type of person that needs the money."

"Well, I'm kind of in a situation. I borrowed ten-thousand dollars from a loan shark and now I owe him twenty-five thousand dollars or he's going to kill me."

"That's a shame."

"So, what's your name anyway?"

"My name is Rita. What's yours?"

"Larry."

"Well, I hate to cut this short but I have to get going."

"Me too, I have to go pay the loan shark. Thanks for everything."

"Sure, you bet." He walked out of the store and started to walk down the street, when all of a sudden a car pulled up beside him. The passenger window rolled down and there was a

guy in there. It was Henry, the loan shark.

"You got my money?" Henry asked.

"Yes, here you go," he replied, handing him the bag. Henry took the money out of the bag and counted it. He just stood there scared, hopping that the whole twenty-five thousand was there. After five minutes, he was done counting.

"You're short," said Henry.

"How much is there?"

"Only sixteen-thousand."

"I can go get you the rest.".

"That won't be necessary."

"It's not?"

"No because your deadline is up." He pointed a handgun at him and fired two shots, shooting him in his chest. He dropped to the ground and laid there in a puddle of his own blood. Henry put the window back up and the car drove away. His body laid there, lifeless. Suddenly, he felt himself floating in mid-air. It seemed as if he were flying into the sky. Then all of a sudden, he could see his dead body laying on the ground. Suddenly everything turned white and he couldn't see. Before he knew it, he was walking on the clouds.

"Am I dead?" he asked himself.

"Yes, you are?" said a voice.

"Who are you?"

"I am an angel." He turned to look and had seen a girl walking toward him.

"You're an angel?"

"Yes."

"What's going to happen to me now?"

"You have committed the crime of robbery. You must find the right answer."

"What's that?" he asked.

"We're going to send you back to the time right before you robbed the bank. Maybe this time you'll find another solution to your problem, besides doing wrong," said the angel.

"But there's no other way out of this."

"Yes there is." The angel had then snapped her fingers and the next thing he knew, he was right in front of the bank again, at the same time right before he had robbed it. He wasn't quite sure what to do but after thinking it over, he decided to walk into the bank and try to get a loan. He walked through the doors and walked into the loan office.

"My name is Kent Ryder. My I help you?" asked the loan officer.

"I'd like to apply for a loan," said Larry.

"Ok, have a seat, I have to ask you a few questions. First off, how old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Do you own any property, stocks, bonds, or have a checking or savings account?"

"No."

"I'm sorry son, you just don't have enough assets."

"Thanks anyway," said Larry, walking out of the office. This was going to be difficult coming up with the money. He had then noticed a money truck pulling up along the side of the bank. He quickly walked outside and watched the guards taking the money out of the truck. There must have been over two dozen bags of money. He pulled a quarter out of his pocket and rolled it passed the guards. While the guards were watching the quarter roll, he grabbed a bag from the back of the truck and walked off unsuspicious. The guards didn't even notice him, so it made it easy for him to take the money. As soon as he got to the other side of the street, he walked into an alley. He dropped the bag down onto the ground and

opened it. This time he was going to count the money to make sure it was all there. It took him about five minutes but after he was done, he had counted twenty- seven thousand dollars. He put the money back in the bag and walked out of the alley. He had then noticed that Rita was standing across the street. He walked over to her.

"Hi, Rita," he said politely.

"Do I know you?" asked Rita curiously. He had completely forgotten that she didn't know who he was.

"Don't you remember. . .well, I guess you wouldn't,"

"Is that money you have there?"

"Yes. . .well."

"You robbed the bank, didn't you?"

"Yes but I know you're ok with it."

"Somebody help! This guy robbed the bank!"

"Oh, shoot." He started to run quickly, not looking behind him. Suddenly, there was a police siren that was going off behind him. He could hear that the police were close. He didn't stop though. Instead, he just kept on running. He was a little confused to why this time Rita had ratted him out, instead of helping him. Although, last time he had looked more in need of the money. He started to run across the street but a police car drove in front of him. He had then turned and started to run the opposite direction. He ran into the alley. The police car had to turn around in order to go down the alley. This gave him time to hide. He found a large crate and decided to hide in it. He quickly opened the lid and dunked down in. He heard the police car drive by, so he knew that they couldn't find him. After that, he quickly jumped out of the crate and walked down the alley, walking back onto the street again. He saw Henry pull up beside him.

"You got my money?" asked Henry.

"Yes." He handed Henry the bag. Henry opened the back, took out the money and started to count it. It didn't take long before he was finished counting it.

"Wait a minute.".

"What is it?" Henry had that look on his face, as if something wasn't right.

"These bills are marked."

"No they're not."

"Yes they are. I can't take these. I'll get busted.".

"I worked hard to get that money."

"No, you worked hard to steal it. Your deadline is up." He pointed the gun at him. Larry quickly turned and tried to run away but he felt two shots fire into his back. The next thing he knew, everything turned white and the angel appeared in front of him.

"Such a shame that I put all my trust in you," said the angel.

"There's just no way out of this."

"Yes there is and I have faith in you to find the right way." She snapped her fingers and suddenly, everything turned white again and he was right in front of the bank again.

"Well, I can't rob the bank and I don't qualify for a loan, so what do I do?"

Since he had died the last two times, he knew that Henry would be driving down the street soon, so he came up with an idea to just run away. He saw Rita standing out in front of the store, so he decided to walk over to her. "Excuse me, I couldn't help but notice you standing here by yourself," he said with a smile.

"Hi there, what's your name?" she asked.

"Larry."

"Mine is Rita."

"I know."
"You know?"
"Oh, nothing."
"So, it's a nice day isn't it?".
"Yes, quite."
"So, are you married, engaged, have a girlfriend?"
"No actually, I thought if you'd like, maybe we could go out somewhere. Maybe to dinner or somewhere."
"Sure, I'd love to. When do you want to go?"
"Now."
"Now?"
"Yes, it'll be fun."
"Ok, let's go." He walked over to the car with her and opened the passenger side door for her. Then he walked over to his side and got in. They went to the park and talked for hours. Then later on that night he took her to dinner at this quite nice restaurant. They had a table next to the window.
"This is very nice," she said.
"I'm happy that we did this," he said.
"Me too," she said. The restaurant had a stage and on the stage was a jazz band playing.
"Would you like to dance?"
"Sure." He got up from the table and walked over to her chair. Then he took her hand and walked over to the dance floor with her. The music that was playing was real smooth, so they slow danced.
"I know that you haven't known me that long but there's something that I have to tell you."
"What is it, Larry?"
"I have some problems here and I need to leave town for a few days. Would you come with me?"
"I think you're very polite and a very good dancer. Plus, you have a beautiful smile and you're very well mannered, so the answer is yes."
"I'm so happy that I met you."
"There's something I have been wanting to do all day," she said as she smiled.
"What's that?".
"This," she said, leaning in for a kiss and pressing her lips against his. He had never had these feelings before. He could really feel himself falling in love with her. She kissed him for two minutes but he didn't mind. She leaned back and looked into his eyes. "I think we're going to be very happy."
"This has been a wonderful evening."
"Yes, it has been."
"I'm so happy that you're coming with me."
"Me too but anyway, what kind of trouble are you in?"
"I borrowed ten-thousand dollars from a loan shark and with interest, I owe him twenty-five thousand dollars."
"That sounds terrible."
"It is. To be honest, I thought about robbing a bank to get the money but that wouldn't be right."
"Yeah, that wouldn't be right."
"It seems like running away is the only solution."

"Yeah, it seems like it but running away doesn't always solve your problems."

"I know but today was my deadline and if I didn't have the money, they were going to kill me."

"If I had the money, I'd give it to you."

"That would be very nice but even if you did have the money, I'd have to solve this myself."

"You seem like a nice guy and you don't deserve this."

"Well, I had a very nice time tonight."

"Me too, thank you for taking me." A car had pulled up beside them. He didn't get a really good look at the car until the window rolled down. He had then seen that it was Henry.

"This is him," whispered Larry.

"The loan shark?" she whispered back.

"Yes," Larry whispered.

"We have been trying to hunt you down all day. Do you have our money?" asked Henry.

"Well. . .no, I don't."

"I'm afraid we're going to have to shoot you then." Henry pointed a gun towards him.

"No!" she screamed. Larry tried to turn and run but once again, he felt two shots fired into his back. He instantly fell to the ground in his death. The next thing he knew, there was a white flash in front of him and once again, the angel was standing in front of him.

"Now that time I didn't do anything wrong," he said furiously.

"It should be obvious that hiding won't work either. You must find the right answer," she said as she snapped her fingers. Once again, there was a white flash before his eyes and before he knew it, he was in front of the bank again.

"I am getting tired of bouncing between earth and the place upstairs," he said to himself. By this time, he knew that Rita was standing in front of the store at this point in time, so he walked over to her.

"Hi," he smiled.

"Do I know you?" she asked.

"No but I was wondering if you wanted to go out tonight?"

"I don't think so."

"But when I asked you the first time, you said yes."

"Excuse me," she said angrily.

"Never mind."

"Sorry," she said frustrated as he walked away from her. This was a total nightmare. He had finally met someone that he liked and she didn't remember him because he died again. He walked over to a bench and sat down. He was stumped. He couldn't figure out one way to come up with money. He knew that in any minute, Henry would be driving down the street. He decided to walk into the store that Rita was standing in front of. As soon as he walked in, he noticed that the store had a gun department, He walked over to it.

"Can I help you?" asked the cashier. He had very large mussels and it looked as if he were on a high dose of steroids.

"I'd like to buy a gun."

"What kind of gun?"

"How about that one there." He pointed to a small type handgun in the glass case.

"That one is two-hundred and there's a seven day waiting period on handguns."

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"It means you pay for it today but we have to hold it for seven days. The waiting period is

so that you don't go out and kill someone today," said the cashier.

"What about a shotgun. Is there a waiting period for that?"

"No, would you like one of those instead?"

"Yes, I'll take that one there. The one that's a hundred dollars," he said, pointing to the gun cabinet in back of him. He handed the cashier his money, took the gun, and left. As soon as he walked out of the store with the gun, Rita gave him a weird look. The next thing he knew, Henry drove up in front of him and rolled down the window.

"Do you have my money?" asked Henry.

"No, but I have this," he said, pointing the shotgun at Henry. He had a terrified look on his face. Rita started to scream and ran away.

"Are you going to shoot me?" Henry laughed.

"Not if you get out of here and never bother me ever again."

"Well, shoot me, go ahead, shoot!"

"I will if you don't leave."

"You don't have the guts, you yellow belly! Shoot me you wimp. Ha, that's what I thought. You're a yellow belly wimp!" Within that instant, Larry tried to fire a shot but the gun chamber was empty.

"Ha, looks like you forgot to buy shells!"

"I must have." Henry pointed his gun at Larry and fired two shots into his chest. Once again, there was a white flash before his eyes and the angel appeared before him. He was starting to get aggravated from taking trips back and forth to heaven.

"You should know better than to kill somebody," said the angel, walking toward him.

"Well, I didn't kill him anyway."

"No, but you tried to."

"There's no way out of this and it hurts when I get shot.".

"You'll find a solution. I have faith in you," she said, snapping her fingers. Once again, there was a white flash and once again, he was in front of the bank.

"I'm really getting tired of this." By this time he knew that robbing the bank wasn't the right answer or neither was stealing. Also, killing Henry wasn't going to solve anything either. He wasn't sure if he wanted to talk to Rita because she might have turned him down again but then again, Henry was going to shoot him again soon anyway. He decided to walk over to her. "Hi," he said as he walked up to her.

"Hi," she said, giving him a weird look.

"Do you have the time?" he asked, trying to make conversation.

"No, I'm sorry, I don't have a watch on."

"So, do you like this store?"

"Oh, I'm just standing here waiting for the bus. It's always late."

"I'm sorry if I'm bothering you."

"No, it's ok. It gets boring here standing by yourself anyway." He had then noticed that Henry was coming down the street.

"I'm going to go in the store a minute. Would you excuse me?".

"Sure."

He walked into the store. He wasn't sure if Henry had seen him but he wasn't ready to get shot again. As soon as he walked passed the metal detectors, the alarms went off and a man walked over to him.

"What did I do?"

"You did nothing! You are our one millionth customer. Congratulations! You have just a million dollars," said the man, shaking his hand.

"Really?"

"Yes, here is your money." The man handed him a check for one million dollars.

"Will you excuse me a moment?"

"Sure," said the man smiling. He took the check and quickly walked out of the store. He quickly walked over to the bank. Henry was farther up the street but he saw Larry going into the bank from his rearview mirror, so he had the driver turn around. Larry quickly walked over to the bank teller.

"Can I help you?" asked the teller. It was the same one that he had robbed before.

"I'd like to cash this check and quickly please."

"Sure." She walked over to her computer. Henry had then walked into the bank.

"Hey, you got my money?" asked Henry.

"Yes, I'm getting it for you now."

"You know, you owe me twenty-five thousand and I want it today." He pointed the gun at him from under his jacket, where no one would see it. While the bank teller was standing there counting the money, she was listening to the whole conversation.

"I'll give you your money."

"You better because I'm not playing any more games." The teller had then walked over to the counter.

"Here's your twenty-five thousand dollars," said the teller. She started to count the money and winked at Larry.

"Here's your money, right here," said Larry, hoping that he wasn't going to kill him now. After the teller was done counting it, she handed it to him and he handed it to Henry.

"Is that all of it?" Henry asked.

"Yes, that's all of it." Henry counted it and had seen that it was all there.

"Well, consider your debt paid off. See you around Larry," he said as he walked out of the bank.

"Here, I'll give you the rest now that he is gone," said the teller as she started to count in out in front of him.

"I'd like to open a savings account."

"How much do you want to deposit."

"All of it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, at least for now, until I figure out what to do with it." After he opened the savings account, he walked out of the bank. While he was walking across the street, he was too caught up in the moment and wasn't paying any attention to the road and a car stuck him. Suddenly, a white light flashed before him and the angel appeared in front of him once again.

"Don't tell me I was in the wrong again! Don't tell me that."

"No, as a matter of fact, I think you handled that quite well."

"I guess this is where it ends, huh?"

"No, it's not your time yet."

"Well, why do you keep sending me back until I get it right then?"

"Because you had to learn everything for yourself and that doing wrong wasn't the right way.

"So, you're going to send me back?"

"Yes, your time will come one day but today is not the day," she said, snapping her fingers. Everything turned white and before he knew it, there was a paramedic standing over him, along with Rita. He looked and had seen that he was still lying on the street

where he had gotten hit by the car.

"Are you ok?" asked Rita.

"I think so." He sat himself up and gave her a smile.

"I saw you get hit, so I called for help."

"Thank you."

"You're quite welcome."

"Listen, I know you don't know me but I was wondering if maybe later on, would you want to go out?"

"I think you should go to the hospital first but how about after you're done there?"

"Sure." The ambulance took him to the hospital and he had gotten some tests done. After the paramedics revived him from the impact of the car, it turned out that the only other problem he had was a bump on the head. Later on that night, he took Rita to the same restaurant that he did the first time.

"This is very nice," she said.

"I was hoping that you would like this place," he smiled. They both had a good time that night and Larry couldn't have been any happier. He had his dept paid off, didn't have to worry about being killed anymore, and had a charming girlfriend.

Dream Phantom
15

A cold breeze rushes through an old cemetery. A young girl is running for her life. She can't even see straight. Her only worries are her fears. A phantom comes after her. He wears a white mask and has a black cape. His eyes are red and his teeth are rotted away. The phantom comes closer to her. She's running out of strength. Her feet feel very tired from running. Her mind is racing and her body aches.

"Leave me alone!" she screams. The phantom gains up on her and is not giving up. She then realizes that the road is only fifty feet away. She quickly runs toward the road. She's happy to see the road. However, the phantom jumps in front of her and causes her to come to a stop. He carries a large weapon, just like the grim reaper's weapon. He stands there in front of her just staring at her. Fear floods her mind. "I'll give you anything you want.

Please just leave me alone," she begs.

He raises his weapon and with a swing, he splits her in two causing blood to spill onto the ground. She wakes up in heap of sweat. She is having much trouble breathing and falls out of bed, hitting her head off of the dresser and knocking herself out. Two hours later, she regained consciousness. She looked at her clock and noticed that it was time for school. While she was walking to school, her friend Allen walks up beside her.

"Hi, Darlene," he said.

"Hey, Allen," she smiled.

"You look like hell. You had one of those dreams again, didn't you?"

"Yeah, it was horrible."

"I had one last night too?"

"Why do you think we keep having these dreams about him?"

"Maybe something is going to happen, like an earthquake or something. They always say that you have weird dreams before something major happens."

"That's just a myth." As soon as they got to school, she went to her first period class, which was math. This was here worst subject. Mr. Smith, the math teacher, was obsessed with math. She took a seat next to her friend, Jenny.

"You look terrible."

"I had one of those dreams last night."

"This makes the fourth time this week."

"Allen has been having dreams about him too."

"I wouldn't worry. It's probably coincidental." Later on that day, she was sitting in the cafeteria, eating lunch, when Allen walks over to her.

"How's your day going?" she asked.

"It was ok. Are you doing better?" he asked.

"Kind of."

"Would you like me to come over this evening and keep you company?"

"No, that's ok"

"Are you sure?"

"I think I can handle this by myself." Later on that night, she was sitting on the swing at the playground. It was a cold night and she had forgotten to wear her jacket. Suddenly, she had started to hear screeching noises. She quickly got up from the swing and looked around but didn't see anything. The noises started to grow louder. She had then noticed that on the other side of the playground was the phantom and he was coming straight toward her. She quickly started to run. She wasn't sure why she was there in the first place but at this point, she couldn't question herself. It had started to rain and the ground was starting to get wet. She ran as fast has she could go but she slipped and fell on the wet pavement. It felt as if she had sprung her ankle. She got up and tried to run but she was feeling pain in her ankle. Soon, he had jumped in front of her causing her to come to a dead stop. "What do you want from me!" she cried. He just stared at her with those red eyes. He raised his weapon and pointed it toward her head. Her body quivered and her mind was racing. The phantom lowered his weapon and looked at her dead in the eyes. She didn't know what to think.

He started to laugh evilly and then he made a ball of fire in his hand. He had then raised his hand and threw the fire at her, catching her clothes on fire.

"Help!" she cried. She could feel her skin burning. She tried to roll on the ground to put it out but it seemed like that was only making it worse. Suddenly, she found herself in her own bed. She had then realized that she had just had another dream. She noticed the

weirdest thing though. She looked at her arms and had noticed that they had burns on them. "Something weird is going on here," she said to herself.

The next day, while she was walking to school, she had noticed a new store was in town. There was a sign right in front of it that said "We can solve all your problems." She decided to walk in and take a look around. As soon as she walked into the store, someone had walked over to her.

"Hello, I am Madam Rhoda. May I help you.".

"I couldn't help but read the sign outside," said Darlene.

"Well, it's true. I can see you are having a problem, my dear."

"Well, I have been having nightmares but you wouldn't have anything to make them go away."

"No, I wouldn't dear."

"I didn't think so," said Darlene as she walked toward the door.

"Wait! I do have something that will get you out of the nightmare completely, no matter how bad it is."

"That's impossible."

"Oh, but it isn't. Come see for yourself," she said, signaling Darlene to walk over to the counter. She took a box off of the counter and opened it. It was a watch.

"What's so special about a watch?" asked Darlene.

"It just isn't any watch. This watch can get you out of any dream, no matter how bad.".

"How?"

"It's quite simple. Before you go to sleep, you put the watch on. Whatever kind of dream you have, you'll be wearing the watch in the dream. The watch has a terminate button on it. If you have a nightmare, you push that button and your dream will be terminated causing you to wake up."

"And it works?"

"Quite well."

"How much do you want for it?"

"For most people I charge a hundred dollars but for you, fifty."

"Al I have is twenty."

"Sold!" Darlene handed her the money, took the watch, and walked out of the store. She wasn't sure if that lady was telling the truth or trying to make a quick buck but even if it didn't work, she did need a new watch, so it wouldn't be a complete loss.

Later on that night, she was watching television in her bedroom. She hadn't put the watch on yet but wondered if it would fit. She walked over to the dresser where she laid it and slipped it on. It fit perfect. The numbers on the watch were Roman numerals but she didn't really look for the terminate button when she was in the store. She took the watch off and tilted it to the side and had seen that the terminate button was right on the side of the watch. She slipped the watch back on and got under the covers. "I hope this works," she said to herself as she slowly closed her eyes. She heard a scream coming from downstairs. She quickly jumped out of bed and ran downstairs. Standing in the front door was the Phantom. He was holding the next door neighbors head. From the sight of that, she wanted to scream but she was in a state of shock. She quickly started to run toward the kitchen. The phantom dropped the head and started to follow her. "Leave me alone!" she cried as she ran into the kitchen. She pressed herself against the door, so that he couldn't get in. She looked down at her wrist and had seen that her watch was gone. "Oh no, I must have dropped it," she said to herself. She felt something wet from beneath her feet. She looked down and saw that she was standing in a trail of blood. She followed the trail over

to the sink. She had then looked in the sink and saw that there were a whole sink full of heads. The kitchen door had then swung open and the phantom flew over to her. All of a sudden, blood started to pour from his hands. She had then seen that he was crushing a head with his hands, so that's where the blood was coming from. "I hope this is a dream, oh God, I hope this is a dream," she said to herself. He raised his weapon and with all his force, he sliced her arm open. Suddenly, she awoke and found herself back in her bed again. She was wearing the watch also. She had noticed that her arm was bleeding from where he had sliced it open in the dream. The next day, she walked back to the store from where she bought the watch.

"Not happy with the watch?" asked Madam Rhoda.

"Damn right I'm not happy. The thing doesn't work."

"Oh, but it does."

"I wore it to bed and in my dream I wasn't even wearing it."

"I should have told you"

"Told me what?"

"You must set the watch."

"Well, I did forget to do that."

"I'll set it for you." She quickly set the watch and gave it back to her.

"Will it work this time?" she asked.

"Yes, it will, my dear." She decided to try it out again later that night. While she was laying in bed, she decided to slip the watch on. This time, the watch started to glow. She was quite amused from the glowing. She decided to lay down and try to go to sleep. As soon as she closed her eyes, she heard a scream. She jumped out of bed again terrified. This time she wasn't sure if she wanted to go downstairs. She walked over to the door and locked it. This time she wasn't taking any chances. She looked at her wrist and had seen that this time she was wearing it. The door swung open and it was the phantom. She quickly pushed the terminate button. He took a swing at her but before he could hit her, she awoke. "I'm glad it was only a dream," she said to herself. Over in the corner of her room, she saw someone walking over to her bed. It was too dark for her to see anything but she could see that it was someone walking over to her. Then she had seen that the person had red eyes. She knew right then and there that it was the phantom. She quickly jumped out of bed and ran over to her window. She opened it and climbed out of it. She slid down the drainpipe, falling onto the ground. She looked up at her window and had seen the phantom looking down at her. She quickly ran across the street and banged on the neighbors door. Suddenly, the house had started to melt, as if it were ice cream. She had then backed away from it.

"What's going on here?" she said fearfully. She looked at her watch and had seen that the hands were moving quite fast. She pushed the terminate button again and once again, she had awoke in her bed. "Something's wrong."

Her room looked different. As a matter of fact, it didn't have any pictures on the walls and there were no furniture in there except for her bed. She walked over to the window and had seen that it was daytime. Also, the ground was covered with snow. It felt quite cold and her window was cracked a little. She closed the window and walked back over to the bed. Her bedroom door swung open and a head rolled over to her foot. She screamed and jumped off of the bed. She quickly ran out of the room and ran downstairs. When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she had seen that all of the furniture in the living room were gone. She ran into the kitchen and had seen all of the kitchen appliances were gone too. Next, she walked over to the back door and opened it. She walked out onto the back

porch. She turned around to walk back into the house when all of a sudden, she had bumped into the phantom.

She quickly pushed the terminate button on the watch and within that instant, she was back in her bed again. It seemed that every time she pushed the terminate button, she ended up back in her bed but was still in the dream. This time everything in her bedroom was there, even the furniture. She got out of bed and walked over to her bedroom window. She had seen that it was still nighttime. She walked over to her bedroom door and slowly opened it. On the other side though, was a forest.

"Where did the rest of the house go?" she asked herself.

She walked through the door and into the forest. She then decided to take the watch off and take a look at it. She had then noticed something on the back off the watch. There was a message that said "This watch guarantees you to escape from a bad dream." Then down below, there was another message that said "Note: escaping from a dream doesn't guarantee that you will wake up from a dream. There's a possible chance that you could go into another dream. If another nightmare occurs, push the terminate button again." She was quite shocked to have seen this message. She slipped the watch back on her wrist. She didn't really want to walk through the forest, so she pushed the terminate button again. Once again, she woke up in bed. She got out of bed and walked over to the door. She slowly opened it. This time, the rest of her house were there. She slowly walked down the stairs. When she got to the bottom, she had noticed that the front door was wide open. She walked outside and had seen that she was in an orchard. The reddest apples hung from the trees.

"I have yet to see a bad season," said a man, who was walking toward her.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"My name is Ronald.".

"Are you part of my dream?"

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

Suddenly, the phantom had decapitated him. His head rolled over to her feet. The door closed behind her and apples started to fall from the trees as they started to shake. The ground started to shake as well. The phantom picked up Ronald's decapitated head and threw it at her. He started to laugh evilly as his red eyes started to glow. Suddenly, her house had disappeared. By this time, all of the apples from the trees were on the ground. She quickly pushed the terminate button once again. She awoke back in her bed. This time, her walls had blood stains all over them and her floor had bloody footprints. She was terrified to leave the bed but then she had noticed a dead body laying on bed next to her. She quickly jumped off of the bed.

She slowly walked over to the door and opened it. She found quite a shock on the other side. There was the orchard again but this time, instead of apples hanging from the trees, there were dead bodies. There must have been five or six dead bodies hanging from each tree. She quickly pushed the terminate button once again and soon, she was back in her bed again. Once again, her room had looked like it was back to normal but she was getting quite fed up with not being able to wake up. She walked downstairs and had seen that it was daytime. "Since I can't wake up, I'm going to get comfortable," she said to herself, so she decided to strip all of her clothes off and walk outside. As she was walking down the street, she passed many people. They were all just staring at her but she didn't care because she was dreaming. She decided to walk to school. When she got there, everyone was laughing at her. Then she walked into her first period class and sat down. Everybody in the classroom was laughing at her. "Go ahead and laugh because I'm going to wake myself up now," she said. She pushed the terminate button on the watch but to her

surprise, nothing had happened. "Uh-oh," she said to herself. The teacher had then walked into the classroom. His mouth dropped. "Oh my, I'm really awake," she said to herself. The teacher took off his jacket and threw it to her. "Put this on young lady," he said angrily.

She put the jacket on. He grabbed her hand and had dragged her down to the principles office. The principle decided to suspend her for a week. Later on that night, she was laying in bed with a sad face. She had never felt so embarrassed in her life. There was a knock on her door.

"Come in," she said. The door opened and it was Jenny.

"I hope you don't mind but your mom let me in downstairs," said Jenny.

"It's ok," said Darlene

"Alright. . . Darlene, what's going?"

"Nothing."

"Something is going on. I mean you showed up at school naked today. I think you may be slipping."

"This isn't exactly easy. I mean these nightmares are messing up my whole life!" she cried.

"Darlene, if there's one thing I always learned, it's that bad times are only temporary."

"That's easy for you to say. I mean those dreams of the phantom seem so real."

"I went to the library and read up about the phantom thing," said Jenny as she placed her hand on Darlene's shoulder.

"Is there something in a book about it?"

"Yes, it turns out that he was a powerful wizard back in seventeen-seventy-nine," said Jenny, scratching her head. "When he was using his magic to curse people, the townspeople had a trial and hung him. Right before he was hung, he swore that if they killed him, he was going to come back after there future relatives, which would be us."

"That sounds horrifying."

"I must say also, I have been having nightmares of the phantom too."

"You have?"

"Yes, I didn't really want to say anything because you had enough problems of your own."

"Well, I would have understood."

"I see you bought a watch too."

"Yeah, but it doesn't wake me up though. It just lets me escape from one dream into another dream."

"I bought a watch too," Jenny laughed.

"Does yours work?".

"Well, it works somewhat but as for the phantom, he appears in any dream I have."

"Me too," sighed Darlene.

"I also read that the phantom will torture you by cutting you up and catching you on fire and things like that before he kills you.".

"I wish there was a way out of this.".

"The watch is the key. It has some mysterious power and we just have to find it."

"I wish I knew what it was."

"It's something that you must find out for yourself."

"Yeah, but that makes it more difficult."

"I know."

"Did that book tell you how powerful the phantom was?" asked Darlene curiously.

"No, but it did say that he is capable of killing anything and everything."

"I don't like the sound of this."

"It's probably going to get much worse before it gets better."

"I'll say."

"Last night I thought for sure that he had killed me," said Jenny with a frightened look on her face.

"What was your dream about?" asked Darlene curiously.

"Well, it started out where I was on a bus. Then when the bus stopped, I got off and walked down the street. When I got to my house, the phantom was standing in my yard with heads rolling throughout the yard. The bad thing about that was, it was my families heads that were in the yard."

"That's terrible."

"Darlene, eventually people really are going to die and we're going to be in a situation where we can't do anything about it."

"What should we do?"

"Something. . .that's all I can say." After Jenny left, she decided to go to bed. Tonight she had decided to confront the phantom. She was going to face her fear once and for all. She slipped under the covers and slowly closed her eyes. As soon as her eyes closed, she heard a high pitch screeching sound. She quickly jumped out of bed and walked over to her window. Rain was coming down outside her window. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning hit the tree in her yard causing it to catch fire. She quickly walked out her bedroom door, ran downstairs and ran outside. By the time she got there, the rain had put out the fire. Suddenly, the tree had started to change. It changed from a tree into the phantom. She started to run but then she stopped. She decided to go back and face the phantom, so she turned around and started walking toward him. She could hear her heart pounding in her ears. She wasn't sure what she was going to do but she knew she had to do something. She walked over to him and looked into his bright red glowing eyes. "I'm not afraid of you," she said, giving him a mean look. He raised his weapon. "Go ahead and try to kill me. I don't need this watch," she said as she took it off of her wrist and threw it onto the street. "I can do without it," she said. Suddenly, the phantom had caught fire, screaming in suffering pain. Within that instant, the phantom had disappeared. "It looks like all I had to do was face my fear and it went away," she said to herself. The next day she had told Jenny what happened but since that night, the phantom hadn't returned in either of their dreams.

A Moment In Time
16

He sat there looking out the window. This would be his first time on an airplane. He didn't want anything other than the flight to be over. He was on his way to Florida for a two week vacation. He had just graduated from high school and looked forward to summer. Since this was his first time flying, his anxiety level was high. Being thousands of feet in the air scared him.

Rain started to come down from outside the window. That only made his mood unstable. Earlier that year, he had been arrested for being at the wrong place at the wrong time. He was at a party drinking and there had been a drug bust. He had spent a week in jail before he had enough courage to call his parents to get bailed out. They were furious when they found out but over time, they got over it. Sometimes he hated his life because nothing ever went right. At times, he felt like running away somewhere but he knew that doesn't always help. He was thinking about staying in Florida permanently once he arrived there.

"Excuse me, are you alright?" asked the girl next to him.

"Yes," I'm fine," he smiled.

"My name's Katie, what's yours?"

"Alex," he replied."

"I bet this is your first time on a plane, isn't it?"

"I guess it's that obvious."

"I used to hate flying but eventually, I got used to it." She was a very attractive girl. She had silky brown hair, blue eyes, and a petite structure.

"I didn't really want to fly but that is the only way I can get to Florida. My friends are already there waiting for me," he said. He had then noticed that she was wearing a silver necklace. She also had a charm on the necklace that was in the shape of a circle and inside the circle were roman numerals.

"That necklace looks like a clock."

"This necklace is very special. My great grandfather gave it to me," she smiled.

"So, are you visiting anyone in Florida?"

"Yes, my aunt Mae."

"To be honest, I'm not really meeting any friends there," he sighed.

"Oh."

"I'm flying there to get away from everything. I'm in a real mess back in my home town."

"What kind of mess?" she asked curiously.

"Well, earlier this year I got arrested for being at a party where there were drugs, which I knew nothing about. Then my friends all turned on me. They said I was bad company," he said with another sigh.

"Well, I don't think you're bad company."

"You seem like good company too," he smiled. Fifteen minutes went by and he was still talking to her. He was having such a good time talking to her, that he forgot about his fear of flying. He wasn't sure exactly where he was going to go once he had arrived in Florida but he had to think of something. He only had five-hundred dollars in his pocket and that wasn't nearly enough to start a new life.

"So, did you graduate from high school?" she asked curiously.

"Yes, I graduated just recently."

"Isn't that a coincidence? I did too." He had about an hour to go before the plane landed but at least she was keeping him occupied.

"So, do you fly often?"

"Not very often." He looked at her and he could tell there was something special about this girl but he couldn't figure out what it was exactly.

"I'll be so happy when this flight is over."

"We still have a while to go."

"Will you excuse me? I have to go to the restroom."

"Sure," she said. He walked to the back of the plane where the restrooms were and walked into one of them. The real truth was, he was started to feel sick. He felt the plane begin to shake, knocking him from wall to wall of the narrow bathroom. He hated turbulence. It scared him a lot. The plane began to shake again. This time the restroom light went out. Suddenly, he heard screaming outside the restroom door. It sounded like everyone on the plane were screaming. Then all of a sudden, an enormous shake threw him out of the restroom and onto the floor of the isle. When he stood up, he had noticed that everyone was either unconscious or dead. Not one person were awake, not even Katie. It felt as if the plane had stopped moving too. He looked out one of the windows and had noticed that there were trees outside the window. "We couldn't have landed already," he said in confusion. Blood trickled down the isle. He wasn't sure where it was coming from though. He walked over to the door and opened it. He walked outside and noticed that he was on an island. "Where the hell am I?" The oceans waves were flowing into shore and

the wind was blowing. He had then noticed a girl walking over to him. She looked exactly like Katie but her hair was longer.

"Why have you come?" she asked.

"I. . .I'm lost," he replied.

"You are on the Crimson Crustacean Island."

"You look just like the girl I met on the plane."

"My name is Aries."

"I'm a little confused. When I was on the plane, I walked into the bathroom and the airplane started shaking. When I was thrown out of the bathroom, I had noticed that everyone wasn't conscious."

"You must leave this island at once. Sebastian and his tribe will find you," she said in demand.

"I can't get back on the plane," he sighed. Something weird has happened. Suddenly, there was an explosion, causing him to be knocked onto the ground. He turned to look and had seen that the plane had exploded. "What's going on here?

"They found us," she said in a worried manner.

"Who found us?"

"Them!" she cried, pointing in the left direction. He turned to see who it was and had seen that it was a group of men. They were wearing animal skin as clothes and were carrying spears. One of the men spoke. It was Sebastian.

"We blew up the enemy but it seems that one has survived. Why haven't you killed him, Aries?" asked Sebastian.

"I. . .well. . .I was going to, Sebastian" she stuttered.

"Nevertheless, we'll take care of it," said Sebastian, aiming his spear at Alex.

"Run!" cried Aries. Alex immediately started to run. He wasn't sure which direction he was going but he didn't care. He ran into the woods, not even thinking of looking back to see if they were behind him. They started to run after him though. It didn't take long before they had ran into the woods. As he was running, he kept tripping over dead tree limbs that were lying on the ground.

"Get him!" shouted Sebastian, who was catching up. As soon as Alex heard his voice, he immediately picked up the pace. As he was running, he could hear there feet stepping on the branches behind him. His feet were starting to feel tired but he knew that he couldn't stop for any reason or he would be killed. He turned his head for a split second to see if they were getting close to him when he had noticed that they were only ten feet away from him. Soon, they started throwing their spears at him. Suddenly he tripped over a branch lying on the ground and fell. Soon, he felt something sharp poking at his back. "Get Up!"

He turned around and had seen that Sebastian was behind him. He slowly got off of the ground.

"Are you going to kill me?" asked Alex.

"I have better plans for you, my friend!" He tied a rope around Alex's neck and forced him to follow him. Aries followed behind them.

"Please let me go!".

"I skinned five people alive yesterday. I ripped there skin right from their bodies and they were still alive when I did it. I think I'll have a little fun with you too." Aries walked behind Alex.

"I have a small dart in my hand that has poison on it and it could put someone to sleep for an hour or two. I'm going to use it on Sebastian but you have to promise to run after I do it," Whispered Aries.

“I promise.” Aries walked behind Sebastian and slowly penetrated his skin with the poison dart. Soon, Sebastian fell to the ground. The other men had noticed and started going after Aries.

“Run, Alex!” she shouted. Alex took off running into the woods again. He looked back for a split second and had seen that they were attacking Aries. He wanted to go back to help her but he felt that it was too risky, so he continued running. After running for about three miles, he had noticed that they still weren’t chasing him. He had then came across a log cabin and decided to walk in. When he walked in, he had noticed that the cabin was empty. Then he had seen a lady standing over in the corner.

“I take it they found you,” she said, giving him a serious face.

“Yeah, who are they?”

“They are a tribe of headhunters. They kill anyone that comes into contact with them. Killing is a game to them.”

“And who are you?”

“My name is Fiona.”

“Is there a way off of this island?”

“Only the way you came.”

“I came on an airplane and they blew that up.”

“I know. I had seen the whole thing.”

“Did you see the plane crash too?”

“Yes, they did it. They shot poisonous gas into the plane from cannons.”

“I was in the bathroom on the plane when it happened. That explains why I didn’t die,” he pointed out. Suddenly, the door had swung open and standing there was Sebastian with his tribe.

“Capture both of them,” Sebastian said to his tribe.

“You can’t do this to us!” he cried.

“I can do anything I want. . .and I will.” The tribe grabbed both of them and tied them up. He tied them together. Then he drug both of them outside and threw them down on the ground.

“The only bad thing about dying is you only get to do it once.” Alex had noticed that Aries had also been tied up.

“Why is she tied up?”

“Because she disobeyed me, so she deserves to die also,” said Sebastian. Sebastian then took three ropes and swung them over a branch hanging from a tree. “I am going to hang all three of you with these.”

“The police will catch you,” said Alex.

“What are police?” asked Sebastian.

“You don’t know who the police are?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about either,” whispered Fiona. Then Alex started to think.

“Wait a minute. . .this couldn’t be. . .what year is this?” he asked.

“Fourteen-ninety-two,” Fiona replied.

“What year did you think it was?” Sebastian laughed.

“I must have traveled into the past somehow.”.

“You’re from the future?” asked Fiona.

“Quiet!” shouted Sebastian. He walked over to Alex and placed one of the ropes around his neck. “You’re the first to die.” Alex felt quite terrified but he was trapped. He had then noticed that there was a necklace around Aries Neck that looked identical to the one that

Katie was wearing on the plain.

"Aries, that necklace you're wearing. I've seen it before," said Alex. She looked at him with a worried face.

"I. . .I. . ." she stuttered.

"I think you're the same girl that was on the plane," he said.

"What is he talking about?" asked Sebastian.

"I don't know what he's talking about," said Aries.

"I think you do," said Alex.

"I confess, I do know what he is talking about. Untie me and I'll show you," said Aries.

"I don't know if that's a good idea," said Sebastian.

"The necklace I have around my neck has powers," said Aries.

"Well, this I must see. I'll untie you," said Sebastian. He took his spear and cut the rope, freeing her. "Alright, show me magic," he demanded. She took her hand and placed it around he necklace.

"Well, I'm waiting."

"Hold on, Alex," she said as she continued to hold the necklace and jumped onto him.

"Grab her!" shouted Sebastian. Everything started to spin and then everything started to get blurry and Alex couldn't see anything in front of him. Within a few seconds, he realized that he was in the cabin again and there was Fiona standing over in the corner again.

"I take it they found you," she said, giving him a serious look.

"I've been here before" he said.

"They are a tribe of headhunters. They kill anyone that comes into contact with them. Killing is a game to them."

"I know who you are. You're.-"

" My name is Fiona," she interrupted.

"Is there a way off of this island?" he asked.

"They shot poisonous gas onto the plane that you were on. I thought everyone was dead?" she said.

"I was in the bathroom on the plane when it happened but you've asked me this before." Suddenly the door had swung open and standing there was Sebastian with his tribe.

"Capture both of them," Sebastian said to his tribe.

"Leave us alone!" he cried.

"I can do anything I want. . .and I will." The tribe grabbed both of them and tied them up once again. He tied them together again. Then he drug both of them outside and threw them down on the ground just like the first time.

"The only bad thing about dying is you only get to do it once," said Sebastian laughed. Alex had noticed that Aries had been tied up again. She winked at Alex. It was as if she remembered. Alex had then realized that only Aries and he had traveled back in time, so no one else would remember.

"Can I have a last request?" asked Alex.

"You have one minute. What is it?" asked Sebastian.

"I would like to talk to Aries," he said.

"That's out of the question. She disobeyed me," said Sebastian.

"Just for one minute," he begged.

"Well. . .alright, but make it fast," said Sebastian as he threw him over to Aries.

"That necklace you're wearing is a time travel device, isn't it," Alex whispered to Aries.

"Of course it is. How do you think I got us out of here the first time?" she said.

“Well, can’t you get us away from here?” he asked.

“This is for time travel, not to change locations. We can only travel through time with this,” she said.

“Hurry up!” demanded Sebastian.

“Listen to me, Alex, there’s something I have to tell you,” she said with a serious face.

“What is it?” he asked.

“I am the same girl that you met on the plane. I am from the year fourteen-twelve. I am the one who set up the drug bust,” she said.

“But why?”

“You would never believe me if I told you.”

“Try me.”

“Well, later on that night, you were going to do something stupid.”

“Like what?”

“Your friends were going to try a new drug and they were going to get you to do it to,” she replied.

“But I wouldn’t have done that?”

“Yes, you would have and you did. I already traveled to that point in the future and after you all have taken that drug, all of you ended up dead. I came into the future to look after you. I can tell the future before it happens and you kept appearing in my mind. That’s how I knew to help you.”

“So, you traveled into my time, set up a drug bust, so that we could go to jail before any of that happened?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“But why have you brought me back in time?”.

“Well, the plane that you were on was going to crash an hour after the flight started. That too, I went into the future to find out.”

“But what about all of this. I mean you took me back too far.”

“No, I didn’t. I did everything for a reason.”

“It’s time to die,” said Sebastian.

“Listen, Alex, I brought you back here because this is where I belong and this where I wanted to give you my necklace.”

“But why?”

“Because I too looked ahead to see my future and in my future, my future family and I die by the hands of Sebastian and his tribe. So, at this point in time, it’s best he kill me because if he kills me now, I would have never had a family for him to destroy.”

“But can’t you prevent it?”

“No, it’s my fate and I rather just me die than my whole family.”

“Alright, this little meeting is over,” said Sebastian, walking over to them.

“I would like one last request also,” she said.

“What’s that?” Sebastian asked.

“I would like to give Alex a hug.”

“I don’t think so,” said Sebastian.

“Please,” she said, giving him puppy dog eyes.

“Alright, make it fast,” he said, starting to untie her. She had then took her necklace off and walked over to Alex. She placed the necklace around his neck.

“I’m passing my gift on to you, so now you can see into the future. I want you to have the necklace. To use it, you just whisper what time and date you want to go to. For example, if you want to go to the year nineteen-ninety-six on the month of April on the sixth at ten-

thirty in the morning, you say four-six-ninety-six at ten-thirty a.m. Since you're tied up, I'll send you back," she said placing her hand around the necklace.

"I'm going to miss you," he said.

"Goodbye Alex," she said, planting a kiss onto his lips. Just like before, everything started to spin and everything grew blurry. Within a few seconds, he was back in the airport at the time right before he got on the plane. Then he heard his flight announced. Being that Aries told him that the plane was going to crash, he knew not to get on the plane. He decided to go home and work things out with his family and friends.

Meanwhile, Sebastian had placed a rope around Aries neck.

"Goodbye," said Sebastian as the tribe pulled on the rope, causing her body to ride up the tree and hang.

"This is your destiny," said Sebastian as he walked away from the tree, as her body hung there lifeless.

The Ghost Who Was Green
17

There she stood in a graveyard ,staring at the nighttime sky. She once had a family, along with friends but that life was over. She had passed away two years ago. Her body was buried deep beneath the ground but for some reason, she had been walking around the cemetery since she had died. That's where she was buried. She wasn't quite sure why she was in the cemetery. At times, people come into the cemetery to visit their departed family. She tries to communicate with them but they cannot see her. It was snowing the night that she had died. She was coming from the interstate and as she was getting off at the ramp, the road was icy and her car slid into a tree, causing her body to become smashed inside the car. She was only seventeen at the time. The cemetery was quite cold but she couldn't feel it, being that she was dead. She could see a car coming from a far. She couldn't see what color it was or who was driving it because it was still too far away, but as it came closer, she had seen that it was a green car and a boy was driving. As soon as the car approached the cemetery, it had stopped. The boy got out of the car and started walking into the cemetery.

"Hello," she said while trying to get his attention but he couldn't see her. He was carrying

a Polaroid camera. She looked closely and had noticed that it was one of those cameras that shot the picture out right after it was taken. When she was alive, she had one of those cameras. She always liked those kind of cameras because you don't have to get the film developed. He started taking pictures of the tombstones. At one point, he took a picture of the tombstone that she was standing in front of. However, when the picture came out of the camera, his eyes grew big. For some strange reason, she appeared in the picture. He could see exactly what she looked like. When he had noticed this, she suddenly became visible to him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Emily," she said in a state of shock. This had been the first time anyone was able to see her.

"My name is Kyle but you look like a . . .a ghost."

"You can see me?"

"Yes, I can. I was taking a picture of the tombstone that you're standing in front of and I shot a picture of you."

"Maybe that's why you can see me then."

"It must be. I did hear from somewhere that ghosts sometimes appear in pictures and sometimes if you take a picture of one, they'll become visible to the person that took the picture."

"I have been in this cemetery for two years but I'm not aloud to leave."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because this cemetery is guarded by the reaper," she replied.

"Who's the reaper?"

"He's the one who keeps me here." Just as she thought that she could get away with talking to him, the reaper approached her.

"Who are you talking to?" asked the reaper as he approached.

"No one."

"Can this boy see you?" asked the reaper.

"No."

"Because if he can, you know what to do."

"I know, you told me a million times. If anyone can see me, I'm supposed to haunt them."

"Who are you talking to?" asked Kyle.

"That's right and from the looks of it, you were carrying on a conversation with him," said the reaper.

"I wish I could just cross over. It's no fun staying in this cemetery all of the time."

"We've been through this before. You're just not ready yet."

"I tell you, one of these days. . ." she said angrily.

"Now be a good girl and scare him off. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to check on the new arrival. They just buried him today" said the reaper as he flew away.

"Sorry, that was the reaper," she said to Kyle.

"I didn't see anyone," said Kyle as he looked around.

"Well, he's among the dead too"

"Oh, I see."

"Listen, Kyle, I don't suppose you could do me a favor."

"It depends on what it is."

"I need to get out of this cemetery without the reaper seeing me."

"But what do you want me to do?"

"Let me jump inside your body."

"No way, that sounds freaky."

"Please, it's my only way out."

"Well. . .alright but hurry up." Without hesitation, she quickly jumped into his body but the reaper noticed this immediately.

"Hey, what are you doing?" asked the reaper as he started to fly over to her. While inside his body, she quickly forced Kyle to jump into the car, slip the key in the ignition and drive off. Then she jumped out of his body and with no memory of what had happened, he had noticed that he was driving.

"What am I doing driving?" he asked.

"Just drive, the reaper is coming," she replied. He stepped on the gas and sped up. The reaper started to follow them.

"Get back here!" shouted the reaper.

"Go faster!" she cried. He pushed harder on the gas peddle and made the car go faster. The reaper wasn't getting off of their trail though.

"Did we lose him?" asked Kyle

"No, he's still coming!" He pushed the gas peddle in as far as it would go. His car was only clocked for a hundred miles per hour and he was already doing eighty-five in a twenty-five zone. The reaper started to fall behind but didn't give up just yet.

"Get back in this cemetery!" shouted the reaper. He had the car going a hundred miles per hour and he knew that he couldn't get it to go any faster. Soon, the reaper was out of their sight and she gave a long sigh.

"So, is the reaper dangerous or something?"

"Not dangerous but very demanding. He kept me in that cemetery for two years. He says I can't cross over yet but I think this is starting to get ridiculous. I have always been green with envy every time I saw someone walk into that cemetery that was alive because when that happened, it made me wish that I was alive, just like them."

"Well, I'll take you back to my house with me and we'll figure out what to next from there. As soon as they arrived at his house, he walked into the house and she followed.

"Where have you been?" asked his mother, walking over to him at the door.

"I was taking pictures of the cemetery for my school project," he replied.

"Well, it's getting late."

"Mom, I have someone I would like you to meet. This is Emily." He pointed toward the door, where she was standing.

"That's very cute. You have an imaginary friend." His mother just laughed and walked away.

"Didn't you hear what I told you before? No one can see me!" Emily cried.

"Well, I forgot."

"Where's your bedroom?" she asked desperately. "We need to go somewhere where we can talk without your family jumping down your throat."

"Hey, don't put my family down. They just worry sometimes."

"I bet it's upstairs. Come on, let's go." She started walking up the steps, as she motioned him to follow her. As soon as they got to the top of the steps, he showed her which room his was.

"Close the door," she demanded as they walked in.

"So, what's up?"

"Well, for one, this was the worse place that you could have taken me. For two, people are going to think you are nuts if you keep trying to talk to me because they can't see me, and last, I have to find my car." She walked over to the bed and sat down.

“Look, I know you’re scared. I admit, I’d be scared in your situation.”

“You have no idea what it feels like to go on day by day and know that your life is over because of one little accident.” She couldn’t hold back her tears, so she started to cry.

“I’m sorry.” He tried to place his arm around her, so that he could comfort her but it went right through her.

“Do you see? I’ll never even know what it feels like to have physical comfort ever again. Maybe I should just go back to the cemetery.”

“No, I want to help you. Just tell me what you need me to do.”

“Do you really want to help me?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Well, the first thing I must do is find my car. Maybe that’ll be a start on finding out what I have to do to cross over.”

“How do we find your car?”

“I don’t know. I don’t even know where to start.”

“Wait a minute. What kind of car did you drive?”

“A Pontiac Grand Prix.”

“That car is in our school right now.”.

“What’s it doing in your school?”

“Do you know how sometimes they show you what happens to cars if people drink and drive?”

“Yes, why?

“Well, that’s what they are doing with your car right now.”

“You mean they are using my wrecked car to show people what happens if you drink and drive?”

“Yes.”

“But that’s not how I died. My death was an accident caused by slippery patches of ice on the road,” she said.

“As a matter of fact, they did tell us about the person who died in that car, which would be you, but their version was different.”

“How did I die, according to them?”

“They said you were at a party, you drank to much, and wrecked your car coming off of the interstate.”

“Something is wrong here. That’s not how I died.”

“Well, that’s there version of it.”

“I think we ought to take a ride to the school.” They took a ride to the high school, so that she could take a look at her car. The car had been in the high school Gym for quite some time. As soon as they walked into the school, he showed her where it was.

“Is that your car?” he asked.

“Yes. . .yes it is,” she said hesitantly staring at it. She was shocked by how much damage had been done by it. “My car accident was that bad?”

“It does look bad, huh?”

“I didn’t realize how bad it was.”

“So, you weren’t drinking that night?”

“No, I didn’t even take as much as a cold pill.”

“It’s such a shame, isn’t it?” asked Mr. Norton as he walked in.

“Yeah, it is,” Kyle replied.

“She was so young.”

“You knew her?”

“Yes, she was one of my best students. She died a year before you came into this high school. She was a smart girl.”

“He’s right on that one,” Emily smiled.

“Do you really think she died from drinking and driving?” asked Kyle.

“Well, that’s how the story goes. I mean, the police found alcohol all over the car,” said Mr. Norton, scratching his head.

“Which is a lie,” said Emily.

“Well, I must be getting home. Take care Kyle,” said Mr. Norton as he walked away.

“That’s not how it happened. That’s not how I died!”

“Well, why is everyone saying that then?”

“I don’t know but I’m going to find out.” She started walking toward the door.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m walking around the school to see if I can find anything out.” He followed her into the hallway. As soon as he walked into the hallway, he felt someone grab his shirt.

“You’re not supposed to be inside the school when school’s not in session,” said Miss. Friedman.

“Sorry, I’m just um. . .working on a project for school.”

“Well, why didn’t you say so. I was about ready to give you detention for a week. It’s a good thing you said something.”

“Wait, Miss. Friedman. I was wondering if you could answer a question for me.”

“Alright, make it quick,.”

“Do you remember a girl named Emily that went to school here? She died in a car accident.”

“Yeah, I remember her. I gave her detention every week. She was always disrupting the class.”

“Do you know how she died?”

“I heard she was drinking too much booze. A typical alcoholic! Anyway, I have to get going.” Miss. Friedman walked away.

“I never did like that teacher. She was lying when she said she used to give me detention every week but anyway, everyone only assumes that I was drinking. No one had said that it was true,” sighed Emily.

“I have an idea. Tomorrow, I’ll bring you into school with me. I’ll talk to some people tomorrow. Maybe they can give us some more information.”

The next day, right before his first period science class with Miss. Friedman, he walked up to one of his classmates, Adam, to see if he knew anything.

“Hey, Adam, do you know Emily, the girl that died in that car accident?”

“Yeah, she was a major alcoholic. She had what was coming to her. I heard she got wasted that night she died.” Adam closed his locker and walked away.

“That didn’t help much,” she said.

“There has to be someone else I can ask.” Then he noticed that Mark Fulton was coming down the hallway. He decided to walk over to him to see if he knew anything.

“Hey, Mark.”

“Hey, Kyle.”

“I have a question.”

“What is it?”

“Do you remember a girl named Emily that used to go to this school. She died in a car accident.”

“Yeah, I was dating her before she died.”

"Yeah, that was before he cheated on me," she said angrily. "I broke up with him way before I died."

"Do you remember how she died?"

"Yeah, she got loaded one night and ran off of the road coming from the interstate. That's all I know."

"Ok, thanks." He walked away from Mark and stood against the wall.

"We are getting absolutely nowhere," she sighed.

"Maybe it's not completely useless. Someone has to know something." She had then noticed that her best friend, Anna, was coming down the hallway.

"Hey, she used to be my best friend."

"Do you think she knows something?"

"Don't hesitate, go talk to her." He walked over to Anna and started a conversation with her.

"Hi, you don't know me but I knew one of your friends from a long time ago," he said.

"That's a nice pick up line but it won't work with me," said Anna.

"No, do you know Emily?"

"I would rather not talk about that." Anna felt quite uncomfortable talking about Emily after what had happened to her.

"Could you just answer one question for me?"

"Why are you so interested in her?"

"I was just. . .curious."

"Well, for your information, she wasn't drinking that night like everyone says she was."

"So, how do you think she died?"

"Think? I know how she died. She was coming from the interstate, the ramp was icy, and she hit a tree. The whole alcohol bit was set up."

"What do you mean?" He gave Anna a puzzled look. Emily gave a puzzled look also.

"Well, after she flew off of the road and hit the tree, the football team drove by and had noticed that there was a car wrecked on the side of the road. They didn't know that was her car and that she was in it, so they took some alcohol, dumped it all over the car, lit a match and caught the car on fire. She could have probably been saved from the accident if the football team would have never caught fire to her car but everyone else thinks that it was her alcohol and that she was drinking that night." Anna looked at him with a straight face.

"That sounds terrible."

"Yeah, but do yourself a favor. Don't ask anyone else around here what happened to her because they'll all tell you the same thing the football team told everyone and that is, she was drinking." Anna closed her locker and walked away.

"I knew that someone would stick up for me," Emily smiled.

"I don't see how this is going to help you. I mean we spent two days searching for nothing."

"No, we found something. We found out that I could have lived if they would have never caught my car on fire while I was still in it. I think I know what I have to do now."

"You do?"

"Yeah, I must confront those who killed me and avenge my death."

"What are you going to do?

"I'm going to play God." She walked away from him and started to walk down the hallway. He decided to go to his first period class. He figured that Emily probably needed some time alone. As soon as he walked into class, he sat down. Miss. Friedman walked in

the room.

"Today, we're going to study photosynthesis of plants," she said as she walked over to the chalk board. Suddenly, there was a scream coming from the hallway. Everyone in the class room jumped up from their seat and ran out into the hallway to see where it was coming from. He followed also. As soon as he followed the class into the hallway, he noticed that Mark was hanging from one of the light fixtures.

"I didn't do so bad, did I?" Emily laughed.

"You killed him?" he asked.

"Hell no, I just taught him a lesson."

"Help!" screamed Mark. "Get me down from here!"

"He had it coming but I still have to get the rest of the team."

"How did you do it? I thought you couldn't talk to anyone else or touch anyone else."

"Oh, I just discovered that the if I focus on something, I can move it." she said.

"This isn't right. I won't have any part of this." He walked away angrily.

"Go ahead and leave! I don't need you!" Later that day, he was in his room lying on the bed and thinking about what had happened earlier that day. He felt bad for leaving her like that, after he had promised to help her but he didn't like to see anyone die either.

"I'm sorry," said Emily, who was standing beside the bed. He jumped in fright.

"You scared me," he said.

"Sorry to sneak up on you like that."

"Well, I'm sorry I left you today."

"It's ok. I'm the one you should be mad at. It wasn't right for me to do what I did today."

"Do you think getting revenge on the ones that killed you is what you have to do to cross over?"

"Well, I thought so at first but I remembered when I first died, the reaper told me that if I was murdered, seeking revenge would not bring me back to life."

"So, what do you think you have to do?"

"I think I have a pretty good idea on what I have to do."

"What is it?"

"I have reason to believe that my parents thought that I died from drinking and driving also, so they probably have never forgiven me. I think my parents need to know the truth and then maybe I'll cross over," she said.

"So, what do you need me to do then?"

"I'm going to need you to go to my parents house and tell them what really happened."

"Well, let's go for it."

"I'll lead the way there." They walked outside and she stepped into his car. He got in and started it up. "I'll show you where to need to go." It was only about a five minute drive to her parents house but as soon as they arrived there, she had noticed that the porch had no furniture on it and there were no lawn ornaments. Her mother had always kept furniture on the porch and ornaments in the yard for as long as she could remember. She stepped out of the car and walked up to the house. As soon as he followed her to the house, she walked up to the front door.

"Knock!" she demanded.

"What should I say?"

"I'll tell you what to say. Now, just knock." He knocked on the door. It didn't take long before someone answered it.

"Yes," said a woman, who opened the door.

"That's my mother. Her name is Carol.".

“Are you the mother of Emily?”
“Yes, but what do you want?”
“I have some information about your daughter.”
“Listen, son, I don’t have time for this today.”
“Tell her to call Anna. She can vouch for me and tell her that I wasn’t drinking, ” said Emily.
“Emily wasn’t drinking that night. As a matter of fact, I know someone that can tell you what really happened.”
“Tell her to call Anna. She has her number because I gave it to her so that when I stayed at her house, she could get a hold of me.”
“I loved my daughter dearly but forgiving her for what she has done is hard to do,” said Carol.
“That’s just it, she wasn’t drinking that night.”
“Anna would just stick up for her. She always has. I have caught her quite a few times lying.”
“Wait, do you have your Polaroid with you?” asked Emily.
“Yes, it’s in my car.”
“Who are you talking to?” asked Carol.
“I’ll be right back,” he said as he ran to the car. He quickly grabbed his camera and ran back to the house.
“Now, take a picture of me,” said Emily. He took a picture of her and the picture popped out of the camera.
“What are you doing?” asked Carol.
“Watch.” He shook the picture, so that it would turn out. He had then held the picture up for Carol to see it. As soon as she had seen Emily in it, her body became visible to her.
“Emily, is that you?” asked Carol with a surprised look on her face.
“Yes, mom, I’m here because I need to tell you something.”
“What is it?”
“The truth is, I wasn’t drinking that night. My car did slide off of the road and I did hit a tree but I just passed out after it happened. The way I really died was, after I passed out, the football team thought it would be funny to catch a car on fire, so they caught mine on fire without knowing that I was in there.”
“Oh my, that’s the same thing that your friend Anna told me but I didn’t believe her. So, it really is true. I’m so sorry, Emily.” Suddenly, the sky started to turn black and a golden staircase appeared in front of them. It looked as if it had led into the sky. Also, walking down the staircase was the reaper. This time, Kyle could see what he looked like.
“I know, I’m in trouble for running away from the cemetery,” said Emily.
“No, you’re ready now,” said the reaper.
“So, I’m forgiven now?”
“No, you don’t have to be forgiven because you did nothing wrong. All you needed to do was find a way to get the truth out,” said the reaper.
“But how was I supposed to do this if I wasn’t allowed to leave the cemetery?”
“Well, I must admit, the only reason I kept you in the cemetery that long because I thought you weren’t ready to leave the cemetery. You still looked confused and most of the dead won’t make it outside the cemetery if they don’t know how to fulfill their mission,” said the reaper.
“Well, I proved you wrong, didn’t I?”
“Yes, you did,” said the reaper as he smiled back. She turned around and looked at her

mother.

"I must go now."

"I'm going to miss you," said Carol.

"I'm going to miss you too but my work here is done. Before I could cross over, I had to tell you the real truth on how I died."

"Well, I'm glad you did. I couldn't go through life thinking that you had died from drinking and driving."

"It's time," said the reaper.

"And you Kyle, thank you for everything. If it hadn't been for you, I don't think I could have done this. You have been a true friend." She placed her arms around him to give him a hug.

"You're welcome, Emily. I'm happy that you finally got your wish."

"Well, I must be going now."

"Follow me," said the reaper as he started to walk up the stairs.

"Goodbye," said Emily as she followed him. As soon as they started walking up the stairs, they disappeared, along with the staircase.

"Thank you for helping her," said Carol.

"Your welcome," he smiled.

"Would you like to come in. We can have a little talk about Emily and I can show you my photo albums of her."

"Yes, I'd like that." He followed her into the house. They talked for hours about Emily and she showed him many pictures of Emily. Everyday, Kyle would stop there after school to see how her mother was doing. After a while, the authorities had found out what had really happened to Emily and the football team were expelled from school and sent to jail for six months. In the end though, her mother got her wish and that was to see her daughter one last time.

Altered Existence
18

The cold waves brushed against the beach as the sun beat down on the water. He sat in the sand, writing in his tablet. He didn't consider it a diary or a journal. He just thought of it as something to write in. He had just graduated from high school and wasn't sure if he wanted to attend college. After all, it was quite pricey and there were not many good colleges in the area.

He would often lye on the beach and write in his tablet. Sometimes he would write so much, that he would run out of paper.

"Are you still here, Clay?" asked his friend Kenny, who was walking up behind him.

"Yes," he replied.

"I can see that. Are you coming over to my house tonight?"

"Yeah, what time do you want me to come over?"

"It doesn't matter," said Kenny. Kenny had been his best friend for about five years. He often spent the night at Kenny's house because at home, his parents were always fighting. They have been divorced three times and have got back together every time. He didn't understand why they would get married and then get divorced like that.

"My parents were fighting again this morning anyway," he sighed.

"That doesn't surprise me."

“They need to get divorced and stay divorced. It’s obvious they can’t live together.”
“Yeah, but Clay, your parents will never change.”
“I know that one.”.
“So, what are we going to do tonight?”
“I don’t know. Let’s rent a couple movies.”
“That sounds cool.”
“I don’t know if there’s any good movies out right now though.”
“How can you stand to sit out here? It’s freezing this morning,” said Kenny, shivering. The wind was blowing aimlessly and the pages in this tablet were starting to turn one by one. He placed his hand on the tablet to stop the pages from turning.
“I get used to it after a while.”
“I know. You sit out here almost everyday.”
“Well, it gives me something to do,” he said. He didn’t like when Kenny made fun of him but he knew that he was only joking. Later on that night, Clay walked over to Kenny’s house to stay. As soon as he got there, Kenny ordered a pizza.
“Pizza, again?” asked Clay.
“So what?” said Kenny.
“You order that almost every day.”
“Well, I like it.”
“You have problems.”
“I have to say the same about you.”
“So, have you thought about going to college?”
“Are you serious? I’m enjoying my lazy days.”.
“I’m not sure if I’m going either.” Later on that night, when Kenny was sleeping, Clay decided to walk downstairs and go outside for some fresh air. He hadn’t been feeling well that whole day. As soon as he walked outside, he sat down on the steps. It was a cold night but it didn’t bother him much because he often sat on the beach when it was cold out.
“Hi,” said a girl, walking past the house. She had long flowing blond hair and she was quite petite. As she were walking down the street, he couldn’t help but look at her. The next day he went to the mall with Kenny. They were both bored, so they decided to get out of the house for awhile.
“The mall doesn’t look too busy today,” said Kenny as they were walking through the mall.
“It’s never busy.”
“I have to tell you, last night I walked outside to get some fresh air and I saw this girl that was amazingly hot.”
“Hey, slow down buddy. You’re going to catch something on fire.”
“She was amaze. . .” he paused. There was the girl again and she was walking toward him.
“Hi again,” she said, walking passed him.
“That was her!”
“I didn’t see anyone,” said Kenny.
“You miss everything Kenny,” he said angrily.
“Sorry buddy.” They walked into the music store, so that Clay could look at some music. He hadn’t bought a CD in ages.
“I hope I can find something in here.” The next thing he knew, the girl walked passed him again.
“Hi,” she said, walking over to the oldies section.

“Kenny, there she is,” he said, pointing at her.
“Where?”
“Over there looking at the oldies.”
“I don’t see anyone.” He turned to look and had seen that she was gone.
“Where did she go?”
“I think you been drinking city water too long.” They walked down to the video game store, so that Kenny could look at some video games. Those were his interests.
“I hope I find something worth playing in here,” said Kenny.
“On the wall over there are some new games that have just been released,” he said, pointing to the wall.
“I checked there a couple days ago and couldn’t find anything,” said Kenny. The girl that he had seen walked into the store.
“Hello,” she said, walking by him.
“Kenny, don’t tell me you didn’t see her that time,” he said.
“I’m sorry, I don’t see anyone,” said Kenny, looking around.
“I think I need to go into the mall and sit down on a bench. I’m not feeling very well.”
“Alright, well, I’ll come out and get you when I’m done,.”. He walked into the mall and found an empty bench in front of the video game store.
“Hi there,” said the girl, walking passed him once again.
“Hey miss, stop for a second,” he said, with desperate eyes. The girl stopped and turned around. She looked at him with her deep blue eyes.
“Yes?” she said.
“Are you following me?” he asked.
“Whatever do you mean?”
“Well, last night I saw you in front of my friend’s house. Then today I passed you in the mall. Then I saw you in the music store. Then I saw you in the video game store and now you passed me again.”
“You have a wicked imagination,” she said, walking away.
“I’m done buddy. I’m couldn’t find anything in there,” said Kenny, walking out of the store.
“You had to see her that time.”
“No, I saw you standing there talking to yourself but then again, you always do that.” Later that night, Clay decided to spend the night at home. Sometimes Kenny got on his nerves. As he was lying there on his bed, he could hear the wind blowing outside his window and the tree branches swaying back and fourth. He heard thunder, followed by lightning. Suddenly, a tree crashed through his window, shattering it to pieces. He immediately jumped off of the bed in fright. He ran over to his bedroom door but it wouldn’t open. It felt like it had been jammed. Then he walked over to the window and had noticed that the same girl that had been following him around was standing outside on the sidewalk, staring at him. Suddenly, the room started to shake. He could taste fear in the back of his throat as things started to fall off of his shelf. The floor boards were started to fall in and he was having trouble keeping his balance. The next thing he knew, he fell through his bedroom floor, through the living room floor, and landed in the basement. Floor boards had fallen onto his head as he landed.
He lied there for a couple of minutes weak but eventually, he threw the floor boards off of him. He had then stood up but he noticed right away that something was a miss. He was no longer in his basement but for it had looked as if he were in a cave
“Where the hell!” he cried. He noticed there was a path on the other side of the cave that

led outside. He followed the light and it didn't take long before he had walked outside. He noticed that there were nothing around except trees and grass. He had then heard the sound of horses. He turn to look and had seen that there were men on horses approaching him. All of the men were dressed in armor. One of the men jumped off of his horse and walked over to him.

"My name is Patrick. Who are you?," asked the man.

"My name is Clay."

"You're trespassing on King Maverick's territory. I'm afraid you are going to have to come with us," said Patrick, yanking him by his neck and forcing him on the horse. Clay wasn't even sure what was going on or what had happened. As far as he was concerned, this was all a dream. It didn't take long before they had approached a castle. It was the largest castle that he had ever seen. Well, at least larger than the one's he had seen in movies. As they approached the castle, he could see the guards lowering the gate.

"If you're lucky, the king will use you as a slave instead of killing you!" As soon as they arrived at the castle, they went through the gate. There were many people inside the castle walls. Some of them were townspeople, others were slaves. Patrick had then stopped his horse, threw Clay from it, and dragged him inside the castle. The walls were made of nothing but stone and it smelled quite old. Patrick dragged him into a quite large room and threw him down. A man wearing a crown walked over to him. "We caught him trespassing."

"I am King Maverick. So, you been trespassing, huh?"

"Could you tell me what I'm doing here?"

"Silence! You will only speak when spoken to."

"Sorry."

"I should sever your head but good help is so hard to find these days. I think I'll use you in the yard. I could use a man to take care of the shrubs and many other things that need to be done."

"Sir, I just want to know how I got here."

"Let me show you something. Look outside." Clay walked over to the window and looked outside. He had seen that there were many severed heads planted on fence posts. "That's what is going to happen to you if you disobey me once more. Now, get out of my site!" Patrick took him to the yard and threw him onto the ground.

"Pull every single one of those weeds out of the ground. After that, the garden needs some attending too also!" demanded Patrick.

"Its such a shame that things like this could have happened to someone like you," said a girl, who was standing over him. He looked up to see that it was the same girl that had been following him around the mall.

"Alright, who are you?" he asked.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Geneva," she said, smiling.

"Well, Geneva, can you please tell me what I'm doing here?"

"I'm the one who sent you here. I am your guardian angel."

"Guardian angels really exist?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, how did I get here?"

"I have quite magnificent powers and many of them include bringing someone from one time period into another one."

"Well, why did you send me here?"

"You have an ancestor that will fall in battle tomorrow, to one of King Maverick's men

and that may altered time."

"I don't understand," he said.

"Well, once history is made, it stays like it is. One of the guardian angels is supposed to protect your ancestor but that guardian angel recently disappeared."

"So, what's the problem?"

"That relative was one of your many great grandfathers. With him dead, you would have never been born."

"Well, isn't there a way out of this?"

"Well, with the guardian angel gone, I need you to protect him, by taking him as far away from this kingdom as you can."

"This is terrible. What happens if I fail?"

"Then you cease to exist."

"What should I do now?"

"I am going to open the castle gate," she said, using her powers and causing it to open "Your ancestor resides on Windsor heights."

"The guards might kill me for leaving."

"Just go please," she said, begging him. He quickly started running for the gate. Patrick noticed that he was running.

"Stop!" shouted Patrick.

"Run!" she shouted. It didn't take long before he had ran out of the gate. The guards started to chase after him. Many of them were pointing their weapons at him also. He quickly took off running down the hill. He could feel his fingers tingling as he could feel his anxiety getting the best of him. He stumbled over a bush but managed to pick himself up. The guards started to throw spears at him.

"Cease him!" shouted King Maverick. Up ahead, he saw a river. He wasn't sure if he could cross it or not but he was willing to try. He continued to run, trying to lose the guards but it wasn't working. As soon as he reached the river, he stopped. It looked much too deep for him to cross. He was an excellent swimmer but wasn't quite sure if the current was strong.

"There's no where left to go," said Patrick running up behind him. He turned around and looked at Patrick. He stood there for two seconds and without hesitation, he back jumped into the river. He started to swim to the other side. The guards started to throw spears at him again but without much luck, they missed. Soon, he had arrived safely on the other side. After that, he got out of the river and started to run through the forest.

"Curses!" shouted King Maverick.

"I'll send my men into the forest to bring him back. He won't get far," said Patrick.

"Well, be sure that he doesn't." King Maverick walked away from him angrily. Clay wasn't sure where he was going to go but he knew he had to find his ancestor.

"You're going the wrong way," said a voice from behind him. He turned to look and had seen that it was Geneva.

"Tell me something. Is this forest property of the king too?" he asked.

"Of course, all the land is," she said.

"Just great!"

"I know that you are displeased with coming here but I brought you here for the sake of your own existence."

"Lady, you've done nothing but make my life a living nightmare."

"I'm sorry," she said, looking at the ground with a sad face.

"No, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have yelled at you."

"Well, I'm only trying to protect you and your own families existence."
"Well, how should I protect my ancestor grandfather anyway?"
"I have arranged for him to meet you by the winter ridge mountains."
"And where's that?"
"To your left," she said, as she pointed.
"Well, I better get going. It looks like it will be getting dark soon," he said, looking at the sky.
"Good luck," she said as he started walking. He had walked for many hours before he reached the mountains. As soon as he reached the mountains, he had seen a cabin at the bottom of them. He started walking over to the cabin slowly. He wasn't really sure what he was going to say to his great ancestor. As soon as he reached the cabin, he walked up to the door and knocked. The door swung open and he felt someone grab him, throwing him inside the door.
"Nobody saw you, did they?" asked the man.
"No, are you my. . .well. . .my ancestor?" asked Clay.
"Yes, my name is Copernicus."
"Did Geneva tell you about the situation?"
"Yes."
"I don't know where we're going to go. The king and his men are looking for me."
"We must flea from here at once," said Copernicus, with a frightened look on his eyes.
"I agree." Copernicus blew out the candles that were lighting his cabin and grabbed Clay, running out the front door. He closed the door behind him.
"I hope you're a good climber," said Copernicus.
"Why?" asked Clay curiously.
"Because we're going to climb the mountain."
"Oh no, I'm not climbing that, no way."
"That's the only way to get away from the king and his men. Why do you think Geneva sent you here?"
"To protect you."
"Well, protecting me is one thing but helping me flee from the king is another."
"Does the king really behead people who aren't loyal to him?
"Of course not."
"That's a relief then," clay smiled.
"He has his men behead them!" Copernicus said in an uproar. "Now, we must get going." Copernicus started pulling him to the direction of the mountain. As soon as they approached the bottom of the mountain, Copernicus got out his mountain climbing gear.
"Do we need all of this?"
"Yes, now, I'm going to start first. I need you to climb behind me to make sure that I don't fall. If I should happen to fall, just grab the rope. It will keep me from hitting the bottom." Copernicus started to climb the mountain and Clay followed behind him.
"Halt!" shouted a voice, which was coming from a distance. Clay turned to look and had seen that it was king and his men.
"We've got trouble," said Clay.
"Just keep climbing," said Copernicus. They continued to climb as fast as they could. Before long, they were about twenty-five feet up the mountain. By this time, the king and his men were at the bottom of the mountain.
"They're right below us!" cried Clay.
"Just keep climbing." They continued to climb. Some of the rocks were breaking off as

they climbed. Spears started to fly at them but they were too far up to get hit.

"Catch them!" shouted King Maverick.

"We tried to throw our spears at them but they are too far up," said Patrick.

"You fools, climb that mountain now or I'll have you all beheaded." Without hesitation, the kings men started to climb the mountain. Clay hadn't noticed at first but when he turned his head, he immediately noticed that they were climbing the mountain.

"Climb faster!" cried Clay in panic. Copernicus looked down and had the noticed that they were also climbing the mountain. One of the kings men had gotten close enough to clay to pull on the bottom of his pants.

"Come here, boy!" shouted the man. Clay kicked him in the face, causing him to fall off of the mountain. The sound of the mans scream echoed all the way down, until he hit the ground. It didn't take long before another man had grabbed onto his leg.

"Snatch that boy!" shouted King Maverick. Clay tried to kick this one but he managed to hold on.

"I have him!" shouted the man.

"Well, bring him down here!" The man grabbed him and started to drag him down the mountain. "

"Don't stop, Copernicus. As long as you make it, time won't be altered!" shouted Clay. It didn't take long before the man had drug him to the bottom of the mountain.

"We meet again," King Maverick laughed.

"You won't catch him. He already got away," said Clay.

"Well, he might have gotten away but you won't." Suddenly, an airplane flew from the sky and started to dodge at the king and his men. They all dunked as the plane flew over them. The plane landed about twenty-feet away. Clay had seen that it was Geneva.

"Hurry, Clay, we have to get you out of here. Your work is done. Copernicus made it up the mountain, so everything is fine now!" she shouted. He started to run toward the plane.

"Cease them!" shouted King Maverick. His men started to throw spears at him. One of them hit him in the back of the leg. He wasn't sure if he could go on running but he tried. He limped the rest of the way but made it to the plane.

"Get in!" shouted Geneva. Clay got into the passenger seat and Geneva started to go. The king and his men jumped in front of the plane but she kept going.

"What is that contraption?" asked King Maverick, pointing at the plane.

"I do not know but it's coming toward us!" shouted Patrick, fearfully. The king and his men started to run but they weren't fast enough because within a few seconds, she had run over the king and a few of his men. Soon, she was in the air.

"I am going to take you back to your time now but you must hold on to something," she said.

"Why?" he asked curiously.

"Because I'm going to do this!" she said, flying the plane toward the ground.

"We're going to crash!"

"Just relax." She continued to drive the plane toward the ground. He hanged on for his life. The plane was only ten feet away from the ground and he was in a state of panic.

"Stop!" The plane was right about to hit the ground when all of a sudden, a cloud of dust appeared in front of him. The next thing he knew, he was lying in his basement. He slowly stood up but felt quite dizzy. "That was weird."

He opened the basement door and walked outside.

"There you are. I've been trying to call you all weekend," said Kenny.

"What day is it?" asked Clay.

“Sunday.” Kenny gave him a weird look when he asked that question.

“So, where have you been all weekend?”.

“Busy, just busy.” He knew Kenny would never believe him if he told him where he really was, so he told him that he was just busy.

“So, did you have a good weekend?”.

“Yeah, I did. It was really interesting,” Clay smiled.

Curiosity Summoned
19

They strolled through the damp caves, searching for treasure that had been buried for centuries. They were part of an organization called the Exploration Society. They did more than just hunt treasure though. They hunted ghosts and the evil that rules the earth. It was there job to see that evil spirits were put to rest, while the good spirits found their way to the other side. Today they had a mission to hunt for a treasure chest that had been buried for about five-thousand years. The box contains a pathway to rid all of the evil from the earth and place it back to where it belongs. . .in hell.

"I found something," said Tiffany, pulling a box from beneath the dirt that she was

digging. She scraped the dirt from the box with her brush and slowly opened the box.

"Don't open that!" shouted Nelda, closing the box on her.

"What's your problem?".

"You must not open that box.".

"Why not?"

"That box must be set in a certain place before it can be opened or it will bring evil amongst us and the rest of the world."

"Well, where are we supposed to open it then?"

"How the hell should I know? I'm just telling you that this isn't the right place to open it."

"How do you know that then?"

"Because it says here in this history journal that your supposed to open it on the mountain's end, so I figure that's probably not in this cave," said Nelda, holding the journal up.

"Well, I think we should open it here," said Tiffany as she started to open the box.

"No!" But it was too late. She had already opened the box.

"See, no harm done." Tiffany started searching through the box. It didn't seem as if there were much in the box. It was mostly dirt and a few stones. "Well, there's nothing in here."

"Oh, but there is. Look!" cried Nelda, pointing at the box. The stones had started to glow and the dirt had turned into blood.

"What is that!"

"You disturbed them." Suddenly, the stones had turned into spirits and they surrounded the caves.

"Leave us alone!" cried Tiffany. Next, the spirits had flown out of the caves.

"You let them out."

"Let what out?"

"The spirits of Corona. There are eight of them and they must all be found before they destroy the world."

"Well, what would have happened if we would have opened the box where it was supposed to be opened?"

"The stones would have turned into treasure." Suddenly, rocks started to fall from the ceiling and the caves started to shake. "We have to get out of here. Come on!" They started running toward the exit. It was about fifty-feet away.

"Do you think we'll make it out of here?"

"Don't question that. Just run!" replied Nelda. Some of the rocks were hitting them on their heads as they were running toward the exit. Tiffany fell but Nelda managed to help her back up. They were now twenty-feet away from the exit and it had seemed as if the pathway were narrow. Sweat was pouring from Tiffany's forehead but Nelda was sweating more. Right as they ran out of the caves, the caves had fell in, causing a cloud of smoke. Nelda and Tiffany had both threw themselves on the ground from exhaustion.

"That was wicked," said Tiffany.

"We need to get back to the school and tell the others what happened," said Nelda.

Later on that day, Mark, Jennifer, and Harry were eating lunch together in the cafeteria when Tiffany had ran over to them to tell them the news.

"Guys, we're in trouble," she said.

"What's wrong?" asked Mark.

"You know that treasure hunt that Nelda and I went on today?"

"Yes," replied Jennifer.

“Well, I found a box, opened it, and it let out eight evil spirits.”
“What does Nelda have to say about it?” asked Harry.
“I think she’s more worried than angry with me.”
“What’s going on?” asked Hillary, walking over to the table with Jessica.
“Well, miss curiosity here went on a treasure hunt with Nelda and opened a box up and let out eight evil spirits,” said Jennifer, pointing at Tiffany.
“Well, I didn’t mean to do it,” said Tiffany.
“This reminds me of the time my parents told me not to open my Christmas present early or something bad would happen. I thought they were bluffing but when I went to sneak in their bedroom and open it early, it was a surprise alright,” said Jennifer.
“Well, what happened?” asked Hillary.
“My parents planted those fake snakes that jump out at you,” said Jennifer.
“I guess that taught you a lesson,” said Jessica.
“Oh, boy did it ever,” said Jennifer.
“So, how much trouble did you cause Tiffany?” asked Mark.
“Well, it’s not pretty. Nelda explained it to me on the way here. Those spirits that escaped are corona spirits and they could wipe out the whole population,” said Tiffany.
“How do we stop them?” asked Hillary.
“She told me that if we set the box on the mountain’s end, then it will put them back in the box,” said Tiffany.
“Where’s the mountain’s end?” asked Jennifer.
“That’s just it. . .we can’t figure it out,” said Tiffany.
“It seems to me like you’ve got us in a whole heap of trouble,” said Harry.
“I’ll say,” said Nelda, walking over to the table.
“What’s up?” asked Jennifer.
“You all better come with me,” said Nelda. They followed her into the auditorium and sat down.
“So, what’s going on?” asked Mark.
“Well, for one, the spirits have already started the damage,” said Nelda.
“Did something happen already?” asked Tiffany.
“Yes, the water level in the ocean has decreased.”
“That’s terrible,” said Jessica.
“And by the way, where are Jena and Gary?” asked Nelda.
“I don’t know. They didn’t show up for school today,” said Mark.
“Well, one of you better call and check on them,” said Nelda. There was a roaring sound coming from outside. Nelda walked over to the auditorium door that led outside and opened it to have a look. The others followed her. The sky was roaring with thunder and rain had started to come down. Then all of a sudden, a bolt of lightning hit the side of the school, catching the top floor on fire.
“Look at that,” said Jennifer. Then another bolt of lightning hit one of the trees outside of the school.
“It’s already getting worse,” sighed Nelda. Next, hail the size of basketballs started to fall from the sky.
“This doesn’t look good,” said Jessica.
“Everybody, go back in the auditorium!’ shouted Nelda as she signaled them to go back in the school and closed the door.
“This looks back,” said Harry.
“Oh, it’s going to get much worse,” said Nelda.

"What do you mean?" asked Tiffany. The windows in the auditorium had shattered as the hail started to fly through them.

"Everybody, run!" shouted Nelda. The hail started to fly at about fifty miles per hour. They all started to run for the door but Jessica tripped and fell. Next, the fire alarms went off and the hail started to crash through the auditorium floor. Jessica jumped up from the floor but suddenly, a piece of hail hit her over the head, knocking her unconscious.

"Jessica, are you ok?" asked Mark but she wasn't waking up. Nelda ran over to help her up when suddenly, she was hit by a piece of hail knocking her unconscious. Mark covered his head with his hands and ran over to Nelda.

"I'm going to get Nelda. Someone get Jessica," said Mark. He grabbed Nelda and pulled her into the hallway. Hillary followed him, pulling Jessica into the hallway. All of the students were running. Most of them were panicking as hail flew through the windows in the classrooms. Nelda had came to.

"Are you ok Nelda?" asked Hillary.

"Yes, I'm fine. Try to wake Jessica up," said Nelda. Mark slapped Jessica lightly across the face, trying to make her come to. After a couple of minutes, she finally came to.

"What happened?" asked Jessica.

"You were hit in the head by a piece of hail," said Hillary.

"We need to get out of here," said Mark.

"There's nowhere to run. If we stay in here, we're going to burn in the fire and if we go outside, we're going to get killed by the size of that hail!" cried Tiffany. Suddenly, the hail had put out the fire and after a couple of minutes, it had stopped falling from the sky.

"It looks like it stopped," said Jessica.

"Yes, for now, but things are going to get worse," said Nelda. They walked outside to see how much damage had been made. There were cars that had busted windows. There were houses that were barely standing. Some cars were even flipped over. The only reason the school hadn't been destroyed that fast was because it was made of bricks.

"This looks bad," said Hillary. Next, the suns light had dimmed causing the day to turn dark. Then the temperature had started to drop rapidly and the sky had turned from blue to red.

"The sky isn't supposed to be that color, is it?" asked Tiffany.

"No, it's not even supposed to be dark out," said Nelda.

"What are we going to do?" asked Tiffany in a sad voice.

"Find the mountain's end," said Nelda as she walked away.

"I think Nelda is upset," said Tiffany.

"I can't blame her. I mean, we've got a serious problem here," said Mark.

"The mountain's end has to mean something," said Hillary.

"Good luck with that one. Nelda can't even figure it out," said Tiffany. They sat there thinking for about an hour. The temperature had dropped to forty degrees at that time. They were all shivering but there wasn't much of anywhere to go.

"I'll be back," said Tiffany.

"Where are you going?" asked Jennifer.

"I'm walking into the library to find a book. Maybe I can find something about that box and the mountain's end," said Tiffany. She walked into the school and closed to door behind her.

"Do you think she'll find something?" asked Mark.

"Who knows," said Hillary. Within a couple of minutes, Tiffany walked back out of the school carrying a book.

“Did you find anything?” asked Jennifer.
“Well, I found something on the box I found,” said Tiffany.
“Well, what does it say?” asked Jennifer.
“It says here that the box will bring evil amongst the world unless it is open on the mountain’s end.”
“Well, you already told us that,” said Jessica.
“It also says that the mountain’s end is not a place.”
“Well, that doesn’t make any sense,” said Hillary. After thinking it over, Jessica had finally come up with an idea.
“I think I understand,” said Jessica.
“What did you come up with?” asked Mark.
“The mountain’s end means it must be opened by a person who is fearless,” said Mark.
“I don’t follow,” said Jessica.
“That’s what they mean by mountain’s end. The expression goes, a person who is fearless can climb the highest mountains without fear,” said Mark.
“Hey, that does sound true,” said Jennifer.
“So, in other words, someone who is fearless must be the one to open the box?” asked Hillary.
“Yes, that’s what I’m guessing,” said Mark.
“But I don’t think any of us are fearless,” said Tiffany.
“What about Nelda? She seems fearless,” said Hillary.
“No, she was just as scared as we were when that hail was falling from the sky,” said Tiffany.
“You guys, it’s not about who’s scared. It’s about being fearless. You can still be scared but fearless,” said Mark.
“We have to find her,” said Hillary.
“I think she went into the school,” said Tiffany.
“Well, Jennifer and I will go into the school to get her,” said Hillary. Hillary walked into the school and Jennifer followed her.
“Do you think she’s in here?” asked Hillary.
“Tiffany said she was,” said Jennifer. The school was dark also because the hail had knocked out the power.
“Nelda! Are you in here?!” shouted Hillary.
“I don’t see anyone,” said Jennifer.
“Behind you,” said Nelda, standing behind them. They turned around and saw that she looked different. Her hair was frizzy and her teeth were turned black.
“What happened to you?” asked Hillary.
“Nelda is gone. Soon we’ll be taking over the earth. Tiffany was kind enough to let us out of the box and now we’re going to take over,” said Nelda.
“You’re not Nelda?” asked Jennifer.
“No, I’m taking her place. See, we’re taking over everyone’s bodies. Now, someone is going to take over yours,” said Nelda laughing. A couple of girls were walking toward them.
“Who are you!” cried Hillary in panic.
“This is Rita and Macy. They’ll be taking over your bodies,” laughed Nelda.
“Run Jennifer!” shouted Hillary as she grabbed her hand and started to run.
“You won’t get far,” said Nelda. They started running through the school. Hillary was terrified. They ran up the stairs that led to the second floor and took a left. Rita and Macy

followed them up the stairs and took a left also.

"Leave us alone!" shouted Jennifer.

"Come to us," said Rita. Jennifer and Hillary ran to the end of the hallway and made a turn to the left, which led to the cafeteria. They ran into the cafeteria and closed the doors.

"We have to find something to lock the doors with," said Jennifer.

"How about this chair,' said Hillary as she placed a chair in front of the door. Then they ran across the cafeteria and into the preparation area, where they make the food. That door already had a lock on it, so they closed it, and locked it. Then they ran into the back of the preparation area and hid under a table. It didn't take long before Rita and Macy broke down the cafeteria door.

"I think they're in the cafeteria," whispered Hillary.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are," said Rita as she picked up tables and threw them over one by one.

"Is there a way out of this kitchen?" asked Jennifer.

"I think there's a vent over in that corner," said Hillary, pointing to the corner. They slowly crawled over to the corner. Jennifer opened the vent and they both started to climb in. At this point in time, the preparation room door flew open and Macy saw Hillary's feet go into the vent. She was the last one to crawl in though, so she quickly closed it.

"Get back here," said Rita. Without hesitation, they climbed up the vent and didn't stop for anything. Rita opened the vent and started to climb in after them. As soon as Hillary had seen Rita climbing through the vent, she began to climb faster. Soon, they had reached the third floor gym and climbed out of the vent. As soon as Hillary climbed out, she grabbed a basketball rack and put it against the vent, so that Rita and Macy couldn't get out.

"Where to next?" asked Jennifer.

"I don't know but that basketball rack isn't going to hold them there that long," said Hillary.

"Let's get out of this gym and run back into the school," said Jennifer. They ran through the gym doors and back into the hallway. Then they ran down the hallway and down the steps, which led to the second floor. They started to run down the hallway when all of a sudden, they heard a voice say "Stop!" They turned to see who it was and had seen that it was Nelda. Both of them were frozen with fear. Nelda walked closer to them. They couldn't move. They were terrified. Eventually, Nelda walked right in front of them and stood there laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Hillary.

"This!" shouted Nelda as she made a cloud of black smoke appear in front of them. Hillary and Jennifer had suddenly disappeared.

"What did you do with them?" asked Jessica walking down the hallway, carrying the box.

"The world belongs to me now and there's nothing you can do about it," said Nelda laughing.

"Oh, yes there is," said Jessica.

"And what would that be?" asked Nelda.

"This!" said Jessica opening the box.

"No!" shouted Nelda. Suddenly, a black cloud of smoke appeared and Jessica could see all of the evil spirits returning to the box. Nelda had then fell to the floor. Hillary and Jennifer had then reappeared.

"Are you two ok?" asked Jessica.

“I’m fine,” said Hillary and Jennifer together.

“What happened?” asked Nelda, picking herself up.

“You turned into evil but we fixed everything,” said Jessica.

“But I thought only someone who is fearless could fix everything,” said Hillary.

“But I am fearless,” Jessica Smiled.

“I’m glad that’s all over with,” said Jennifer. Then the box had opened by itself and treasure appeared. There were gold coins, rings, necklaces, and rubies.

“Look at that,” said Hillary.

“I’m glad that’s in the box instead of evil spirits,” said Nelda.

Possible Side Effects
20

She sat in the psychiatrist's office, confessing her every problem. This was her last year of high school but she had many problems this year. First, in September, her best friend had died in an automobile accident. Second, her grandmother died in November. Then she was fired from her job at the supermarket. All of her problems just kept adding up.

"So, are there any other problems that you've been having?" asked Dr. Carr.

"Yes, earlier this week, I caught my boyfriend cheating on me," said Trisha.

"Ouch." Everything that she was telling him, he was writing down.

"To top it all off, he cheated on me with one of my friends."

"That's terrible," he said, continuing to write.

"I know."

"Do you have thoughts of hurting yourself or anyone else?"

"No, but this last year has just been one disaster after another."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to prescribe you this new medication. It's called Vexturol. It hasn't been out on the market long but it will help treat depression," he said as he wrote the prescription.

"Are you sure antidepressants are the right thing for me?"

"Well, I think it will be a big help," he said, handing her the prescription.

"Well, if you say so."

"Our session is done for today. I want you back here in two weeks. On your way out, stop at the receptionist to schedule another appointment.". Trisha's life was at a point where there was a dead end. She often did have thoughts of suicide but she knew she would never accomplish anything being dead. Her parents had no idea that she was seeing a

psychiatrists. If they were to find out, they would probably call her a nut job. She stopped at the pharmacy on the way home to get her prescription filled. After that, she went home. When she arrived home, her mother was standing in the doorway waiting for her.

"Where have you been?" asked her mother.

"Nowhere," she said. She didn't want to tell her mother that she was in a psychiatrist's office.

"Well, go to your room now. I'll call you when dinner is done." She walked upstairs, went into her bedroom, and slammed the door. She hated her home life more than anything. Sometimes she wished that she had a different family. A family that actually understood her. She has her own bathroom, so she decided to walk in there to get a glass of water. She took the glass that she had sitting on the sink and filled it with water. Then she walked back into her bedroom. She sat down on the bed and opened the prescription that the doctor had given her. The pills were half white and half green. The directions read: take one pill twice a day. She popped a pill in her mouth, took a drink of water, and swallowed it. She lied down on the bed and closed her eyes. She was quite tired from the day she had at school. She slept for about two hours. When she woke up, she had noticed that it was raining outside. She walked over to her window to watch the rain fall.

"Trisha, dinner!" yelled her mother from downstairs. She walked downstairs and sat at the table.

"So, how was your day at school?" asked her mother.

"It was ok," she said. She also had a brother named Phil. He was two years younger than she was.

"So, are you going to the basketball game tonight?" asked her father.

"I don't know. I might."

"When I was in school, I used to love going to the games."

"Dear, when you were in school, all you worried about was making out at the games," said her mother, laughing at him.

"Very funny," said her father with a sarcastic look on his face. After dinner, she decided to go to the game. When she arrived there, her friend Elise was standing in the doorway waiting for her.

"I didn't think you were going to come," said Elise.

"I wasn't but I didn't have anything else to do," she said.

"Let's go to the gym to watch the game.". They walked upstairs to the gym and sat down in the second row.

"I couldn't stand sitting at home anymore. It was getting boring."

"I hear you on that one."

"So, did you have fun beating your brother up today?" Elise just gave her a funny look.

"How did you know I beat him up?".

"I. . ." she just paused. After thinking it over, she realized that Elise never told her anything like that but she somehow knew that she did beat up her brother.

"Well, anyway, the little pipsqueak wouldn't stay out of my room, so I let him have it," said Elise, laughing.

"I guess he had it coming," she said, laughing also.

"Don't look now but Hank Jones, the captain of the basketball team, is coming over here," said Elise with excitement.

"Hey, Trisha, hi, Elise," he said, Smiling as he walked over to them.

"You're going to scored fifty-two points," she said, flirting with him.

"Thanks Trisha, I hope I do." He stood there smiling at her and all she could do was

smile back. She was so nervous and shy around him.

"I. . .wish you good luck tonight," she said smiling.

"Thanks, Trisha, well, I better get back on the court. The game's about to start." He walked back onto the court. After a few minutes, the game at started, and Hank was on a roll. He scored basket after basket and by the end of the game, he did score fifty-two points, making his team win. After the game was over, Trisha went with Elise back to her house.

"That was some game," said Elise.

"Elise, something weird is going on here," said Trisha with a frightened look on her face.

"Well, what's wrong?"

"I take a look at someone and it's like I can predict there future."

"Oh, come ion, that was just a fluke today when you said that I beat up my brother. You know I do that all the time."

"Well, how about this one," she said, as another thought appeared in her head. "Today for dinner, you had a hamburger, fries, and a milkshake."

"Girl, now that is freaky but it could just be a another coincidence.".

"Oh yeah? Well, how about this one. . .you have exactly twenty-seven dollars and thirty-five cents in your pocket."

"Now, that is precise,."

"I know. It's so weird."

"How did you get it? Is it a gift?""

"I don't know. It didn't start until. . ." she paused.

"What's wrong?"

"I started a new medication today. That's what is doing it. It has to be."

"What's the stuff called?"

"Vexturol."

"Is it an experimental drug?"

"I don't think."

"Well, why don't you get on your computer and look it up on the Internet?" said Elise, pointing to the computer. She walked over to the computer, got onto a medical search engine, and typed in Vexturol.

"It says here that possible side effects are drowsiness, dizziness, nausea, fatigue, and other side effects may occur. Then it says down below that it's been approved by the FDA," said Trisha.

"Well, are you sure it's the pills doing it?"

"I don't know but tomorrow, I won't take it and see if it still happens." The next day, when she woke up, she skipped taking her pill, and went right to school. She had a few minutes to kill before class started, so she walked down the hallway and walked up to Elise.

"So, did you take your medication today?" asked Elise.

"No, and you know what?"

"What?"

"I can't read your thoughts today, so it must have been the medication."

"Did you bring the pills with you?".

"Yeah, why?"

"I think you should take one," said Elise, nodding her head.

"But why?"

"Because we have that history test today. Maybe you can get the answers out of the teachers head."

"That's funny!"

"I'm serious, you should do it."

"That's not a bad idea," said Trisha after thinking it over. She took the pill bottle out of her book bag and popped the lid off. She put a pill in her mouth and walked over to the fountain to get a drink of water, so that she could swallow it. Then she walked into her first period history class. Elise sat down next to her. Mrs. Olsen, the history teacher had then walked into the class room.

"Good morning class," said Mrs. Olsen, smiling.

"What is the teacher thinking?" whispered Elise. The thoughts that she was hearing though were most disturbing.

"I know I shouldn't have killed my husband last night but he deserved to die. After all, he's been having an affair for two years now. I hope the police don't find where I hid his body," Mrs. Olsen thought to herself.

"Oh my god," said Trisha.

"Is there a problem?" asked Mrs. Olsen.

"Um, no problem."

"Well, good then. Now, class, today we have a test, incase you forgot."

"Elise, I have to talk to you," whispered Trisha.

"What is it?"

"Mrs. Olsen killed her husband last night for having an affair."

"Oh my god."

"Is there a problem Elise?"

"No, no problem at all."

"These girls are stupid." Mrs. Olsen thought to herself.

"I knew something bad would come out of these pills," said Trisha as she started to shake nervously.

"We have to tell someone about her killing her husband," said Elise. Later that day, Trisha and Elise walked down the street to get a newspaper. When Trisha opened the paper, right on the second page there was a Johnson Olsen that had been murdered.

"That has to be him," she said.

"It must be," said Elise.

"I know what you're thinking and no, we can't kill her."

"Wow, you are really good at reading peoples mind. I think it would serve her right though."

"We should go to the police and turn her in."

"Are you sure they're going to believe you?"

"I don't know but even if they don't, maybe they're make her a suspect." They decided to go to the police station and see what the police had to say. However, they had a different view on the subject.

"You girls can't come in here with those kind of accusations," said the officer.

"But we're telling you the truth officer. She killed her husband," said Trisha.

"And how do you know that?" he asked.

"She can read peoples minds," said Elise.

"Yeah, sure," he said sarcastically.

"She's telling the truth," said Trisha.

"These girls are crackpots," he thought to himself.

"We are not crackpots," said Trisha.

"Oh my, you really can read peoples minds," he said with a shocked look on his face.

“I told you so,” said Elise.

“Well, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll bring her in for questioning.” The officer sent someone to her house to bring her in for questioning. The officer told Trisha and Elise to wait at the station until they brought her in. It didn’t take long before they had come back.

“What’s going on here?” asked Mrs. Olsen, walking in the door.

“We have to ask you a few questions,” said the officer.

“What is this about?”

“We have reason to believe that you killed your husband.”

“That’s ridiculous!”

“Well, you may be a possible suspect.”

“I did kill my husband but I’ll never tell you pigs that,” she thought to herself.

“I just read her thoughts again. In her mind, she said she killed her husband but she wasn’t going to tell you pigs that,” said Trisha.

“Oh my, what the hell is going on here?” she asked with a scared look on her face.

“I can read peoples minds.”

“Alright, nobody move!” she shouted, pulling a gun out of her purse.

“Put the gun down,” said the officer. She grabbed Trisha and pointed the gun at her head.

“I’m walking out of here and if any of you try to stop me, the girl gets it,” she said, walking out of the police station, dragging Trisha.

“What are you going to do with me?” asked Trisha.

“You’re coming with me,” she said, opening her car door. She threw Trisha in the back seat and closed the door. She had then got into the car, started it up, and drove off.

“I’m going to kill her when I get down by the river,” she thought to herself.

“Oh, no your not going to kill me at the river.”

“Oh my, you can read my minds.”

“Yes I can.”

“Well, no matter, it won’t do you any good when your dead.” Blue lights flashed from behind. Trisha turned to look and had seen that there was a police car back there.

“They’re going to catch you.”

“Not if I do this,” she said, hitting the gas pedal hard, speeding away from the police car. It didn’t take long before the police car was far behind Mrs. Olsen’s car.

“Why not just kill me now?”

“Oh no, I’m not making it that easy for them to catch me.”

“Look, I didn’t ask to read minds. It just happened one day.”

“You didn’t ask for it, huh? Is that why you wanted to cheat on my history test?”.

“How do you know about that?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe because of these!” she shouted, holding up a prescription bottle. Trisha looked and had seen that it was the same prescription that she was taking.

“Where did you get those?” asked Trisha with a surprised look on her face..

“I was having manic episodes, so my doctor prescribed me these. When I found out that I could read minds, I really had fun. By the way, that’s how I found out my husband had an affair. I read his mind.”

“So, it all fits together now.”

“Funny, I didn’t think you’d be taking those pills.”

“Can’t you just let me go?”

“Oh, I’m afraid it’s not that simple.” Trisha noticed that the car door was unlocked. She slowly opened the door. “What are you doing?” She had then swung the door open,

jumped out of the car, rolling on the road. Mrs. Olsen slammed on her brakes and put the car into reverse. Trisha quickly got up and started to run into the woods. Mrs. Olsen backed the car up and parked it. She got out of her car and started running after her.

"Leave me alone!" she cried.

"You can't hide from me. I can read all of your thoughts, so I will no where you're hiding." Trisha had then got an idea. From this point, all she was going to think about was puppies. That would really throw Mrs. Olsen off. Trisha hid underneath a bush.

"Puppies," Trisha kept thinking to herself. Mrs. Olsen stopped running. She wasn't far from where Trisha was hiding.

"Why is she thinking about puppies," Mrs. Olsen thought to herself. Then it came to her. "That girl has outsmarted me!".

"Puppies."

"I know you're trying to outsmart me you little witch but I will find you." She walked passed the bush that Trisha was hiding under and walked further into the woods. As soon as Mrs. Olsen was out of her sight, she stated to run back toward the road. It didn't take long before she was out of the woods. The officer saw her running out of the woods and stopped his police car. The officer jumped out of the car and ran over to Trisha. Elise also jumped out of car running over to her.

"Are you alright?" asked the officer.

"Yes, she ran into the woods," she said. The officer ran into the woods after her.

"Are you ok Trisha?" asked Elise.

"Yeah, I'm fine but you know those pills I'm on?"

"Yeah, what about them?"

"Mrs. Olsen is on the same ones. That's how she found out her husband was having an affair on her."

"So, it all makes sense now." They jumped at the sound of gunshots that were fired.

"What was that?"

"Sounds like one of the two is shooting."

"This is getting creepy," she said. Mrs. Olsen walked out of the woods, covered in blood.

"What did you do to him?" asked Elise.

"I took care of him. That's what I did," said Mrs. Olsen.

"You're a murder," said Trisha.

"Yeah, and you're my hostages. Get into the car now!" She pointed the gun at them. They opened the rear door and got in. Mrs. Olsen walked over to the door and unscrewed the lock, taking it off. Then she walked over to the other rear door and unscrewed that lock, taking that one off also. Then, she got in the car and started to drive.

"You won't get away with this," said Elise.

"But I already have!"

"You're a piece of trash!" cried Trisha.

"None of this would have ever happened if you would have just kept your nose out of my business!"

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Elise.

"Life is so cruel, isn't it? I bet it's so scary not knowing what's going to happen to you next."

"I hate you!" shouted Elise.

"We're almost to the river," said Mrs. Olsen, laughing. As a matter of fact, the river was in seeing distance. Trisha had never been so terrified in her life. Elise couldn't even stop shaking. It looked like she was more terrified than Trisha was. As soon as they arrived at

the riverside, Mrs. Olsen stopped the car. She got out of the car and walked to the rear driver's side door. "Get out!" She opened the door and they got out of the car.

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Elise.

"I've had a lot of students in my classroom over the years but I've never seen any of them as smart as you, Trisha."

"Well, it wasn't hard for me to figure out your secret," said Trisha.

"It's funny what a trip to Dr. Carr can do.".

"Oh my."

"Yes, I got my prescription from the same doctor that you did. He told me that if I was worried about what people thought about me, then these pills would help with me being paranoid. I didn't know that they would let me know what people were really saying about me."

"So, he knew all along that a person could read minds if they took this medication."

"Oh, yes."

"I never should have gotten that prescription filled."

"You might as well just face the facts. Now, which one of you wants to die first?"

"It might as well be me," said Trisha.

"It's funny, when I pull this trigger, a life will have ended," said Mrs. Olsen, laughing.

"What's so funny?" asked Elise.

"That's how my husband went. The minute he came home that night, he was thinking about how much better the girl was than me. My husband always kept a gun in the closet, just in case a bugler broke into the house. I planned it out so good. I shot him in the head when he was sleeping, broke a couple of windows, a few dishes, threw some furniture on the floor, and I called the police. When they arrived, I told them that someone had broken into our house and shot my husband!"

"So, that's how you did it," said Trisha, nodding her head.

"He deserved it too."

"It looks like you planned that out well," said Elise.

"It's a shame I don't have a motive for killing you two but oh well.".

"You're going to get caught," said Trisha.

"My dear, there's no one around that's going to catch me."

"Except me," said someone standing behind them. They all turned to see who it was and had seen that it was another police officer.

"This is getting good," said Elise.

"Drop your weapon, Olsen!" shouted the officer.

"My oh my, isn't this an interesting turn of events?" said Mrs. Olsen, scratching her head with the end of the gun.

"He means business," said Trisha.

"If I don't surrender, he's going to make you girls dunk, so he can aim his gun and shoot me!"

"This is terrible. Reading minds are more dangerous than I thought," said Trisha.

"And I bet you thought it was so neat at first."

"I said drop your weapon!" shouted the officer.

"Do you want to shoot me Mr. Officer?" asked Mrs. Olsen, laughing. He fired a bullet into her head, knocking her to the ground.

"I'm surprised she didn't outsmart you," Trisha said to the officer.

"I'm on this medication where I can read people's minds. I knew what she was plotting," said the officer. Trisha and Elise just looked at each other as their mouth dropped. The

next day, when they went back to school, everyone had heard about Mrs. Olsen killing her husband. In a way, it was a good thing that Trisha could read minds because if she would have never taken those pills, then Mrs. Olsen would have gotten away with it.

Gone Yesterday, Here Today

21

The house had been inhabited for a decade. He had moved away from there when he was Eighteen. He was now twenty-six but as he strolled through the house, it felt as if he were just there yesterday. The year now was two-thousand-eight. His parents were selling the house but he was there because he wanted to have one last look at it before the reality company put it up for sale tomorrow. As he walked through the living room, he had noticed that the walls were cracked. Also, the carpeting was falling apart. He walked into the kitchen, staring at the walls. They used to be painted yellow but over the years, the paint wore off, and the walls began to crack. The cabinets were also falling apart, some of them even falling off of the hinges. Also, the floor tiles were dirty and cracked. He walked into den. He had noticed that the desk was still there but the wood was rotting away. Also, the book shelf was still there but when his parents moved, they must have taken all of the books with them, because there weren't any books on the shelve.

Next, he noticed that the apple tree wallpaper was coming off of the walls. His mother always liked apple trees, so that's why she put apple tree wallpaper on the walls in the den. Next, he decided to walk upstairs, so he walked out of the den, back into the living room, and walked upstairs. His old room was the first door on the right. He walked in there first. As soon as he walked in, his door fell off of the hinges. His old bed was still in there too but there wasn't a mattress on it. It was just springs. The walls in that room were empty except there was a clock hanging on the wall. The clock wasn't ticking but it was stopped at Ten-thirty-two.

He wasn't sure if the clock had stopped in the morning or evening. He decided to walk into his parents room, so he walked out of his room, walked down the hallway and into his parents room. There wasn't a bed in their room. Really, there wasn't much of anything in there except for an old dresser. He checked in the drawers to see if there was anything in there but all he found was an old diary. He opened it and started to read it but all it said on the first page was "Another chance comes today." He turned to the next page and that page said the same thing. Then he turned to the next page and that page also said the same thing. He continued to look through the diary and all of the pages said the same thing. He placed the diary back in the drawer and closed it. He decided to walk back downstairs, so he walked out of the room and started to walk down the steps when all of a sudden, he tripped and fell down the steps and hit his head on the bottom step. For a split second, he was unconscious but it didn't take long before he came to.

"Are you alright Miles?" said a voice. As he slowly opened his eyes, he had noticed that his mother was standing over him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I live here, remember?" she said laughing. He slowly pull himself up and had noticed that the living room had furniture in it and the carpet was no longer falling apart.

"What's going on here?"

"Are you feeling alright?" He quickly ran into the kitchen and had noticed that the walls were painted yellow again. Also, there was a kitchen table in there, along with several appliances on the counter, just like when he lived there before. He looked down at the kitchen tiles and had noticed that they weren't cracked anymore.

"Something isn't right here."

"You're going to be late for band practice."

"It can't be." He looked at the calendar and had noticed it said Nineteen-ninety-eight.

"You don't look well," said his mother.

"I'm fine," he said, but the truth was, he was confused. He always kept his band instrument, which was a clarinet, in the hall closet. He walk into the living room and over to the hall closet. Sure enough, his clarinet was in there. "This is getting too weird." He picked it up and closed the door.

"Do you need a ride to band practice?"

"Yeah. . .I. . .I guess," he stuttered.

"Well, go outside and get in the car. I'll be out in a minute." He walked outside to take a look and sure enough, there was his mother's car in front of the house. He walked over to the car and got in. His mother had then walked out of the house, locked the front door, and walked over to the car. She got in, started the car up, and drove off. At first, he thought that this was all a joke but within a few minutes, they arrived at the football field where band practice was held.

"Everything looks just how it was when I was sixteen."

"Uh, you are sixteen dear." He looked at himself in the rearview mirror and in fact, he

did look like he was sixteen.

"Oh my, I got younger."

"I'm going to be late for work. You better go," she said, leaning over and opening the door for him. He stepped out of the car and closed the door. She put the car into reverse and back into drive again, driving off.

"It's about time you show up," said Rachel, who was one of his old-time friends. He was friends with her for years until he and his family moved. Then they sort of lost touch. She also plays the clarinet. He looked over in the bleachers and had seen that his other friends were over there too. In his group of friends, there was Alex, which he plays a trumpet. Second, there's Jerry, who plays a saxophone. Next, there's Kimberly, who also plays the clarinet, and last, there's Courtney, who plays a flute.

"I haven't seen you in years," he said.

"What are you talking about? You seen me yesterday," she giggled.

"Sorry, I'm. . .I'm not myself today."

"I can see that. I think you're tripping."

"I just don't feel very well."

"Well, let's go hang out with the group," she said, signaling for him to follow her over to the bleachers, where his friends were. As soon as he walked over there, they gave him a weird look.

"What are you looking at?"

"You look different," said Jerry.

"Yeah, you look like hell," said Kimberly. He looked at himself and realized that his skin was pale.

"I don't feel right," he said, starting to feel dizzy. The next thing he knew, he passed out, and fell onto the ground. When he awoke, he found himself back in his old house again. He had then noticed that the house looked abandoned again. There were no furniture in the living room. The carpet was falling apart, and the walls were cracked. "That was some dream." He walked over to the closet, where he always kept his clarinet. He opened the door but there was no clarinet in there. Then he noticed that there were a trail of blood stains on the floor. He followed the trail until it ended. The trail led upstairs and into his parents room. As soon as he walked into his parents room, he noticed that the trail ended at their closet. He slowly walked over to the closet, not knowing what to expect. Then he slowly opened the door. Suddenly, falling on top of him was a corpse. He screamed and quickly pushed the corpse off of him. He quickly jumped up and ran over to the corner. This was the first time that he had ever seen a dead body. He quickly ran out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

"There you are," said his mother. He had then noticed that the house was back to the way it was when he used to live there. He decided to walk back in the bedroom to see if the dead body was still there but when he walked in, he noticed it wasn't there now. His parents bed was in there, along with their dressers. Even the bookshelf had books on it. He walked back out of the bedroom. "What were you doing in there?"

"Nothing, just looking for something," he said.

"Your band instructor called. He told me that you didn't show up for practice today. I'm very disappointed in you."

"Mom, I don't understand any of this. Something weird is going on. It's like one moment I'm twenty-six and this house is empty, like it's supposed to be in the first place, and then the next moment, I'm sixteen and we live hear again."

"Well, you're grounded. Now, get in your bedroom young man." He walked into his

bedroom and closed the door. He had then turned around and once again, the house looked as if it had been deserted. His bed didn't have a mattress, only springs, and the walls were cracked. His closet door had then mysteriously opened. He slowly walked over to the closet door and another corpse fell at him. He quickly back away. This time, the corpse was covered with blood. This one looked as if it were a young girl. Her eyes bugged out of her head and her face looked as if it had been mangled. He quickly ran out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He ran downstairs and into the living room. The walls were still cracked and it look as if the house were still falling apart. He decided to leave the house and never come back again. He walked outside but as soon as he closed the door behind him, his mother was standing on the porch in front of him.

"Trying to sneak out of the house, huh?" she said angrily.

"I'm out of here," he said, pushing his mother out of the way.

"Get back here mister!" But he started to run. He ran halfway up the street. Then he stopped for a second and decided to try to figure out what was going on, so he walked back over to the house and walked back onto the porch.

"Now, go to your room," said his mother as she pointed to the front door. He walked back in the house and the door closed behind him. Once again, the house looked empty.

"This is getting ridiculous," he said to himself. In the living room there was a fireplace that he used to sit in front of. He walked over to it and sat down. He couldn't quite figure out how to get out of the situation he was in. He stood back up and walked into the kitchen. The walls were still cracked and the room looked pretty much empty. He walked back into the living room and ran right into his mother.

"I thought I told you to go to your room."

"There's something weird going on in this house," he said, pushing his mother out of the way. He started running toward the front door, not looking back.

"Like what?" she asked.

"I found two dead bodies upstairs." His mother had a suspicious look on her face, as if she knew what he was talking about. Right before he opened the front door, he felt something cold against his back. He turned around and had seen that his mother was holding a gun.

"I didn't think you would find out about the two people I killed but now that you know, I must kill you too." Suddenly, she placed a gun up to his chest..

"You're forgetting one thing."

"And what would that be?"

"This!" he shouted, pushing her onto the floor, causing her to drop her gun. He quickly ran to the front door, opened it, and ran outside, closing the door behind him. He had then realized that the house looked abandoned once again. He walked off of the porch and down into the yard. It was starting to all make sense. His mother had killed two people and hid their bodies in the house. He had noticed a young girl standing in front of the house. It had looked a lot like the one that was lying dead in the bedroom closet.

"You're close to figuring it out," said the girl as she suddenly disappeared. He turned around and looked at the house once again. He knew he couldn't just walk away now. He slowly walked over to the house, walked onto the porch, and walked back in. Before he knew it, there was his mother standing in front of him with the gun.

"You're not so bright. If I were you, I would have kept running," she said, aiming the gun at him.

"I'll keep your secret. I promise."

"It's a little too late for that," she said, pulling the trigger. She fired a bullet into him,

knocking him onto the floor. He didn't feel it though. He immediately got back up and had noticed that the house were abandoned again. The young girl appeared in front of him again.

"She can't kill you because she's a part of the past," she said.

"Why do I keep going back in the past?" he asked.

"Because it's up to you to have her caught." He quickly opened the front door and walked back outside. His friend Rachel was walking toward him.

"Where have you been? I've been trying to get a hold of you," she laughed.

"You have to get out of here," he said nervously. His mother ran out the door, pointing the gun at them. Rachel screamed and started to run. His mother pointed the gun at her. She fired a bullet but he pushed Rachel onto the ground causing the bullet to miss her. After that, they immediately jumped up and started to run. Bullets started to fire as they ran across the street. His mother started chasing after them. As they were running, he could hear her reload the gun from time to time. A police car was coming down the street and had noticed that she was shooting a gun. The police officer flashed the lights and drove right in front of her.

"Drop the gun!" shouted the officer, jumping out of the car.

"Drop my gun? I don't think so," she laughed.

"Drop it lady!" She pointed her gun toward the officer but before she could fire it, he fired a bullet, knocking it out of her hand. The officer ran over to her and handcuffed her.

"Let me go!" she shouted.

"Take her away officer," Rachel laughed.

"Are you two alright?" asked the officer.

"Yes," he replied. The corpses were discovered in his house later. After a trial, his mother was found and convicted of murder.

Return Of Ursula
22

A new shop had recently opened in town. That lady that owned the shop was in her middle ages and she was quite strange. Actually, she specialized in strangeness. The business was slow where her shop was located before, so she decided to move her shop to a new location. As soon as she placed the open sign on the door window, a boy walked into the shop.

"Can I help you with something?" she asked.

"I'm just browsing," he said.

"My name is Ursula and I can guarantee that you'll find something in here, boy."

"I don't know if I'd be interested in anything.".

"Surely, I can interest you in something." He walked over to the other side of the store and had noticed a necklace hanging on a mannequin. The necklace looked somewhat like a clock because there were numbers on it. The necklace itself was pure silver, along with the numbers that were on it.

"What's this?"

"That was given to me by a young gentleman about a month ago. He said it was bringing him much trouble, so he brought it here and sold it to me. He claimed you could travel through time with it if you hold the part that looks like a clock and say what location you would like to go to, what time, day, and year you'd like to travel to."

"Does it work?"

"Boy, I haven't had time to try out half of the stuff in this shop."

"That would make a perfect gift for my girlfriend. How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"Well, the price is not so cheap. I was thinking of the neighborhood of maybe three

hundred dollars."

"Forget it," he said as he walked toward the door.

"Wait! How much do you have?".

"Twenty dollars."

"Sold!" He walked over to her, handed her the money, and took the necklace off of the mannequin. Then he walked out of the store. As he started walking down the street, he couldn't help but look at the necklace.

"Hey Jasper, how's it going?" asked his girlfriend, Courtney, walking over to him.

"I bought you a present," he said, showing her the necklace.

"That's really nice but I have something to tell you," she sighed.

"What is it?"

"I don't think this relationship is going to work out."

"But why?"

"Well, last Thursday you forgot to pick me up from my piano lessons, even though you promised me you would. I'm sorry, if you forget that, you'd probably forget our anniversary if we'd ever go further with the relationship," she said, as she walked away crying. He stood there in a state of shock.

"What a day this is starting out with," he said, nodding his head. He continued to walk home. The day that he had at school wasn't any better either. First, he forgot to do his homework last night. Then, he lost his lunch money, along with his wallet. Finally, to top it all off, he tripped in the hallway and everyone laughed at him. It had started to rain and there he was with no umbrella. The library was the closest place for him to go, so he quickly ran in there. He had then remembered the necklace that he bought. He decided to see if he could find some information about it in a book. He walked over to the non-fiction section and started hunting for a book on historic artifacts. It took him about five minutes to find it. As soon as he found it, he took the book off of the shelf and walked over to a table. He set the book on the table and sat down. He opened the book and looked at the table of contents. Page fifteen is where the information about necklaces were. As soon as he turned to the page, he noticed that the necklace he had was the first one shown. It said in the book that the necklace was used for time travel. A woman name Aries wore it sometime in the fifteenth century. It also said that she was hung in fourteen-ninety-two on the island of Crimson Crustacean. "I wonder if this necklace can really make a person travel through time." He clamped the necklace in his hand and said "Take me to Crimson Crustacean Island and to the year fourteen-ninety-two. The necklace started to glow and everything around him started to grow blurry. Within a few seconds, there was a flash before his eyes and before he knew it, nothing but palm trees surrounded him. A few feet from where he was standing, there were a tribe and a girl with a rope around her neck. She had looked as if she were about to be hanged. He had then remembered reading about how a girl named Aries was hung. A man was standing there in front of her. He said "Goodbye," as the tribe pulled on the rope.

"Wait!" shouted Jasper. Right before they were about to hang her, they turned around to see who was shouting.

"Who are you?" asked the man.

"My name is Jasper."

"My name is Sebastian and you are trespassing. For that penalty, you shall be hung as well."

"Why are you hanging her?".

"That's not your concern." Jasper picked up some dirt from the ground and threw it into

the tribe's faces. He had then quickly ran over to Aries, grabbed her hand, and started to run with her.

"What are you doing?" she asked as he ran, pulling her in his direction.

"I'm saving you."

"Well, I don't want to be saved. I'm sacrificing my own life for the sake of my future family." He stopped and gave her a weird look.

"But why?"

"Because if I don't die now, I'll have a family sometime in the future and the tribe will kill them as well."

"Cease them!" shouted Sebastian running toward them.

"Come on, this way!" cried Jasper as he pulled her in his direction. He had then remembered the necklace. He placed his hand onto it and said "Take me back to my time."

"Oh no, don't tell me you. . ." she paused as everything started to turn blurry. Sebastian grabbed her but before she knew it, she saw a big flash and within a couple seconds, she ended up in the library with him. "Where am I?"

"You're in my time now."

"How could you do such a thing?" she said, punching him in the right arm.

"So, you really did want to die, huh?"

"No, I didn't want to but it was my destiny, and by the way, where did you get that necklace?"

"I bought it at a shop.".

"Well, I gave that necklace to someone. I can see they didn't want it anymore, if they sold it to a shop."

"The lady told me that the necklace brought the guy problems, so that's why he sold it to her."

"Ha, I guess I chose the wrong person to give it to."

"Well, I'm sorry that I ruined your destiny."

"Well, it's too late for that. Take me to that lady you bought it from. I want to have a word with her." He grabbed onto her hand and led her outside. As soon as she got out there, he looked at her, waiting for her to say something. "What is it?" she asked.

"I thought you would have fainted by now."

"Why?"

"Because you probably don't have cars or buildings in your time."

"Oh please, I am a time traveler. I've traveled through just about every time period. There's nothing here that I haven't already seen," she said, laughing.

"Well, let's go see Ursula."

"Ok, fine." They walked down the street, to where Ursula's shop was. As soon as they got there, she didn't hesitate to be the first one in the door.

"May I help you?" asked Ursula as she walked over to her.

"Yes, first off, drop the act," said Aries.

"I beg your pardon."

"Show her the necklace," said Aries as she looked at Jasper.

"Do you remember me?" he asked as he held it up." I bought this necklace from you."

"Well, what's the problem boy!"

"Who sold this to you?" asked Aries.

"A young gentleman."

"Did he explain to you how the necklace works?"

"Well, he said something about how you can travel through time with it."

"Did he tell you why he wanted to get rid of it?"

"Well, I remember him saying something about how there were some men that wanted the necklace and they were trying to kill him for it.".

"Oh my, the bobcat tribe." Aries placed her hand over her mouth and stood there in a state of shock.

"Who's the bobcat tribe," asked Jasper.

"Well, the necklace that you bought from this repulsive lady isn't the only one that was ever made," replied Aries.

"Excuse me, Miss!" said Ursula, in an uproar.

"Do you mean to tell me that this necklace isn't the only one that exists?" asked Jasper.

"Yes, there are several others. A witch had made this necklace for me and had used her magic to give it the time travel power. Several years later, the witch had died and one of the members of the bobcat tribe were passing by her house one day and noticed her dead body from outside the window. He had then ran back to the rest of the tribe and told them. As soon as he told them that she was dead, the tribe decided to go to her house and ransack it. They found many potions that were very powerful, along with her spell book. The witch also had many necklaces that had looked just like mine. After looking through her spell book, they found many spells, in which they performed, and one of those spells was a time travel spell. Every one of them had taken one of the witch's necklaces and placed the same magic on them that she had placed on mine. Since then, they had been traveling through time for centuries now. There are a total of twenty necklaces and once you place the power of all twenty necklaces together, you have the power to do anything, including destroy the world, and that's what they are trying to do. They are going to destroy the world many years from now but they won't stay when they do destroy it because they can travel to any time period they want, so when they destroy it, they won't die like everyone else. The witch was supposed to give each of my family a necklace. That's why she had made so many of them. I had nine brothers and ten sisters."

"It's not so bad, is it?" asked Jasper.

"It's worse than you think. Because of them, there had been two world wars, the great depression, the black plaque, and any disease you can think of."

"You don't mean to tell me that they caused all of that."

"Oh yes, they did! They used witches magic to cause every disaster that has ever happened. "Now, I can see why he gave the necklace up"

"If you two don't mine, I have work to do," said Ursula, sticking her nose up.

"You're coming with us lady," said Aries, grabbing onto her shirt.

"I'm not going anywhere," said Ursula.

"Why do you want her to come with us?" asked Jasper.

"Because she knows too much and if the bobcat tribe ever come's here looking for that boy that I gave the necklace to, then she'll rat us out," said Aries.

"I wouldn't rat you snot noses out!"

"I'm sorry but we can't take any chances.".

"What next?" asked Jasper.

"Well, I need to ask Ursula a question."

"What is it lady?" asked Ursula impatiently.

"Do you remember the exact day that the boy had brought this necklace into you?" asked Aries.

"I think it was maybe. . .I don't know," said Ursula.

"Tell me now or I'll make you feel pain that you had never felt before," said Aries,

holding her fist up to Ursula's mouth.

"It was two Friday's ago at about two-thirty PM."

"Take us back two Friday's ago, Jasper," demanded Aries. He then held up the necklace and held on to Ursula and Aries, and said "take us back two Friday's ago at two-thirty PM." Within a couple seconds everything turned blurry and before they knew it, they went back two Friday's ago at that very time. Aries had then noticed that the boy that she had given the necklace to was walking in the door.

"Dunk! We can't let them see us or it will alter history," whispered Aries. They had all dunked down.

"What is the boy's name that you gave the necklace to?" asked Jasper.

"His name is Alex," replied Aries. As soon as Alex walked over to the register, the other Ursula said "May I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like to sell this," said Alex, placing the necklace on the desk.

"I'll give you ten dollars for it, boy" she said.

"Sold," said Alex, waiting for his money impatiently.

"Really, why are you trying to get rid of it so fast boy?" she asked.

"Because there are some man that want it and they are trying to kill me for it. It has given me many problems. I just want to get rid of it," said Alex.

"Well, here's your ten dollars," she said handing it to him. He had then walked out of the store.

"That's all you gave him, was ten dollars?" asked Aries.

"Well, I made some profit off of it," said Ursula.

"So, we're really in the past and that was Ursula two Friday's ago?" asked Jasper.

"Yes, but we need to quickly run outside and see where Alex is going," said Aries as she ran outside. The others had followed her. Alex was walking down the street, so they continued to follow him. He was walking fast, so it was quite hard for them to keep up.

"Say, is that bobcat tribe dangerous?" asked Ursula.

"Yes, quite," replied Aries.

"Couldn't you just send me back to my time?" asked Ursula.

"No, we can't do that. You're involved now and you better take some responsibility of what is about to happen to you," said Aries.

"Is that a threat woman?"

"No, that's not what I meant. What I meant is, Alex sold you the necklace, the bobcat tribe is going to find out, and they will come looking for it," said Aries.

"That's ludicrous," said Ursula.

"Oh yeah, well then, what does thou call that?" said Aries pointing toward a group of men walking toward them.

"Who are they?" asked Jasper.

"They're the bobcat tribe and they will kill us. Everyone split up," said Aries as she started to run.

"No need to run. We will find you," said the leader of the group, Juno. Aries ran to the other side of the street, while Jasper ran into the coffee shop. Ursula ran into the alley. They men had all split up and each man went after one of them. Juno went after Ursula. Ursula had started to ran down the alley, while Juno started to chase her. She couldn't run very fast because she wasn't in shape.

"You won't get far from me," said Juno as he started to catch up.

"I shouldn't have stayed home today. I would have had more fun cleaning the oven," she said shaking her head. She tried to run faster but she was running out of breath.

“Just give in,” he said as he was coming closer. She continued to run, trying to run faster, but before she knew it, she had hit a wall. Literally, she had ran into a wall causing her to fall onto the ground. The next thing she knew, as she was laying there, she had seen him standing there above her, nodding his head.

“I don’t know who you are but I have a gun in my purse,” she said as she grew frightened.

“Ha, you don’t even have a purse,” he laughed.

“That’s it buddy,” she said as she got off of the ground. He gave her a weird look as she stared at him.

“What are you staring at?” he asked.

“I’ll tell you what you need to know. A boy named Alex came into my shop, sold me his necklace, and then he left. Today, two people walk into my shop holding the necklace. They tell me you can travel through time with it. So, they drag me two weeks into the passed to look for Alex and here I am. That’s all I know,” she said, nodding her head.

“That was quite easy. I didn’t even have to torture you,” he laughed.

“Boss, we found the other two,” said another tribe member pushing Aries and Jasper into the Alley.

“Wonderful, let’s take them with us,” said Juno as he held up his necklace. He had then said “Take me to January first, two-thousand-twenty at Nine O’ Clock.” The next thing they knew, everything turned blurry and within the next few seconds, they were in the year two-thousand-twenty. Everything had looked different. Instead of cars driving on roads, they had driven in the sky. Also, they had buildings that went as tall as the sky. Juno had then walked over to Jasper and grabbed the necklace from him.

“Now, we are going to destroy the world and you three are going to stay here and witness it,” said Juno laughing.

“Won’t you be here when it happens?” asked Jasper.

“No, we’ll be gone by then,” said Juno, laughing. He had then held up the necklace, while the others in the tribe held up their necklaces.

“You can’t do this,” said Ursula.

“We can do anything we want. We have the power now,” said Juno.

“I can’t watch,” said Jasper, covering his eyes.

“With our powers fused together, we destroy the living and all around it,” said Juno as he held it toward the sky. Suddenly, bolt’s of lightening started to fill the sky. Then, small meteor’s started to fall from the sky, causing several flying cars to crash into buildings. Next, the ground started to crack open all around them

“This is the end!” cried Aries.

“Well, so long,” said Juno as he and the tribe used their necklace’s to travel back to their time.

“What are we going to do now, you baboon?” asked Ursula, angrily.

“Well, this is all your fault. You should have never bought that necklace from him,” said Aries.

“Well, how the hell was I to know that it had some magic powers?” asked Ursula.

“Well, Alex told you about it. Wasn’t that enough?” asked Aries. The ground started to shake, causing them to fall onto the ground. Suddenly, the buildings had started to melt, along with the cars. The temperature had started to grow quite hot. Soon, the sky had turned dark and the temperature had started to grow quite cold. Next, there were explosions all around and fire whistles were going off.

“This is really the end!” cried Jasper. All of a sudden, everything went blurry and there

was a white flash before their eyes. The three had found themselves standing in the dark. "What happened?" asked Ursula.

"Everything is better now," said a voice from behind. He looked but he couldn't see anything in front of him or behind him.

"Who's there?" asked Jasper.

"My name is Alex," said the voice as a light came on. Jasper had then noticed that they were inside Ursula's shop.

"What's going on here?" asked Jasper.

"Well, right after I had sold the necklace to Ursula, the tribe came after me and caught me. They had then captured me and told me that they had went to the year two-thousand-twenty and took three people there, one of them being Ursula, and they told me that they destroyed the world. So, eventually, when they weren't looking, I grabbed a necklace from one of the tribe members and made a run for it," said Alex.

"So, after they took us to the year Two-thousand-twenty, they came back and captured you, so you quickly escaped, and traveled into the year two-thousand- twenty to save us?" asked Jasper.

"Yes, that's correct," said Alex.

"So, that explains everything," said Ursula.

"But what happened to the bobcat tribe?" asked Jasper.

"After Alex escapes the bobcat tribe and travels into time to save the day. He forgets that the bobcat tribe will come back looking for him," said Juno, walking in the door with his tribe.

"Do you mean that you forgot to go figure out a way to get away from the tribe?" asked Ursula.

"Well, I just got finished saving you. It was next on my to do list," said Alex.

"You may have gotten this far but you won't get any further than this," said Juno.

"Well, you're forgetting one thing," said Ursula.

"And what would that be?" asked Juno.

"This!" said Ursula, as ran over to the shelf on the left side of the room.

"What are you doing?" asked Juno angrily. She grabbed a small green bottle that was sitting on the shelf.

"What's that?" asked Jasper. The bottle was a spray bottle and it had some type of liquid inside.

"What are you doing with that?" asked Juno. She had then started to spray Juno and the tribe with the liquid that was inside the bottle.

"My skin is starting to burn!" shouted Juno. The other tribe members started to shout to.

"What did you give them?" asked Jasper.

"In a moment, you will all be destroyed," said Ursula.

"What was that stuff you sprayed on them?" asked Jasper.

"It's a special mix of acid. I was originally going to use it to get rid of some of the weeds in my yard but it's working perfect for other uses right now," said Ursula, laughing. Within a couple of minutes, Juno's body had started to be eaten away, along with the members of the tribe. Juno continued to scream as his body was decaying.

"So long," said Ursula, laughing as his body soon decayed completely. Soon, the other members bodies had decayed too.

"I'm glad that's over with," said Jasper.

"Yes, but what happened to Aries?" asked Ursula.

"Well, now you must give me the necklace," said Aries.

“But why?” asked Alex.

“It’s obvious that you’re not ready for such a power,” said Aries.

“I thought you wanted me to have it,” said Jasper with a confused look on his face.

“Maybe someday but right now, this necklace is not meant for other hands. It’s power is much too dangerous. Alex handed her the necklace and took a couple steps back.

“Are you going to go back to fourteen-ninety-two and have yourself killed, like you told me you were going to do?” asked Alex.

“No, I think I’ll try to find a way to save me and my future family. Goodbye for now,” said Aries as she held onto the necklace and transported herself back in time.

“I’m glad that’s over with,” said Jasper.

“She was right. I don’t think I was ready for all of that extra weight,” said Alex.

“Well, maybe someday she’ll come back when you’re ready, boy,” said Ursula as she walked over to her counter.

“Yeah, someday,” said Jasper as he smiled.

The Unusual Awakening
23

The pouring rain didn't stop its pace for one second. The damp night air froze the ground that the rain hit. The temperature was in the mid twenties but it felt as if it were twenty below, due to the wind chill. Alexis's parents had just bought her a new car. She had just gotten her drivers license two months ago. She was only sixteen but her parents always trusts her when she drives. The time was Eleven-thirty and she was driving on route nine. She was only about two miles from her house but with the condition of the roads, it had seemed like a quite long two miles. Of course, she was more worried about the road conditions than getting home on time, although her parents wanted her home by Eleven-thirty.

Soon, it had started to snow and it was sticking to the roads also. The wind was blowing quite hard and the snow blowing onto her windshield, making it quite difficult to see the road. The clouds covered the moon that was lighting the sky. She decided to turn on the

radio. As she was flipping through the stations, she had noticed that her car had started to slide. She pushed her foot lightly on the break and soon she was back in control. Soon, the roads were completely covered by snow. She couldn't even see the lines that separated the lanes. She looked at the clock on the radio and it now read 11:40. She decided to pull over onto the side of the road, due to the fact that the roads were becoming impossible to drive on. As soon as she pulled over, she gave a long sigh. She had then noticed that she was only but one mile from her house. She decided to take a chance and start driving again. She figured since she only had a mile to go that she wouldn't have any problems. She pulled back onto the road and started driving again. By this time, the road had become nothing but a sheet of ice. She could feel herself losing control of the car again. This time her car was going all over the road. She lightly tapped her break once again but this time, the breaks had locked up. By this time, her car had slid onto the other side of the road. She tapped her breaks several times but they were still locked up. Suddenly, she slid off of the road and her car slammed into a tree, causing her to fly through the windshield. Everything turned dark before her eyes. The next thing she knew, her felts felt quite heavy and she found herself in a hospital room.

"Chris, come quick! She's awake!" shouted her mother, Debbie, running over to the bed. Her father, Chris, had then ran into the room.

"What happened?" asked Alexis.

"You were in a coma for quite sometime," said her mother.

"For how long?"

"For a while," said her father, hesitantly.

"For how long?"

"That's not important honey," said her mother.

"I want to know how long!"

"Six years," said her mother. Alexis's mouth had dropped and she had felt quite shocked. She had noticed that there were many machines running and there were many wires attached to her body. She quickly pulled the wires off of herself.

"This can't be possible.".

"I'm afraid it is," said Dr. Hammond, walking into the room.

"I don't believe I was talking to you," said Alexis angrily.

"Young lady, do you know who you're talking to?" said Dr. Hammond angrily.

"No, and I really don't care."

"Is my daughter going to be ok?" asked her mother.

"She'll be fine," said Dr. Hammond.

"How's my face look? Did it get damaged in the accident?".

"No, your face is fine. Look for yourself," said Dr. Hammond pointing toward the mirror that hung on the wall. She slowly sat herself up and took a step out of bed. She felt quite week from laying for so long but she took slow steps over to the mirror. When she looked in the mirror, she had received the shock of her life. The face that she had seen in the mirror wasn't her own. Instead of her hair being red, like it had always been, it was blond. Also, her nose was a little shorter and her hair was a lot longer. Her ears were also a little bigger and her body was shaped different.

"This can't be. I don't look like the same Alexis," she said repeatedly patting her hand on her face.

"Alexis? No dear, your name is Barbra," said her mother.

"No, my name is Alexis."

"No honey, you must have suffered amnesia because your name is Barbra. I have the

birth certificate to prove it."

"Dr. Hammond, what's my name?"

"It's Barbra," he replied.

"Oh no."

"Not to worry, it's not uncommon to suffer amnesia in these cases. It will pass eventually though," said Dr. Hammond looking her mother in the eye.

A week later, she was discharged from the hospital. As soon as her parents drover her home, she had received the second shock of her life. The house that her parents drove her to wasn't the same one that she lived in before. This house was much smaller. Actually, it looked more like a shack. It was quite run down and it looked like it was falling in because it leaned off of a hillside.

"Do we live here?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father.

"What happened to our nice house?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." As soon as she stepped out of the car, she stepped into a puddle of mud. Her parents walked over to the house and she followed. As soon as she followed them into the house, she had gotten another shock. The inside of the house was a total dump. The furniture was falling apart and the walls had many cracks in them. A couple walls even had some holes in them. The carpet looked mangled and brown spots covered the ceiling. It was probably from leaking. She had then walked into the kitchen. That room had looked worse than the living room. There were dished in the sink that were piled up, along with cockroaches crawling in them. As a matter of fact, there must have been a hundred cockroaches crawling in there. There were also dishes piled on the table, along with cockroaches crawling in there also. There had also been dishes piled up on top of the stove, along with food stains covering the stove. The kitchen also had a fowl smell. She had then noticed that the floor had many cracks in it and in some spots, it looked as if the floor was going to fall in.

"I'm going to make you some dinner," said her mother.

"No, that's ok. I think I'll just take a nap," she said, looking at the cockroaches that were crawling in the dirty dishes.

"Ok, dear," said her mother.

"Where's my room?"

"Oh, go back into the living room, walk down the hallway, and it's the last door on the right.". She walked out of the kitchen, walked down the hallway, and walked into her bedroom. As soon as she walked into her bedroom, she had received another shock. Her room had nothing but a bed and a dresser in it. She walked over to the dresser to see if there were any clothes in it but there was only a dress and a pair of underwear.

"We had to sell most of your stuff to pay for the hospital bill," said her mother walking in.

"You sold everything?"

"Yes, we sold most of our stuff too.".

"Well, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to lay down," she said as she slowly lied herself down on the bed.

"Let me know if you need anything." Her mother left the room, closing the door. She couldn't help but start to cry. She couldn't believe what she had seen. She might have been in a coma but she knew that her name was Alexis and not Barbra. There were so many things going through her mind. For one thing, she wondered if her friends were still

around. All she could think about was that night. The doctor said that she might be suffering amnesia but she remembered everything that happened that night. She even remembered flying through the windshield. She slowly drifted off asleep. About an hour later, she had woken up by sound of her mother's voice.

"Dinner's ready," her mother said opening the door. She had then stepped out of bed and walked out into the kitchen. As soon as she walked into the kitchen, there was some food on the table. "I know it's not much."

On the table, there was a meatloaf, some corn on the cob, and some bread. She had then noticed that a cockroach crawled across the meatloaf.

"Damn roaches," said her father, swatting the cockroach off of the meatloaf.

"I'm not really hungry."

"You must eat something." Another cockroach crawled across the bread and two others crawled across the corn on the cob. Her father swatted them off again as the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," she said as she ran out of the kitchen and over to the front door. When she opened it, it was her friend Casey.

"I heard that you were out of the hospital, so I decided to come and see you," said Casey smiling. Casey had looked as if she aged a little. Of course, it would have been a few years since she had seen her.

"It's horrible here. Do you think we could go somewhere?" asked Alexis.

"Yeah, that'll be fine," said Casey.

"Mom! I'm going out for a little while!" Her mother came running into the room.

"I don't think that's such a wise idea," said her mother.

"It's just for a little while."

"Well, ok, but come back before eight."

"I will," she said, walking out the door with Casey. Casey had driven her to the park, where they used to hang out all of the time. Alexis was the first one to step out of the car. Casey stepped out of the car also. It was, in fact, a perfect day to go to the park. The smell of fresh flowers blew through the air and the temperature wasn't too warm or too cold. Alexis walked over to the water fountain and sat down in front of it. Casey had then followed her.

"It sure is a nice day," said Alexis.

"Yeah, I come here often. It's a nice place to get away," said Casey.

"I'm going to be honest with you. I'm having a little trouble accepting the fact that I was in a coma."

"Look, I haven't been honest with you."

"What do you mean?"

"The reason I came by your house today was to tell you that I'm moving.".

"Well, that's ok, I have other friends."

"No, you don't. Your other friends have moved away as well," said Casey with a sigh.

"Its funny, one day you have a life and the next, it's all taken away from you."

Two days later, Alexis went back to school. Little did she know, a lot had changed in those past six years. She didn't recognize one face. Of course, everyone that she went to school with probably already graduated. As she walked down the crowded hallways, she noticed that people were staring at her. As soon as she found her locker, she opened it, and placed her books in there.

"I bet you feel out of place," said a boy, walking up beside her.

"Yeah, just a little," she said, sarcastically.

"My name's Paul."

“My name’s Alexis. Nice to meet you.”
“Likewise.”
“So, what’s a girl have to do to make some friends around here?”
“Just be someone your not,” he laughed..
“Something like that isn’t hard to do around here.”
“Hey, would you like to join a school club?”
“Sure, what kind of club?”
“You’ll have to find out.”
“So, where is the club held?”
“In the auditorium, after school,” he said smiling. After school, she immediately walked into the auditorium. She was quite excited about joining a club because she thought that she would be able to make some new friends. As soon as she walked into the auditorium, she was greeted by one of her classmates.
“My name is Alison. Have a seat,” she said politely. She walked over to the chairs and took a seat. She looked around and had noticed that there were only four others, including Paul, and they were all boys.
“I’m glad that you decided to come,” said Paul.
“I am too,” she said, smiling.
“So, would you like me to introduce you to the other three members?” he asked.
“Sure.”.
“This is Derek, Ronnie, and Damon,” he said, pointing to the other three.
“Hello,” all three said at the same time.
“Boys, close the doors,” demanded Alison. The four, including Paul, had walked over to the entrances and locked the doors.
“What’s going on here?” asked Alexis.
“For one, this isn’t a club. It’s a cult and you’re going to be our sacrifice,” said Alison.
“I’m out of here,” said Alexis, as she started going toward the door but Paul stopped her.
“Don’t struggle and it won’t be painful,” he said.
“I don’t know who you are but you better let me go,” she demanded.
“Boys, I think we should show her the others,” said Alison.
“Who?” asked Alexis.
“The other students that we used for a sacrifice,” he said. He dragged her over to the broom closet that was on the other side of the auditorium. ”Look at this,” he said as he opened the door. Bodies that were covered in blood dropped out of the closet. Some bodies even had missing heads.
“Oh God!” she screamed.
“Now it’s time to see what is behind door number two,” said Alison as she walked over to the back doors of the auditorium and opened them. At that moment, Casey had walked in.
“Oh no, don’t tell me you’re involved!” cried Alexis.
“I bet this is a shocker” said Casey as she started to walk toward her.
“I can’t believe that you would do something like this,” said Alexis.
“You better believe it,” said Casey, walking over to her.
“So, is this where it ends?” asked Alexis.
“No, this is where it begins. We’re giving your body to our God,” said Casey.
“You’re sick,” said Alexis.
“Say goodbye to life,” said Casey as she held a knife up to Alexis’s throat.
“Well, you’re forgetting one thing,” said Alexis.
“And what would that be?” asked Casey.

"This!" shouted Alexis as she stepped on Casey's foot. Then she started to run toward the door but Derek jumped in front of her. She then started to run toward the back doors but Ronnie jumped in front of those doors.

"It's no use, Alexis. The boys have all the entrances blocked," said Alison.

"Her name is Barbra," said Casey.

"Well, Paul told me that her name is Alexis," said Alison.

"That's what she told me her name was this morning," said Paul. Alison had then noticed that the doors to the left of her were clear. She immediately ran over to those doors and ran out of the auditorium.

"Who forgot to lock those doors?" asked Alison.

"Damon was supposed to be guarding those doors," replied Ronnie.

"Well, where's Damon?" asked Alison.

"I'm right here," said Damon, walking out of the restroom.

"You idiot! You were supposed to be guarding those doors and now she got away!" shouted Alison, angrily.

"Well, I had to use the restroom," said Damon.

"Well, you better go and find her!" shouted Alison. Alexis ran down the hallway. She tried to go into several classrooms but they were all locked.

"Come here!" shouted Damon as he started running toward her. She had then took off and started running up the stairs. As soon as she got to the top, she took a trash can and rolled it down the steps, causing him to fall. Suddenly, she had slipped and fell on something slippery. She had the noticed that what she slipped on was a puddle of blood. There were trails of it. She quickly jumped up and started to scream. She could here someone else running up the stairs, so she started to run, trying not to slip and fall again. She had then noticed that the door to the principle's office was open, so she ran in there and closed the door before Alison had seen her.

She looked through the window had seen that it was Alison but she was running the other way, so she didn't notice her hiding in the principle's office. She quickly ran over to the phone and tried to call the police but the phone was dead. Suddenly, she felt someone grab her. She turned to see who it was and had seen that it was Casey.

"Don't fight it because we'll all overpower you," said Casey.

"It's funny, I would have never expected you to be involved in something like this," said Alexis.

"You never know about these things," said Casey.

"It came to my surprise," said Alexis.

"Well, here's another surprise. Your friends didn't move away. We killed them also," said Casey.

"This can't be happening," said Alexis as her mouth dropped from the shock.

"We killed them all. Some of them put up quite a fight, just like yourself," said Casey.

"I hope you fry for this," said Alexis angrily.

"Don't hold your breath, Barbra," said Casey, laughing.

"Why does everyone keep calling me Barbra? My name is Alexis, not Barbra," said Alexis.

"I think that you really must have hit your head hard the night of the car accident because your name has always been Barbra for as long as I can remember, but that doesn't matter now because we must sacrifice you now," said Casey. Alexis had noticed a lamp sitting on the desk. She picked up the lamp and looked at Casey. "What are you doing with that?"

Without saying anything, she slammed the lamp over Casey's head and ran out of the office. As soon as she ran out of the office, Alison had seen her from the other end of the hallway.

"Stop right there!" demanded Alison, but Alexis started to run the opposite direction. Alison immediately started to chase after her. Alexis may have been in a coma but she remembered where all the exit doors in the school were. She started running toward a door that led outside and Alison continued to chase her. She was about fifty feet away from the door and before she knew it, Damon started chasing after her also. She had never felt that fearful in her life. Soon, Derek and Ronnie made there way behind her also. She tried to run faster but it didn't take long before they started to catch up. Ronnie was only about four feet from where she was.

"You won't get far," said Derek, catching up also. Soon, she was only about ten feet away from the door but Ronnie was only about a foot away from her at this time.

"You're not going to get away from me," said Ronnie as she opened the door. She had then slammed it in his face and quickly ran down the stairs, which led to the parking lot. As soon as she got to the bottom of the stairs, she started to run through the parking lot. Ronnie had then ran out of the door and started to run down the stairs. She knew that she didn't have much time, so she quickly picked up the pace. Soon, she ran off of the school property and out into the street when suddenly, she ran in front of a car. The driver slammed on her breaks. She had then noticed that it was her mother. She stepped out of the car.

"What's going on Barbra?" asked her mother.

"They're trying to kill me," she replied.

"I don't see anyone,' said her mother. Alexis turned around and had seen that suddenly, they were gone.

"Where did they go?" she asked.

"You need to get in the car. The doctor called. He wants to see you right away," her mother sighed. She stepped in the car and her mother drove her to the doctor. As soon as she walked into the doctors office, the nurse immediately took her back to see the doctor.

"Barbra, I don't know how we missed it but I've just received some disturbing test results back," he said.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"That last Cat Scan that we've done on you shows that you have a brain tumor. You must have gotten it from the accident. I'm sorry," he said sympathetically.

"Are you telling me that my daughter is going to die?" asked her mother.

"Um, yes. . .yes I am," he said looking down at his feet.

"This isn't happening!" cried Alexis as she ran out of the doctor's office and out into the hallway. She was having trouble catching her breath because she had so much anxiety at this time.

"You don't look very happy," said a man walking over to her.

"I'm not," she replied.

"Well, I wouldn't worry, Alexis," he said. She gave him a puzzled look.

"How do you know my real name? Everyone else has been calling me Barbra," she said confusingly.

"I bet your probably wondering why you have a different face, a different body, and even a different name," he said looking her straight in the eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked, puzzled.

"I'm your guardian angel," he said.

“But why did all of this happen? Why do I have a different body, a different face, and a different name?” she asked.

“This has all been a test,” he said.

“I can’t believe this,” she said.

“What are you babbling about?” asked Casey walking over to her.

“So, I guess you have me where you want me,” she said.

“I do,” said Casey smiling evilly.

“Well, I have a guardian angel to protect me and he’s standing right here,” she said, but when she turned to look, he was gone.

“Silly girl, there’s no one there,” said Casey.

“I see that you’ve captured her,” said Alison walking over. Alexis didn’t stop to think but pushed Casey into Alison and started to run. The hallway was quite narrow, so it was difficult for her to run without running into anything or anybody. As soon as she reached the end of the hallway, Ronnie jumped in front of her.

“You’re not going anywhere,” he said. She quickly turned and ran down another hallway. Her palms were sweating and her mind was racing.

“You’re not getting away from us,” said Alison as she started to catch up. Alexis found an emergency exit and ran through the doors. She had then seen that there were two sets of stairs. One set led up and one led down. She decided to take the ones that went down. As she was running down the stairs, she heard the door open. She looked up to see who it was and had seen that it was Casey.

“She’s running downstairs!” shouted Casey as she spotted Alexis. She continued running until she reached the bottom of the stairs. She had then ran through the door but without realizing it, it was the morgue that she had ran into. She didn’t have any time to be fearful though, so she quickly ran into the autopsy room and closed the door. There were six tables in there and three of them had corpses on them. All she cold do was place her hand over her mouth and try not to scream. Two of the corpses had sheets over them but one didn’t. She had then noticed something else quite shocking. The body that didn’t have the sheet covering over it looked just like her real body and her real face, like the one she had before the car accident.

“None of this makes any sense. That’s my real body sitting there but did I die and come back a new person?” she asked herself. The door had then flew open and Alison was standing there, along with Casey.

“Don’t move,” said Alison as she closed the door. Casey had walked over to the surgical tools and picked up a scalpel.

“Don’t struggle,” said Casey as she started walking over to her. Suddenly, the lights started the flicker and there was a quite loud buzzing sound.

“What’s going on here?” asked Casey, who was frightened by the loud buzzing. Alexis was starting to feel quite ill, so she had looked at herself in the mirror and had seen that her face was pale. Then, there was a bright flash of light and the next thing she knew, she was lying in a hospital room. She had noticed that there were wires attached to her that where hooked to machines.

“It’s about time you wake up,” said her mother walking over to her.

“What happened? Did I go into another coma?” she asked.

“No dear, you were in a car accident,” said her mother.

“I know that, remember? I was in a coma for six years because of it.”

“A coma? No dear, you haven’t been in a coma. You haven’t even been in this hospital for more than a half and hour. The police just found you and your car not more than forty-

five minutes ago. They notified me and told me that you were in a car accident, so I rushed down here," said her mother.

"So, I must have been dreaming," she said with a sigh of relief.

"Don't worry about your car. The insurance company will pay for the damages," said her mother.

"Is my name still Alexis?"

"Of course it is," said her mother laughing.

"I need to see a mirror."

"I've got one in my purse," said her mother as she pulled it out. Alexis looked in the mirror and had seen that she had her old face back again.

"Is everything ok?" asked her mother.

"Yes, everything's fine. I'm just happy that I've got my old face back again.".

White Roses In The Sand

24

The ocean has always been her favorite place. When she was a little girl, her mother always brought her to the beach. Now she is seventeen years old and her mother isn't around much to do things with her anymore. When her mother stopped going to the beach with her, she started going with her boyfriend Kevin but he died about a week ago. Someone robbed him and then shot him while he was walking in town. Everyday, after school, she would meet with her boyfriend at the beach and he would bring her a white rose. As a matter of fact, she was on her way to the beach right now. Even though he is gone, she still goes to the beach and pretends that he is still there. It was quite windy out today but that didn't stop her from wanting to go to the beach. As soon as she arrived, she stepped out of the car. She looked at the sky and had seen that it looked as if there was going to be rain sometime soon, so she decided to make this trip quick. She walked down

into the sand and kicked her shoes off. She started to run barefoot in the sand, enjoying herself as if he were there with her. The wind started to blow rapidly and it felt quite cold but it didn't seem to bother her. As she was running on the beach, she stepped on something sharp causing her to fall. As soon as she hit the ground, she immediately felt something go into her foot. She held her foot up to look and saw that it was a thorn. She quickly pulled it out of her foot. Then she looked on the ground and had seen that a white rose was lying in the sand. This was an amazing coincidence because that was the same spot where he had first brought her a white rose. She picked it up and held it for a while, thinking of him. The rain started to come down, so she decided to drive to the library to get her book report done for English class. She slipped her shoes back on and walked back to the car. As soon as she got into her car, another white rose blew onto her windshield. "What's going on here?"

She felt kind of confused but white roses always reminded her of him, so she reached out her window and grabbed the rose and started up the car. She had then drove to the library. As soon as she arrived there, she grabbed the two white roses and she took them in with her. As soon as she walked into the door, she bumped into her friend Angelina.

"Watch where you're going, Mabel," said Angelina.

"Sorry," said Mabel.

"Ah, forget about it."

"Look what I found," she said, holding up the white roses.

"Two white roses, so?" said Angelina, not looking interested.

"I found one in the sand and one on the windshield of my car. It was really weird because that's what my boyfriend always gave me when we would meet at the beach after school," she said smiling.

"He's never coming back, you know," said Angelina with a straight face.

"Yeah, I know."

"And you can't bring him back either. He's dead, Mabel."

"Well, I can always dream."

"Well, don't dream too much or you'll get a headache." She never expected Angelina to understand how she felt but in a way, she knew how bad the pain was from losing someone because she lost her grandmother last year and Mabel stuck by her side through it. "So, what's the story behind those roses anyway?"

"Well, it was the weirdest thing. I was running on the beach and I got a thorn stuck in my foot from the first rose. Then when I got into my car, a rose blew onto the windshield."

"Maybe it's a sign."

"I wish he was still here." Angelina could tell that she was still grieving over the loss of her boyfriend but didn't know how to help her. She also had many troubles of her own though. Her parents recently got divorced. Just like Mabel's mother, her mother doesn't care much about her either, so her life isn't much better.

"Are you here to work on your book report?" asked Angelina.

"Yeah," Mabel sighed.

"This has been a slow school year. I'll tell you that much."

"School is such a drag anymore. I mean, we get up, go to school, stay bored for seven hours, and come home. I'd have more fun watching soap operas and you know how much I hate soap operas," she said laughing.

"Yeah, I know that," said Angelina laughing also. After searching through the library for the books they needed, they walked over to a table and sat down. She knew that she was going to be there for a while because it usually took hours for her to do a book report. She

was having much trouble concentrating though because all that she could concentrate on were the white roses. "It looks like you're in love with those roses."

"I just can't stop thinking about him."

"That was a tragic accident."

"I wonder why people die."

"I think that's the question that everyone asks." .

The next day, after school, she drove to the beach again. As soon as she stepped out of her car, she kicked off her shoes and started running through the sand again. She couldn't stop thinking about the white roses that she found yesterday. As she ran through the sand, once again, she noticed a white rose lying on the ground. Also, it was lying in the same place where she found the first one.

"It feels as if he's here." She picked up the rose and placed it in her hair. She started dancing around the beach in joy. There was something there that made it feel like he was still in her presence. Hours passed and before she knew it, it was getting late, so she decided to drive home. The next day, after school, she drove back to the beach again. Sure enough, as soon as she walked to that exact same spot where she found the first white rose, there was another white rose lying there. After white roses appearing there for the last three days, she decided to take it as a sign. A smile came upon her face as she felt loved once again.

She decided to drive to the library to continue working on her book report. As soon as she arrived, Angelina was sitting at the table in the corner. She walked over and sat down next to her.

"It's about time you come back to the library," said Angelina.

"For the last three days, when I've been going to the beach, I kept finding white roses. You're right, this is a sign," said Mabel, smiling.

"I must admit, that does seem like he's giving you a message, but I wouldn't take it seriously."

"I have to now. This is just too wonderful," she said, continuing to smile.

"Do you really think that he's coming back?"

"I don't know but I'll find out." She didn't really care if she had believed her or not. All that she really cared about was that he was trying to send her a message.

"I'm sure there's an explanation behind this."

"Tell me what you think. Do you believe in ghosts?".

"Well, yes and no."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I do believe that people become ghosts after they die but I don't believe that they walk the earth."

"Well, I think that this is real," she said, storming out of the library in an uproar. She didn't mean to get mad at Angelina. It just happened because she didn't want to believe that this wasn't a sign. The next day when she drove to the beach, as soon as she stepped out of her car, she noticed a trail of white rose pedals that led to the spot where she found the first white rose. A smile came across her face. This time, when she walked over to that spot, she noticed that a message was engraved in the sand that read "Mabel and Kevin, together forever. There was also a heart that was engraved underneath it, along with a white rose lying inside the engraved heart.

The next day, right before school let out, she was sitting there with Angelina in her eighth period study hall.

"It was so amazing. Yesterday, he left a trail of rose pedals."

“Well, I guess he really is trying to tell you something. Maybe he’s trying to tell you that he loves you.”

“I think that’s the message he’s been trying to tell me.” .

“This certainly does sound like a sign.” .

“This is a dream come true.”

Later on that day, when she drove to the beach, she deiced to take Angelina with her, so that she could show her the white roses that he was leaving for her. As soon as they arrived there, she stepped out of the car and ran to the spot where the white rose always laid. Angelina followed her and sure enough, there was a white rose lying there.

“He must love you a lot to leave you a white rose everyday,” said Angelina.

“I’m glad that he does,” said Mabel.

“This certainly does sound like a miracle.”

“It is, I know it is.”

“Do you think he’s here right now?”

“I know he is, I just know it.” .

“I’m glad that you’re happy because I haven’t seen you this way since he died,.”

“It’s true, I haven’t been this happy in a while.”

“How long has he been leaving these roses, anyway?”

“About five days now.”

“I’m happy for you, I really am.”

The next day, she decided to go to the beach early in the morning. As soon as she arrived, she immediately walked over to the spot. However, this time, there wasn’t a white rose lying there. She dropped into the sand and started to cry. “How could have he forgotten.” After a couple minutes, she ran back to her car and drove home. Later on that night, she lied awake in bed and cried the whole night.

The next day, which was a Saturday, she decided to go back to the library to work on her book report. As soon as she got there, she sat down and started on it. She kept trying to forget about what had happened yesterday but it was quite difficult. Five minutes later Angelina walked into the library. She had then walked over to where Mabel was sitting and sat down.

“You look sad. What’s wrong?” asked Angelina.

“Kevin forgot to leave my rose in the sand yesterday,” said Mabel, as she started to cry.

“Maybe it was an accident that he forgot. I’m sure there’s probably one lying there today,” said Angelina.

“It’s still the point that he forgot.”

“I’m sure he still loves you.”

“You’re right, I’m just being paranoid. I think I’ll drive down to the beach to see if he left me a rose.”

“Do you want me to come with you?”

“No, I’d rather go alone,” she said. She drove to the beach and stepped out of the car. She had then walked over to the spot where she always found the white roses. To her surprise, there was two white roses lying there and engraved in the sand, there was a message that read “I’m sorry about yesterday. Here’s two white roses. One for yesterday and one for today.” Her face lit up like a Christmas tree. She was so happy that he didn’t forget about her.

She sat there, holding the roses up the her heart.

“I wish that you were here with me.” .

Later that night, she spent the night at Angelina’s house. All that she could talk about

was Kevin.

"It is so amazing. He left me two roses. One for yesterday and one for today."

"I'm glad that you're so happy," Angelina sighed.

"What's wrong?" asked Mabel.

"It's just I have been feeling kind of down for the last couple days

"I'm sorry, I've been talking about Kevin too much, haven't I?".

"Kind of."

"I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault, you're just happy."

"I'm surprised that you actually believed me about Kevin."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, I know if someone told me that they were having contact with a ghost, I'd probably think that they were nuts."

"Well, I don't think you're nuts."

"So, what are you feeling so down about?"

"I just wish that my parents were still together. I hate living with my mom." .

"Why don't you move in with your dad?"

"Because I hate him too." .

"Well, that's a tough situation to be in."

The next day, when she drove back to the beach, she noticed that there were a trail of white roses that led to the spot. She quickly stepped out of the car and ran down the beach with a smile on her face. She had never felt this happy in her life. What made it better was the man that she loved made her feel special. She knew that she couldn't possibly take that many roses home with her but she grabbed as many as she could hold and threw them into the car. Even though he was gone, it felt as if he placed the love back in her life.

The next day, after school, she decided to drive to the library to see if Angelina was there but it turned out that she wasn't there. She then decided to drive to the beach to see if Kevin left her some more roses. As soon as she arrived at the beach, she stepped out of the car. She didn't see a trail of roses but decided to keep walking. Maybe he still left one on their special spot. She ran across the beach and over to their spot but when she got there, there wasn't a rose lying there.

"He must have forgot again," she said to herself. She had then looked across the beach and had noticed that Angelina was spreading a trail of white roses. "Tell me it isn't so." She continued spreading the trail of roses until she noticed that Mabel was standing there watching her.

"I guess I owe you an explanation," said Angelina as she walked over to her.

"Yeah, that would help," she said.

"Yes, in case you're wondering, it was me that left the white roses on the beach."

"Why did you do it?"

"You looked so sad over the loss of him. I just wanted to make you think that he was still here so that you would be happy again."

"You didn't help matters out," she said, starting to cry.

"I'm so sorry. I was hoping that you wouldn't catch on. I only wanted to make you happy."

"Well, I guess I shouldn't be mad at you. After all, you were only trying to make me happy."

"Well, I'm glad you're not mad at me." .

"Hey, I said I shouldn't be mad at you but that doesn't mean I'm not mad at you. That

was a terrible thing you did and I'm never going to speak to you ever again," she said as she ran over to the car and drove off.

As soon as she got home, she ran to her bedroom, and cried herself to sleep. Somehow, she knew that it was too good to be true. She just didn't want to believe it. Angelina tried calling her that whole night but she wouldn't answer the phone. She was much too upset at her.

The next day, she drove back to the beach and walked over to the special spot. She didn't expect to find a white rose there and there weren't any roses lying there either. This seemed like it had been a complete disaster.

"I thought I'd find you here," said Angelina, walking up behind her.

"Just leave me alone," she said as she sat herself on the ground.

"Look, I'm really sorry. I just wanted you to feel like he was still here." .

"But he's not here and he never will be."

"I realize that but you can't go on torturing yourself like this."

"The one thing I had, you took from me. That's all that I had and you took it from me. I really thought that he was here with me."

"I guess I was wrong for doing that to you."

"I know I shouldn't be mad at you but I just can't help it. That was a terrible thing you did."

"I can understand if you never want to talk to me again." .

"No, I still want to talk to you and I still want to be friends with you."

"So, you don't hate me?"

"No, I don't hate you. After thinking about it, I realize that you were just trying to make me feel happy again."

"That's right, I was only trying to make you happy but I guess it backfired."

"Well, for one, you didn't have to go to so much trouble. Another thing, I was stupid to believe that he was still here but it sure felt good thinking that he still was," she said.

"So, are we still friends?".

"Sure we are," she said, placing her arms around her and giving her a hug. That day brought them closer together and Mabel soon realized that Angelina was a good friend for trying to make her happy like that, even if she did lie.